

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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VOL. 169.

PUBLISHED IN

JULY & OCTOBER, 1889.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1889.

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LONDON:

Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES and SONS, Limited,
Stamford Street and Charing Cross.



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WE propose in the present article to review as briefly as practicable certain phases of the material and political development of a country which has now entered on the most important era of its history. At the present time, when certain American politicians are casting covetous eyes on the territorial expansion and natural resources of the Dominion of Canada, and when there are even men amongst the Canadians who are not satisfied with the progress that the country has made under circumstances of great difficulty, and only see reasons in the existing condition of things for pessimistic utterances; at a time like this it is as well perhaps we should consider the situation of affairs, take stock as it were at the commencement of the year, and consider if there is much cause for congratulation for what we have already done, and sufficient grounds for continuing in the same line of courageous effort which true and hopeful Canadians believe has already won such eminent success. In pursuance of this object we shall call upon our readers not to take up those economic or other questions which are matters of doubt and controversy among politicians chiefly anxious to subserve the purposes of party, but to review those salient facts which stand out in bold relief on the pages of

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the public records of Canada as illustrative of the substantial progress and real happiness of the community.

That our readers may fully appreciate the value of the heritage which Canada now possesses, we ask them to follow us for a few minutes as we take them through the countries over which her great lines of railway pass. Starting from the East, we see the maritime provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island—Newfoundland still remaining isolated from the rest of British America—with an aggregate population of nearly a million souls, with coasts surrounded by the most valuable fisheries of the world, long the object of the envy of their American neighbours. These provinces possess rich mines of coal and other minerals, while their shipping industry is larger than that of all the New England States. They are indented by noble harbours, and by rivers which enable their people to have communication with the sea-coast in every direction. Proceeding northward through New Brunswick, with its picturesque hills and valleys, and its rivers teeming with salmon, we come to the country watered by the St. Lawrence. First, we pass through the historic province of Quebec, the home of a million and a quarter of people, who are descended from those courageous Frenchmen who followed Champlain into the wilderness more than two centuries and a half ago. A range of mountains, coeval with the earliest ages of the world, stretches from east to west, and dips its slopes in the waters of the great river. A large farming population, chiefly French Canadian, cultivate these Laurentian slopes, and the fertile lands which extend to the southward of the river as far as the American frontier. Valuable mines of phosphate are found in the hills, which add much to the picturesque beauty of a province famous for its rugged scenery, its rapid rivers, its wide lakes, and its impetuous cataracts. Large forests of pine still rise in gloomy grandeur on the heights overlooking the upper waters of the St. Maurice and Ottawa Rivers, and give employment to the many thousands engaged in one of the most profitable industries of Canada. Leaving Quebec, we travel on to the premier province of Ontario, which claims a territory extending from the river Ottawa, the western boundary of Quebec, to beyond the head of Lake Superior, the largest of the inland waters of the Dominion. The greater part of this province illustrates the energy and enterprise of two millions and a half of people by its prosperous cities and towns, its teeming granaries, its well-cultivated farms, its busy factories. This country produces a large surplus crop of wheat, and other agricultural products, besides fruits of every kind that can grow in a temperate

perate climate. Then, passing from this wealthy province, we find ourselves in that illimitable region which is generally known as the North-West Territory, and which in the early days of the Dominion was an entire wilderness, aptly styled the Great Lone Land. Here within fifteen years has been established the prosperous province of Manitoba, with a population probably of eighty thousand souls, and one city of nearly thirty thousand. This is the region of the prairie with its tall grasses and many flowers, stretching for miles without a break, until the very sameness of the scene becomes weary to the eye, and the traveller longs for the bold hills and green forests of the East. Rivers of great length wind through the prairie lands, and afford facilities for navigation for steam and other craft of small draught of water. As we proceed west we gradually leave the fine prairie lands, and find ourselves in the rolling country that lies on the east of the Rocky Mountains. Wheat and other agricultural products are grown in the prairie region of a quality not surpassed on any other part of the continent. On the large tracts of rich grazing land that lie at the base of the Rocky Mountains, thousands of cattle can thrive at a relatively small cost. A considerable area of country is of carboniferous formation, and promises to yield abundant fuel of excellent quality—a great boon to the people who are to settle a region without the maple and hardwood forests of the old provinces. Passing through one of the natural gateways of the Rockies, we descend to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. The dark waters of the Fraser River pursue their devious way through a country surpassing other sections of the Dominion in mountains whose snow-clad peaks are ever lost amid the clouds. As on the Atlantic coast the Island of Cape Breton, with its great coal-fields and spacious harbours, guards the eastern approaches to the Dominion, so on the Pacific shores the island of Vancouver, with its rich deposits of coal, stands like a sentinel at the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Large tracts of land in this beautiful province are suitable for farming purposes; its rivers and coasts abound in salmon and other fish, and its mountains in gold.

When we come to survey the statistics of the progress of this great country, so rich in natural resources, it is satisfactory to know that its material prosperity has followed closely on its political development. According as the political privileges of the people have been enlarged and they have enjoyed the fullest measure of self-government, with as little interference as possible from the parent State, all branches of industry have attained larger proportions and the territory and wealth of the

country have expanded. All the progressive stages of this political development have been taken since Her Majesty became Queen of England. It will be perhaps not the least glorious feature of her reign, that the people of this dependency will always associate her name with the extension of their political liberties, and the development of their material prosperity.

When Her Majesty ascended the throne, the total population of Canada did not exceed one million of souls, nearly one-half of whom were in French Canada. At present the population of Canada may be estimated at five millions, of whom at least four-fifths are native Canadians. The fact that there are four millions of people born in Canada is important, inasmuch as it gives some explanation why there exists in Canada, above all other dependencies of the Empire, a growing national sentiment—a pride in Canada and her successes—and an earnest desire to place her in the van of the British communities of the world.

The French Canadians at present number at least a million and a quarter of souls, for the most part occupying Quebec, and adhering with remarkable tenacity to their religion and institutions. These people, whose ancestors came chiefly from Normandy and Brittany, are very sociable in their habits, and fairly industrious, although slow to adopt improvements and adapt themselves to the new order of things. A great many of them are employed in the lumber and manufacturing industries of the country. Preferring such occupations to agricultural pursuits, large numbers have for many years sought employment in the manufactories of New England, especially in the cities of Fall River, Holyoke, and Lowell.

The population increased in the greatest ratio during 1840 and 1860, while the large and fertile province of Ontario had great tracts of fertile land to offer to immigrants. Then the prairies of the West of the United States continued to attract the great bulk of European emigration. The young men of Canada, in the absence of a large system of manufactories, sought the cities and towns of New England. The fishing vessels of Gloucester and Marblehead were manned by Nova Scotians and New Brunswickers as long as the fisheries of the Maritime Provinces were open to the industry and energy of the United States. It is only within a few years since the world has known the extent of the fertile area of the Canadian North-West, that there has been built up a large system of manufactures, and that the coal and fishing industries have received a new impetus, to keep Canadians at home to develop the great resources of their own country.

Following

Following the example of the United States, a considerable population has been of late years steadily flowing from Ontario and the other provinces into the rich prairie lands of the Canadian West, where the opportunities for making new homes for themselves, and amassing a competency at the least, are now far greater than any offered in the United States. These facts encourage us to believe that the exodus, which has been an unsatisfactory feature of the past history of Canada, is practically at an end.

Let us now consider some of the results which have been achieved by these five millions of people who occupy a country with an area of only 400,000 square miles less than that of all Europe, and greater than that of the United States, if we leave out Alaska.

The wealth of the Dominion is still derived chiefly from its forests, its agriculture, and its mines, though it is satisfactory to know that of late years a large and valuable manufacturing industry has been built up. The value of the aggregate trade of Imports and Exports may be placed at present at a little over 40,000,000*l.* sterling, or an increase of 35,000,000*l.* since the commencement of the reign of the Queen. No feature of the commerce of Canada is more satisfactory than the growth of internal trade in manufactures and home products between the different members of the Confederation—a trade which does not show in the Canadian blue book of Imports and Exports.

At the present time there are throughout Canada probably over 3000 mills and factories, small and large, engaged in manufacturing industries of all kinds; representing a capital of some 35,000,000*l.*; employing upwards of 260,000 persons; paying wages to the amount of 15,000,000*l.*; and producing goods annually to the value of 65,000,000*l.* Whatever doubts political economists may have of the soundness of the 'national policy' of Canada, there is some reason in the argument advanced by its advocates, that it has been successful in making Canada in certain respects independent of other countries, in giving employment to capital and people, in teaching Canadians the benefits of self-reliance, and in helping to create a national feeling. This is a question, however, best left to the domain of the politician and journalist, who are likely to perplex us to the end—if, indeed, the end of the discussion can ever come.

Canadians refer with much satisfaction to the statistics of their maritime wealth. Their fishing grounds have been, from the earliest times of which we have any record, the resort of the fleets of the great maritime powers. The value of the annual catch of fish has increased from two millions of pounds sterling
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in 1875 to over three and a half million pounds at the present time, apart from the home consumption, of which we have no satisfactory statistics, but which may be estimated at two million and a half pounds in addition. The deep-sea fishery is now carried on in a better and larger class of vessels than formerly, and the crews are consequently able to compete successfully with the enterprising fishermen of Gloucester and other ports of New England.

The people of New England have always cast an envious eye on the fisheries of Canada; and now that the controversy has been revived, we may be sure there will be a determined effort on their part to gain access to her valuable waters on terms as little favourable as possible to the Dominion. The Canadians, however, knowing the increasing value of their fisheries, are not disposed to surrender their rights without receiving adequate return. They are quite prepared, as in 1854, to enter into a fair arrangement of reciprocal trade in certain products of both countries, but it is also now quite evident that the dominant party in Canada will not make any treaty with their neighbours which will in any way interfere with the success of the national policy, or make Canadians dependent on the United States.

The natural resources of Canada have naturally tended to develop a large commercial marine in Canada. In the first place, the carriage to foreign markets of her principal natural products—of the mine, of the fisheries, and of the forest—has always given a great stimulus to the construction of vessels of all sizes, from the full-rigged ship which sails round the world, to the little schooner which is engaged in the fisheries or the coasting trade. Canada now owns a fleet of between six and seven thousand vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of over a million and a quarter of tons, valued at over six million pounds sterling—a tonnage which places her in the front rank of commercial and maritime people. It is true the decreasing demand for wooden vessels has of recent years stopped the construction of large ships; nevertheless, in view of the great coasting trade—which has increased from 10,000,000 tons in 1875 to 18,000,000 in 1888—of the rapidly-expanding output of coal for domestic use, and of the yearly increasing demand for better and faster schooners for the deep-sea fisheries, this branch of maritime industry is still active, and Canadians can hold their own with their wealthy and progressive neighbours. The province of Nova Scotia has coal and iron capable of producing the finest steel, and the maritime capitalists of the Dominion must sooner or later turn their attention to that class of vessels which are best suited to the necessities of the commerce of these days.

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The forests of Canada annually produce some two hundred and fifty million cubic feet of timber of all kinds, of which one-half consists of white pine. The value of the annual export of the forests is at the present time 4,000,000*l.* sterling, or an increase of about 600,000*l.* since 1868. The pine woods of the Ottawa and St. Maurice country are rapidly disappearing before the axe of the lumberman and the fires of the careless settler or hunter, and the time must come when the principal timber supply of the Dominion will be found on the hillsides of British Columbia. But while the forests are decreasing in value, the agricultural industry of the whole of Canada continues to be developed every year on a greater scale. Coal exists in great abundance on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and throughout the north-west territories; iron of the finest quality is found in every part of the Dominion, while gold, copper, and every valuable mineral known to commerce, are mined throughout the Laurentian range and the mountains of British Columbia.

All the provinces, but especially Ontario, grow a great variety of agricultural products. The wheat, especially of the North-West, is acknowledged to be the best raised by any country in the world. The total value of farm products of all kinds may be roughly estimated at 30,000,000*l.* sterling. The stock owned by the best farmers is generally of the higher grades, imported at a considerable cost from England and other countries. In the English or Eastern Townships of the province of Quebec, and in Ontario, there are stock farms with herds of Jersey and other cattle, which it would be difficult to equal on the great estates of the old world. But the farmers of Ontario do not confine themselves to wheat and other grains, for they now raise a large quantity of apples, peaches, plums, and grapes. The annual production of apples alone is now some fifteen million bushels, of which a considerable quantity is exported to the English market from the valleys of old Acadia, the scenes of Longfellow's immortal poem, 'Evangeline.' The grape is not only raised for the table, but also for the making of very fair red and white wines, which resemble in appearance and flavour the cheaper Sauternes and Clarets of France. This is an industry which must increase in value according as the people better understand the niceties of such a manufacture, and when the temperance advocates, now so formidable in Canada, begin to see that, as the taste for these wines increases, the cause they have at heart will be greatly promoted.

It is in the Great West of the Dominion that we must henceforth look for the most remarkable results of agricultural industry. This region should in the course of years be divided
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into probably some ten provinces as large as the State of Minnesota, which was admitted into the American Union only a quarter of a century ago, and has now a population of probably a million persons, and produces annually thirty-five million bushels of wheat. Now that the Canadian Pacific Railway is completed, Canada naturally looks forward to a considerable influx of settlers during the coming years, according as the value of the lands is better appreciated, and the ignorance that still exists as to their capabilities is dispelled by the evidence of unprejudiced witnesses. There can be no doubt, however, that no other country in the world has the same area of rich agricultural land to offer to the hardy, industrious peoples of the northern countries of Europe.

It was our good fortune to spend several months during the past year in the North-West and in British Columbia, and to see for ourselves some of the capabilities of a region on which depends in a great measure the future greatness of the Dominion. Like every one who has made a similar journey, we have been as much delighted with the beauty and variety of the scenery as with the extent and richness of the fertile prairie. As we stood on the banks of the Red River of the West, where it mingles with the Assiniboine, and saw the well-built and well-kept city that has grown up since Canada has become a Federation of provinces, and still later as we passed for days through prosperous towns and villages for over fifteen hundred miles, as far as the Pacific Coast, we could not but feel satisfied with the results already achieved under the political system of the Canadian Government, and look forward hopefully to the future. But a very few years ago, the flag that flew from the Hudson's Bay Fort on the banks of the Red River was the only sign of British supremacy at the edge of the prairie region. A little settlement of half-breeds and British people led a solitary life on the banks of the Red River of the North, and the Indians roamed the masters of the great plains. The cordon of towns and villages which now stretches across the continent from Port Arthur to Vancouver is the best evidence of a progress which is remarkable, when we consider that it illustrates a history which does not go beyond a decade of years. Stone and brick buildings of fine architectural proportions, streets paved and lighted by electricity, elevators and mills busy night and day, are the characteristics of towns over whose sites only yesterday silence brooded.

To one who sees it for the first time, the prairie possesses an interest which gains on us as we travel over its green and flowery sward. There is something very impressive in the
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great expanse of plain, only bounded by the deep blue of the horizon—some such feeling comes over one as when we find ourselves amid the silence of ocean. The beauty and variety of the flowers add much to the charm of the scene as we travel over the trails which offer such delightful drives—so soft and easy is the motion; crocuses, roses, blue bells, convulvi, sun-flowers, anemones, asters, and other flowers too numerous to mention—if indeed we know all their names—follow each other in rapid succession from May to September, and mingle with the “billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine.” The sunsets in the prairie country are the most glorious that ever dazzled the eye. The sky to the very zenith is at moments one mass of varied hues of a perfection of colouring that shows us how futile after all is the best work of the artist who dares to imitate nature’s gorgeous tints.

It must have been some such scene that our great English poet saw when he speaks of

‘Sunny isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea.’

Then the lights and shadows that pass over the mingled grasses and flowers, as the sun declines, and the sky assumes its brilliant colours. Then the enchantment of the scene when the sun disappears beneath the horizon, and a mist perhaps comes over the prairie, and lakes and streams seem to surround us with one of those curious phenomena with which nature sometimes deceives us. It was of such illusions that Longfellow wrote in the lines—

‘Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana

Showed them her lakes of light that retreated and vanished before them.’

We should like to take our readers with us in imagination to the magnificent mountainous country of British Columbia—to those stupendous masses of bare rugged rock, crowned here and there with snow and ice, and assuming all the curious forms which Nature loves to take in her great upheavals. We should like them to see with us the picturesque beauty and the impressive grandeur of the Selkirk range, and take the delightful ride by the side of the broad, rapid Frazer, over trestle-work, around curves, and through tunnels, with the forest-clad mountains rising precipitously on all sides, with glimpses of precipices and cañons, of cataracts and falls that tumble down from the snows and glaciers far above us. But we must not dally with a theme so attractive, but proceed to the subjects more strictly within the scope of this paper. If we are asked
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what we think of the possibilities of a region now entering into the competition of the world, we can say in all truthfulness that they are illimitable. It is now clear that the best wheat in the world can be profitably grown in the North-West, and that Frost is not King after all. All varieties of grain and vegetables can be successfully cultivated in an immense area, while horses and cattle in untold numbers can be reared on rich grasses of districts the full extent of which we hardly know as yet. In the great prairies, in the country watered by the Saskatchewan, Bow, Assiniboine, and Peace Rivers, and even it is thought with reason in a portion of the still unknown Mackenzie Basin, there must sooner or later be a large population engaged in farming, mining, and other industrial pursuits, and inhabiting States as prosperous as any in the American Republic. Great results have already been achieved within a decade; less than twenty years will probably see this country, from Port Arthur to Vancouver—already two thriving towns—peopled by communities of industrious inhabitants uniting with their brethren of the old provinces in laying broad and deep the foundations of a new nationality—always connected, Canadians trust, in the closest possible ties with the parent State, and holding such commercial relations with our American cousins as are compatible with our true interests and dignity. Lest the Canadians, sanguine of the future of their country, may be thought to exaggerate the possibilities of the prairie region, we ask our readers to listen to the words of an intelligent American writer—‘Adirondac Murray,’ who passed through this country a few months ago, and has given us his opinion of its capabilities and progress in a volume which he prettily entitles ‘The Daylight Land,’ in reference to the prolonged solar light of those regions during many months of the year.

‘Last year those prairies to the West produced thirteen millions of wheat. This year (1888) they will yield probably twenty millions. Four years ago scientific men were disputing whether wheat would grow on that soil or not! The wheat area west of us is larger than the whole wheat area of the United States. The soil of the vast belt is virgin soil—rich, inexhaustible. The State of Illinois can support twenty millions of population easily, but the productive area of this Western Canada is ten times larger than the State of Illinois. Two hundred millions of people can be supported, richly supported, north of the forty-ninth parallel. Five hundred miles north of the international boundary you can sow wheat three months earlier than you can in Dacotah. The climate is milder in the valley of the Peace River than it is in Manitoba. As the soil to the south under our silly system of agriculture becomes exhausted, as it soon will be, and the average yield per acre shrinks more and more,

more, the wheat growers must and will move northward. This movement is sure to come. It is one of the fixed facts of the future, it is born of an agricultural necessity, and when it begins to move it will move in with a rush. A million of American wheat farmers ought to be in this country inside of ten years, and I believe that within that time population will pour in and spread over these Canadian plains like a tide.'

Only a few more figures before we come to a more interesting part of our subject. A study of the public debt and expenditure of Canada shows very clearly the energy which has long characterized the conduct of public affairs, and the determination of all Governments to leave no means untried to give facilities to capital and enterprise in the development of the large resources of the country. The gross public debt of Canada may now be placed at something like 57,000,000*l.* sterling, and, deducting the assets, the net debt at about 47,000,000*l.* The revenue, chiefly from customs and excise, is over 6,500,000*l.*; when Her Majesty ascended the throne, the total revenue of all British North America did not exceed 150,000*l.*

The large amount of at least 36,000,000*l.* sterling has been expended up to the present time on railways, canals, light-houses, telegraphs, and other public works. These are certainly the most valuable assets a young country can possess. Every year a large sum is expended for the same useful purposes. It must also be remembered that Canada pays annually, in accordance with the terms of union, large sums to the several provinces in order to provide them with the means of meeting their provincial expenses and carry on their respective governments. It is not surprising that under these circumstances Canada is frequently a borrower in the money market of the world to enable her to meet the heavy obligations entailed, not by the extravagance of her rulers, not by the disasters of war, but as a necessary consequence of her endeavours to develop her wealth, and assist her people in keeping pace with the prosperous and progressive country on her borders. The fact that Canada can always borrow in the English money market, on the most favourable terms, is the most conclusive proof of the confidence of Englishmen in her industrial progress, and in her ability to meet her obligations at all times.

The best evidence of the enterprise of the people of Canada is found in the history of her railway undertakings. In 1868 there were in all Canada only 2522 miles of railway in operation; and now there are 12,292 miles completed through the length and breadth of the country. Towards the construction of these

these various railways, the Government and Municipalities of Canada have directly contributed nearly 20,000,000*l.* sterling. Canada has now a railway system whose total mileage doubles that of Spain, and is greater than that of all the South American countries which she founded in the days when she was supreme in the New World. France, who established a colony on the banks of the St. Lawrence, with the hope of building up a great Empire in North America, sees that her dream has been realized by her ancient rival, and that the child of her bosom has under British auspices literally solved the problem of finding a new route to the riches of Cathay. The mileage of Canada is double that of Italy, and nearly equal to that of Austria-Hungary. These are decidedly remarkable results to have been achieved by a country which was, a few years ago, simply a 'geographical expression,' almost unknown to European nations outside of France and England. They have been achieved, however, through the necessities of her position; without such facilities for trade and intercourse, a country of the great length of Canada would soon find itself left behind in the race of competition on this continent.

No figures are more satisfactory than those we may gather from our monetary institutions. In 1878 the amount of discounts given by the chartered banks of Canada was 25,169,577*l.* sterling, and in 1888, 37,185,812*l.*, which goes to show the accommodation required to carry on the great commerce of this country. But the most satisfactory feature of these returns is the fact that while in 1878 there was about 1*l.* sterling overdue on each 20*l.* borrowed, in 1888 the amount overdue was only one-fifth of a pound sterling, though the discounts were 12,000,000*l.* greater—a fact which shows very conclusively the flourishing condition of business throughout Canada. The deposits in the chartered banks rose from 6,808,104*l.* in 1868 to 23,860,700*l.* in 1888; in Savings Branches of Building Societies and Loan Companies from about a quarter of a million of pounds to 3,551,423*l.*; in Government Savings' Banks from 960,692*l.* to 10,801,984*l.* So in twenty years the peoples' savings increased from 1,210,692*l.* to 14,353,407*l.* These facts are eloquent evidence of the thrift and prosperity of the people.*

The mental outfit of the people is now quite worthy of a country enjoying a fair measure of wealth and prosperity, and exhibiting such laudable energy in all matters of commercial and national enterprise. Although it is to the premier province of Ontario that we must look for the most perfect school system,

* The writer is indebted for these figures to the Government Statist, Mr. G. Johnson, of Ottawa.

yet in all the provinces the children of rich and poor can obtain a good education which will fit them for the ordinary occupations of life. The labourer may pay little or nothing towards the support of education, and yet his child is on as good a footing in the public schools as the child of the merchant or lawyer or doctor who contributes largely towards this object. The State long ago recognized its obligations to take the initiative in the establishment of a thorough system of free education for the people, and consequently a large sum of money is annually expended by the governments of all the provinces to supplement the taxes raised by the municipalities. At present there are in all Canada some twenty colleges, many of them having University powers, and offering a large and excellent curriculum to the ambitious student; over 14,000 common and other schools, and eight normal schools, in which teachers are trained. The total amount annually expended by the governments and people of all the provinces amounts to 2,000,000*l.* sterling, of which Ontario contributes at least 800,000*l.* sterling. The same province has spent during thirty years some 14,000,000*l.* sterling for the building of school houses and other educational objects; and the result of its liberality is the possession of buildings which for size and convenience cannot be surpassed by the New England States, where education, from the earliest times in their history, has been the most important feature of their social and political system. The public schools of Canada, however, do not go very far back in the history of the country. In 1839 there were in all the schools of British North America only some 92,000 children out of a population of 1,400,000 souls, or one to fifteen, but now the proportion is given as one to five. The higher educational institutions of Canada, for instance, McGill University in Montreal, Toronto University, Trinity University, Queen's College in Kingston, Laval University in Quebec, Victoria University, and Dalhousie College in Halifax, have connected with them a large class of professors, many of whom have won for themselves a high reputation in the world of science and literature.

The people of Canada have been so much occupied in building cities and towns, in opening the mine, in clearing the forest, in developing all the varied resources of their country, that one would naturally suppose they have had little time for the pursuit of art, literature, and science. The geological and other sciences have, however, from an early period engaged the attention of many able men, who have found abundant opportunities for the exercise of their talents in the very fertile field of investigation and study which the natural formation and
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the mineral deposits of Canada offer to the student. The results of their researches have attracted the attention of the world of science in Europe, and brought many of them both fame and distinctions. In general literature, French Canadians, who possess an exceedingly interesting history, have produced not a few poets of merit, one of whom not long since won the Monthyon prize at the Institute of France. English Canada has given birth to several writers whose historical and constitutional works are of undoubted value. The press of Canada is conducted with signal ability and energy. The large number of pamphlets and works on Canadian subjects, issued from year to year, clearly shows the stimulus that has been given to mental activity by the larger field of thought which the Union of the Canadian provinces has opened up to students and thinking men. Canada has hitherto possessed only one large library—that belonging to the Parliament at Ottawa—which is housed in a building remarkable for its architectural beauty. All the leading educational institutions, the law societies, and scientific associations have their special libraries, but it is only now that an effort is being made to establish free libraries in the principal cities and towns. The province of Ontario has placed on its Statute book a law which enables every municipality to tax itself for the support of such an institution, and already the city of Toronto possesses one library which promises to be extremely valuable. The art schools which now exist in several cities owe their origin to the exertions of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise and of the Marquis of Lorne. The Royal Society of Canada, which comprises the leading scientific and literary men of the Dominion, something on the basis of the French Institute, was founded by the nobleman just named, who, above all previous Governors-General, endeavoured to encourage a taste for science and literature in the country in whose future he continues to take so deep an interest. The soil of Canada is still new, and we cannot yet expect the rich fruition of the old countries of Europe, where every inch of ground has its traditions and associations to evoke the genius of history, poetry, and romance. The Canadian people, however, inheriting as they do the mental characteristics of the two great nations which have produced those literary treasures from which the world is every day drawing inspiration, are not likely to prove false to their ancestry, but must sooner or later contribute to the democracy of letters and science works that can fairly take their place among the masterpieces which constitute the chief glory of England and France.

The political institutions of Canada are the results of the labours

labours and struggles of her public men during the century which has nearly elapsed since a representative system was established in the provinces of British North America. Home Rule exists in the full significance of the phrase. If we begin at the village councils which lie at the basis of the political structure, we find that the people are represented in some shape or other, and are able to exercise a direct influence on the administration of public affairs in every sphere of political action. It was not so, however, in the days of the French régime. Then there existed an autocratic illiberal system of government, which effectually crushed every expression of public sentiment. No meetings for the discussion of the most trivial local matters were permitted under the rule of the French Kings. Whilst the people of New England were discussing their affairs in the fullest manner in their township meetings, the French Canadian was ignorant of the very meaning of the great heritage of local government peculiar to the Teutonic races. An incomplete system of parliamentary government was conceded in 1792 to Canada, and then commenced the struggle, which practically lasted until 1854, for the establishment of responsible government, that would give to the people the fullest control over their local affairs with as little interference as possible from the parent State. In 1840 the British Government relaxed its parental authority, and adopted a policy which eventually gave the people complete jurisdiction over all matters except those which affected Imperial interests and obligations. In 1867 the Imperial authorities cheerfully responded to the aspirations of the people for a larger sphere of political activity, and passed the Constitution which now unites the provinces in a Federal Union, combining many of the best features of the American system with those principles of British constitutional government which seem well adapted to their political condition. Canada now possesses political institutions which allow abundant scope to the capacity of the people for self-government. At the base of these institutions lies the municipal system which enables the owners and occupants of property in every district defined by law to tax themselves for the support of schools, roads, and public improvements of every kind. Many abuses have at times arisen in some of the large centres of population on account of unsuitable persons obtaining positions in the municipal councils, but the remedy always rests with the people themselves at the polls. On the whole the system works satisfactorily, and enables the people to make all necessary local improvements. Then, going a step higher, we find the people represented in provincial assemblies whose duties and functions are

are defined and limited by the British North America Act. Next we come to the Central or Federal Government, which has jurisdiction over all matters of national import. The Constitution is essentially limited. In the first place, the powers of the general government are restricted, inasmuch as it can pass no Acts which are in conflict with Imperial rights and interests, or infringe on the clearly-defined jurisdiction of the local governments. These latter, on the other hand, are restrained to legislation on such subjects as are expressly set forth in the Constitutional Act. As must be the case with every written constitution, conflicts of jurisdiction arise from time to time in consequence of the doubtful construction of certain parts of the British North America Act; but these doubts have been gradually set at rest by the decisions of the tribunals of the Dominion, and of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of England as the Court of last resort for the whole Empire. The highest Court of Canada is the Supreme Court, in which the majority of such controversies are decided, as appeals to the Privy Council are limited in practice, and only necessary under exceptionally important circumstances. The people have, very justly, great confidence in their courts; for it is a matter of pride with Canada that her judiciary has been on the whole composed of men of integrity and learning.

Canada now occupies a position without a parallel in the past history of the world. Although still a dependency, she has assumed the proportions of a nation, and exercises many of the attributes of sovereignty. Whilst the head of the Executive authority is still the Queen of Great Britain, who has delegated her powers to a Governor-General, whilst an appeal still lies to the Privy Council from Canadian Courts, whilst Canada still occupies a position of dependence with respect to treaties and other matters of a directly Imperial character, she models her commercial policy without reference to the Parent State, is consulted and represented whenever her commercial interests are affected by treaties with Foreign Powers, appoints and dismisses Lieutenant-Governors, establishes new provinces in her territories, supports a large and efficient militia force, on which she depends for domestic peace and security, and builds at her own expense public works of Imperial value. All this she has achieved within less than a quarter of a century; for it cannot be denied that it is the Federal Union which has enabled the provinces to assume a position of so much importance among communities. Such facts prove that her people have hitherto been animated by a national spirit which must carry them still further on the path of national development.

As a people Canadians have a good deal to be thankful for. Under the protection of Great Britain they have been able to reach a position which may well be envied by many communities of the old world. Those questions which have long kept the countries of Europe in a state of constant agitation do not exist to disturb the tranquillity of the Dominion. No great landlords occupy the largest portion of the territorial domains of Canada, but every man of industrious habits can win for himself a comfortable home, and become a landed proprietor without any of those difficulties of transfer which gladden the hearts of English lawyers. The only land question, which occupied the attention of Canadian statesmen, was the old system of Seigniorial Tenure—a relic of the feudal times of France—but it was soon settled on principles that were fair to both seignior and tenant. Primogeniture was abolished very many years ago in Canada, and property is now generally divided among the children of a family. All respectable and industrious men can exercise the privilege of voting under a Dominion franchise, which is on the very borders of universal suffrage.* No legal connection exists between Church and State, but all denominations depend on the voluntary contributions of their respective members. Of course Canada must have her difficulties to face in the future. Her statesmen are called upon to legislate for the interests of five million people—soon to double in numbers—inhabiting provinces with diverse interests. They have assumed heavy financial obligations, which it will require all the resources of the country to meet without heavily burdening the people. In the absence of race conflicts for many years, and in the presence of the new spirit of energy and enterprise brought into every sphere of political and commercial life by the Confederation, Canada has prospered, and her people have been hitherto happy and contented. To the Confederation the French Canadians have always given an unqualified adhesion, inasmuch as it affords every necessary protection to their peculiar interests. It has practically made of Quebec a French province, and at the same time enabled its representatives in the Dominion Parliament to exercise a large, sometimes a controlling, influence over the administration of the day. Under no other system of government would it be possible for them to possess the same weight they do now in the federal councils. Unfortunately sometimes for the best interests of that province, the people exhibit the impulsive, excitable temperament which is the natural heritage of a French race.

* In the province of Ontario there is now universal suffrage, only limited by a residence qualification.

They are at times very susceptible to declamatory appeals, not always founded on grounds of sense or justice. If it were possible to believe that intelligence and reason could be ever finally lost in a storm of passion, it would be unfortunate for Canada, and we might well despair of her future. The true interest of French Canada lies, not in keeping aloof from, but in identifying itself with, all other nationalities, for the security and peace of the whole country, irrespective of provincial boundaries or race considerations. The success of confederation up to the present has been based on this spirit of Canadian unity, and it would be an unfortunate day for the Dominion should the declamatory appeals which are made from time to time prevail so as to excite a religious or racial conflict. Happily in all national crises, so far, the common sense and patriotism of the people have won the day. So it will be in the case of the present agitation on the Quebec Jesuits' Act, which is entirely a constitutional question that must be decided by legal and constitutional methods.

The inquiry now naturally suggests itself, what will be the outcome of this material and political development; what is the destiny in store for a country showing so much energy and enterprise in all the pursuits of industry, and such admirable capacity for self-government. This question is occupying much attention, in consequence of the efforts that are now being made to stimulate an interest in the grand idea of Imperial Federation, and of the discussion that has grown up in the United States on the subject of annexation. Of one thing we may be quite certain, that the people of the Dominion are resolved on working out their own future apart from the United States, and on building up a new nationality to the north of the Republic. Canadians for the last twenty years have taught themselves to be independent, not only in a political but in a commercial sense, whenever practicable, of their powerful neighbours. Their efforts have been directed as far as possible to new avenues of trade, and to the building up of a large system of manufactures, and to the cultivation in every way open to them of a spirit of self-reliance. Canadians are quite ready to meet their neighbours in a spirit of compromise and fair dealing, whenever it is a question of Fisheries and commercial relations. It is needless to say that the people of Canada generally have not been a little irritated by the hostile attitude assumed towards them by certain politicians in and out of Congress since the repeal of the Washington Treaty. The unwillingness of these politicians to agree to any fair commercial arrangement between the United States and the Dominion, on the basis of a recipro-

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city in the valuable fisheries of Canada, has naturally stimulated the national spirit of Canadians, and shown them the necessity of working out their own future patiently and determinately, without placing any too great dependence on the policy of their prosperous, energetic, but not always very trustworthy neighbours, whose desire for territorial aggrandizement and commercial supremacy on this continent has more than once carried them beyond the bounds of generosity and justice in their relations with the Canadian provinces.

Besides this national sentiment that is now growing up in Canada, especially among the young men, there has always existed certain influences decidedly antagonistic to political absorption into the United States. No influence has been greater than that of the thoughtful, intelligent classes of the French Canadian population, who are anxious to preserve their institutions and language intact. In addition to this powerful French-Canadian influence in favour of the existing state of things, under which the French-Canadian population exercises so much weight—at times a supremacy in the political councils of the country—there is another sentiment which, if it does not appear to flow in as clear and well defined a current, nevertheless mingles with the stream of thought in the British-speaking communities, and prevents it running in the direction of the United States. From the commencement until long after the close of the war of Independence, there was a steady influx of Loyalists into the provinces, and especially into New Brunswick and Ontario, of which they were the founders. Some forty thousand souls in all made their homes in Canada, and laid the foundation of that love for British institutions and British connection which has ever been a recognized characteristic of the Canadian people. It may be easily supposed that the descendants of these Loyalists must now form no inconsiderable proportion of the five millions of people who inhabit Canada, and must exercise a silent, but none the less potent, influence on the destinies of Canada. Of the members of the Senate and House of Commons, some thirty gentlemen, several of them the leading men in both parties, are directly descended from this class, and we find them acting as lieutenant-governors and occupying important positions in every vocation of life throughout the Dominion.

All these influences would probably amount to very little if Canada should be overburdened with debt, her great sources of wealth impeded, and her large schemes of opening up and peopling her undeveloped country in the North-West fail of realization during the next two decades of years. A wave of

discontent and lost hope would then probably pass over the country, and bring to the surface an annexation party; but it is idle to speculate on what appears, as matters are now, the most unlikely thing to happen. Whatever may be said by pessimistic writers like Mr. Goldwin Smith, success has so far, on the whole, crowned the efforts of Canadian statesmen to consolidate the confederation, and there is no reason to fear that their hope of seeing new and prosperous provinces stretching as far as the Pacific Ocean will not be realized during the next twenty or thirty years, as long as the mass of the people continue to be animated by that spirit of enterprise and national ambition which has hitherto characterized their efforts.

But during some months past a fruitful discussion has grown up on another question of vast import. With the view, as they say, of preventing the disintegration of the Empire, a league of thoughtful men has been formed in England, with branches in Canada and the other dependencies, with the avowed object of fully discussing the whole question of Imperial Federation, in the hope that the result will be the development of some practical scheme of union or federation on a basis which will preserve all the institutions of local government enjoyed by the dependencies, and at the same time enable all sections of the Empire to combine more satisfactorily for certain common purposes with the Parent State, than seems possible under existing circumstances. So far as the discussion has gone, there is a great diversity of opinion, and no one has been able to offer a scheme which is likely to prove workable. So far the whole question has not come out of the range of mere theoretical discussion. We may, however, come to the following conclusions, when we sum up the opinions of prominent public men and of the press so far as they have been expressed:—

1. That the Canadians will accept no scheme which may in any way whatever weaken the admirable system of federal government and of provincial freedom which Canada now possesses under her present constitution.

2. That Canadians hesitate to entrust the arrangement of her financial or fiscal policy to any parliamentary body in which her representation will be necessarily small, and her influence consequently insignificant.

3. That a million and more French-Canadian people look suspiciously on a scheme of federation which may curtail their privileges, and bring them under the control of an Imperial Parliament, in which their peculiar interests may be jeopardized, and their identity as a distinct race eventually lost.

These objections are believed by not a few persons to stand for

for the present in the way of the adoption of the large scheme of federation, under which one general parliament would be created for the whole Empire—the most logical scheme on its face, since it would give each province or section of the Empire control over its purely local or provincial affairs—and constitute one large legislative body, to legislate on all matters which would naturally appertain to the whole Empire. It must be admitted that, grand as appears this idea of a federation, the difficulties that impede its realization seem for the moment impossible to surmount.

But still every one who is paying any attention to the movement in Canada must see that its promoters are making a steady headway, especially since the efforts of American politicians and their sympathizers to develop an annexation feeling. Branches of the League are being established in every part of English-speaking Canada, and public meetings are frequently held to stimulate a public interest in the question. The League has among its members Lieutenant-Governors, heads of Universities, Members of the Dominion Parliament and of the Local Legislatures, prominent Divines, and a large number of energetic young men imbued by true British sentiment.

It must be expected, however, that some time will elapse before the masses can appreciate the importance of this great movement. There are so many decided advantages in the present political position of the country, that some great national crisis alone can show the people how frail after all in some respects are the ties that now bind the Colonies to the Empire. Because the people are now indifferent on the subject, is no reason why the advocates of an improvement in the relations between the Parent State and the Colonies should feel discouraged. Previous to 1864, the confederation of the provinces of British North America had been very briefly discussed in parliament and in the press, but the majority of the people throughout the country appeared to take little interest in the matter, and it was not until the political necessities of the two Canadas became very great, when government had become almost impracticable on account of divisions between the French and English sections, that leading men of both parties united on the general basis of the confederation. The legislative union of Scotland and England was not successfully consummated until the cause of the Protestant succession to the throne was in danger. The present constitution of the United States only became the fundamental law of the whole people when the old confederation proved a mere rope of sand, and there was every

every prospect of disintegration. The same may be the case with the great question still new to the popular mind throughout the Empire. Some great national emergency may arise to show the Parent State, as well as her dependencies, the inequality and insecurity of the basis on which the Empire rests. At present Canadians may be apathetic, for reasons which we have endeavoured to set forth, as concisely as possible ; but fifteen or twenty years hence, when Canada will have a large population, and her vast territory will be divided into flourishing provinces, extending continuously from the Atlantic to the Pacific, they may feel that the time is come for demanding a higher position in the councils of the Empire, commensurate with their growth and importance. Questions of tariff may then sink into insignificance, and a people of fifteen or twenty millions will be entitled to a representation which may give them sufficient influence over the affairs of the Empire, and guard all their own immediate interests. The national sentiment which is slowly developing among the people may become dominant, and force Canada to assert herself more determinedly. Any one looking at the political movement throughout the Empire, has every reason for thinking that events are shaping themselves for important political changes. The parent islands themselves are, in the opinion of many astute observers, on the eve of a social and political revolution, the result of which cannot be foreseen by the most sagacious statesmen. The Imperial Parliament must, sooner or later, be compelled to relieve itself of some of its functions which now render legislation in many cases impracticable. The Australian dependencies are improving their facilities for joint action, and must eventually recognize the necessity that exists for a wider scheme of federation. Even the West Indies are commencing to see the necessity of some bond of political union, although no decided step has yet been taken in this direction. No doubt the principle of federalism, which above all other principles of government combines a strong central authority with local freedom of action, is likely in the future to unite all communities, naturally allied to each other by ties of a common nationality, or common political and commercial interests. The United States and Germany, and Austria-Hungary to a minor degree, illustrate the growth in modern times of this great governing principle, which has resulted from the necessity that has arisen in these days of democratic tendencies for giving as full play as possible to the desire that exists in every community for local self-government. By the commencement of the twentieth century,
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in all probability the several groups of Colonies which enjoy representative institutions will be strongly consolidated into a series of powerful federal States, and become, in fact, so many semi-independent nations. Then, in the nature of things, it will be absolutely necessary to settle their future position among the communities of the world. Some great political convulsion may precipitate matters, but in the ordinary course of events years must pass before the problem is likely to demand a solution.

In the preceding pages we have not attempted to discuss the subject of Independence, knowing as we do that there are very few thoughtful men who believe that it would be prudent or wise for Canada to imperil her present position of ease and security, for one which would immediately entail so many heavy responsibilities at a juncture when she is already fully burdened with obligations, which it will require all her energies to meet for many years to come. No Canadian will of course deny that the time may arrive when a state of higher political existence may become the natural object of the aspirations of every man who is proud of his country and its successes; but it is certain that many years must elapse before any question of this kind can possibly arise. It is questionable if Englishmen generally even yet fully appreciate the sincerity of the loyalty which has kept Canada a dependency of the Empire through good and evil report. The inducements to join her fortunes with those of the United States have been undoubtedly very powerful at times. It is certain that she could to-morrow enter the ranks of the American States on terms compatible with her self-respect, and largely to her commercial advantage. But Canadians, as we have already shown, have never listened to the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so sweetly. They have always believed that their true interests lie in the direction of establishing a federation which will be a friendly competitor with its great neighbour in the important work which both, as agents of civilization, have to perform on the American continent. When, as in the nature of things it must be the case, Canada has far outgrown the position of a mere dependency of England, and the inequalities that now exist between her and the mother-country become more obvious to her people, and no practical steps have been taken to remove them, she is not likely to make an effort to dis sever the ties that bind her to the Empire in a spirit of impatience and ingratitude. If the difficulties that now appear to impede the successful accomplishment of a large scheme of federation continue as impracticable as they seem at present,

present, if the necessities of the Empire do not bring about a practical solution of the problem which is now occupying the attention of public men in England and her dependencies, Canada will be very false to her past record if she should ask to stand alone, without a single link of connection between herself and that England to whom she owes so much. If the difficulties that arise from distance, tariffs, and representation cannot be arranged on terms which will preserve the interests of all sections of the Empire, then it will be open to Canada and the other great countries which are now dependencies of that Empire, should they be dissatisfied with the existing state of things, to assume a higher position among communities, and at the same time enter into a solemn league and compact with their old parent for their common defence and security. Then England, whose manifest destiny it is to perpetuate her language and institutions in every quarter of the globe, would still be able to retain that prestige which the possession of a great Colonial Empire has long given her, while Canada and the other countries which are of British origin would be in a position to satisfy their national aspirations, and at the same time preserve the connection on terms which would be at once a recognition of their importance, and of their respect and affection for the Parent State.

And who will dare to say that it is not even among the possibilities of the future that all the British-speaking peoples will sign this solemn league? A Federation of the World is but a poetic fancy; but it would be well for the peace of nations were the United States, in whose progress and prosperity Canadians must take a natural pride, although they may never be associated with the political union of their neighbours, also to form part of such a league as we imagine, and in that way give guarantees for the common peace and security of communities which should be always allied to each other by the ties of a common ancestry and a common interest.

However, the people of Canada are not yet called upon to deal practically with questions which probably await solution only in a distant future, but must continue in the great lines of development so clearly marked out for them from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Among the communities of the world there is none more highly favoured than the Dominion of Canada, and it would be folly for its people to listen to the agitators who always arise among peoples from time to time to create, for political reasons, discontent with the existing state of things. Canadians, as it has been the endeavour of this paper to show, have

have much reason for self-gratulation and hopefulness. They can point with pride to the work already achieved, and to the promise which the future seems to hold out to themselves and their children. They are proud of their country, of its noble scenery, of its varied resources, and its bright prospects. All of them are imbued with an honest love for the country of their birth or of their adoption. In that beautiful poem of Longfellow's, which must always awake the tenderest emotions while men and women can be touched by the story of human love and human devotion, we are told of a little flower that is said to grow on the meadows that skirt the base of the Ozark Hills:—

‘See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet;
It is the compass flower, that the finger of God has suspended
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller’s journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.’

So it must be with all Canadians: their hearts, differ as men may on political, or social, or religious questions, are true to their North-Land—a land of great rivers and inland seas, of illimitable prairies and lofty mountains, of rich sea pastures and luxuriant corn-fields—a land of free government and free speech—a goodly heritage with which they can never part to a foreign Power.

ART. II.—1. *Ragguagli sulla vita e sulle opere di Marin Sanuto.*

Per Rawdon Brown. Venezia, 1837.

2. *Vecchie Storie.* Per P. G. Molmenti. Venezia, 1882.

THERE is, perhaps, no region of intuitive knowledge which we may safely affirm to lie beyond the reach of the poetic imagination. The power to grasp some trifling indication, some fugitive hint, and from it to reconstruct a whole scheme of things which shall, in all essentials, correspond to fact, is peculiarly the poet's gift; it is the poetical quality in a great man of science—a great osteologist, let us say—which enables him from a single bone to divine the structure of some extinct race: and so in the work of a supreme poet, the justness of general epithets need not surprise us, though their accuracy must always be a source of delight. When Shakspeare tells us, for example, of thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice, we are not to suppose that he ever threaded the seracs of an icefall, though no poet ever devised a juster epithet than thick-ribbed to describe the colossal cleavage of a glacier.

There is, however, another kind of knowledge; a knowledge of minute facts in detail, which no imagination can fairly be expected to compass; a knowledge which we may more justly call information. The object of this paper is to enquire how much knowledge of this kind Shakspeare possessed about Venice and the Venetian dominions; about the customs of the Republic, her laws, her state; about the habits of the Venetians, their mode of life and character.

It is somewhat singular that, in the midst of so active a study and examination of Shakspeare's work from every point of view, scholars have seldom touched upon the question of the poet's local knowledge of Venice. Yet, as we shall see, the scattered allusions to be collected from the Plays prove an intimacy with Venice which is surprising in a man who, in all probability, was never out of England. For the enquiry will not lead us to suppose that Shakspeare ever saw Venice. We shall rather conclude that all he had heard about Venice made him love the city, and that his burning imagination vivified the picture of it created by his fancy. We know how deep an interest he took in Italy and in all things Italian, and we surmise that he made good use of his opportunities to gather a considerable store of information about Italy in general, and about Venice in particular. Shakspeare displays a knowledge of Venice and the Venetian dominions deeper than that which he appears to have possessed about any other Italian State. Omitting the references to Rome, which are just under four hundred in number, we find that the chief cities

cities of Italy come in this order: Venice, with fifty-one references; Naples, thirty-four; Milan, twenty-five; Florence, twenty-three; Padua, twenty-three; and Verona, twenty. Two main sources of such information were open to the poet: first, the merchant class, whose relations with Venice dated from times as early as the year 1325, and were cemented by the yearly passage of the Venetian merchantmen known as the Flanders galleys; and secondly, the travelled members of the aristocracy, the young gentlemen who returned to England with indelible memories of Italy and all the charm of that pleasant land, who filled the town with talk of Italian cities, and made Venice, in a certain way, the mode, so that Sir John, for example, assures Mistress Ford that, were she his lady, her arched brow would become 'the ship tire, the tire valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.'

It appears that in some way or other Shakspeare learned sufficient Italian to understand that language. In his Italian plays he introduces enough to prove his familiarity with its use; Mercutio, for example, cannot away with such *antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes, these fashion-mongers, these perdonamis . . . with their immortal passado, the punto reverso, the hai*. Again, the greeting between Hortensio and Petruchio is conducted, for a couple of lines, in Italian, *con tutto il cuore ben trovato. Alla casa nostra ben venuto, molto honorato Signor mio Petruchio*; and Holofernes quotes the old familiar proverb—

'Venetia, Venetia
Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.'

The saying is an ancient one; it appeared for the first time in the famous collection of Venetian proverbs known as the 'Ten Tables.' The *Dieci Tavole* were ten large broadsides, each containing one hundred and fifty proverbs. They were first printed at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and a copy may have found its way to London in Shakspeare's time. In 'Much Ado About Nothing' (i. 1) there is another reference to the Lagoon city—

'If Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice,'

which also sounds proverbial. The abundant use which the poet made of Italian *novelle*, and the fidelity with which he has transferred certain proper names and phrases directly from Italian into English, are sufficient proof of his intimacy with the language of the peninsula. All this is well known. But how far did Shakspeare's acquaintance with Venice reach; how deep

deep was his knowledge of the Venetians and of their city?—that city which has exercised such a profound fascination upon so many Englishmen; a city antique in its history, unique in its beauty, unique in its situation, a veritable sea-bird's nest, as Theodoric's secretary called it thirteen hundred years ago.

For an answer to our question we naturally turn first to the two great Venetian plays, the 'Merchant of Venice' and 'Othello.' The 'Taming of the Shrew,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' and the doubtful 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' will also help us with indications on the same subject.

The influence of such Italian romance-writers as Cinthio, Banello, and their peers, is easily discerned in Shakspeare's choice and manipulation of subjects. It is generally admitted that the *motif* of the 'Merchant of Venice' is to be found in the *Pecorone*, the collected works of that old Italian novelist who is known as Master John of Florence: the episode of the caskets, however, does not appear in the *Pecorone*; that was imported from another collection of romances, the *Gesta Romanorum*. Ser Giovanni's *novella*, though amusing, is marred by a coarseness of touch and sentiment; and in the case of this play Shakspeare, in his portrayal of character, has departed considerably from his original, to the great advantage of his drama. There can be no sort of comparison between Ser Giovanni's young lady of Belmont, with her unpleasant wager that none of her lovers will be able to master her, and charming, faithful, playful, noble Portia, idealized portrait of one type of Venetian women, sprightly, smilingly mischievous, not averse to teasing on occasion, but ready-witted, serious when need be, and absolutely true. Nor again can that unattractive young swaggerer, Gianetto, with his coxcombry and selfishness, stand for a moment against Bassanio, who, though imprudent, is a true friend, and most amiable. The one character of Ser Giovanni's creation to which Shakspeare has adhered is Ansaldo, the merchant, who pledges his life to the Jew in order to raise money for the spendthrift Gianetto. Ansaldo is undoubtedly the most attractive character in the novel, and is not far removed from good and grave Antonio. Upon some small points, too, the playwright has varied from his novelist original. In the *Pecorone*, Belmont, for instance, is a seaport; the Jew—who is nameless—lives at Mestre on the mainland, driven there probably during one of those periods of expulsion which the Venetian Government imposed on all his tribe in order to force them to purchase re-admission into Venice; the famous juriconsult, who turns the case in favour of the merchant, announces himself from Bologna,

Bologna, not from Padua; but for the rest, Shakspeare's play and Ser Giovanni's *novella* are very closely allied.

In his mind's eye Shakspeare had formed a vivid conception of the aspect of the country where he laid his scenes. For him, generally speaking, North Italy is *fruitful Lombardy, the pleasant garden*; the pleasantness, the amenity of the land is what he sees—and *there at Venice gave his body to that pleasant country's earth*—so says the Bishop of Carlisle, alluding to the death of Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. Again, Shakspeare had clearly conceived the geography of the land, and accurately maintained his conception, though it was, for the most part, an ideal not a real geography. For instance, Verona is a port upon the sea, with tides that ebb and flow, and boats may sail from thence to Milan; Valentine's *father at the road expects his coming, there to see him shipped*; and Launce, weeping over the misdemeanours of his dog Crab, his cruel-hearted cur, is like to lose the tide. Verona is a seaport for Shakspeare in the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' and it is still a seaport for him in 'Othello,' where Cassio's ship, the first to reach Cyprus after the storm, is a Veronesa. But the sheet of water nearest to Verona is the Lake of Garda; and though the Venetians kept their war-galleys floating upon it, about which Shakspeare may have heard, yet it had not a tide that any man could miss. If Verona is a seaport, however, in Shakspearean Italy, there is no reason why Bergamo should not have sail-makers; and accordingly we find that Tranio's father exercised that calling in the high hill-perched city. Once more, in Shakspeare's Lombardy, though not in the real Lombardy, there is mountainous territory between Milan and Mantua; the Duke, in pursuit of the truants Silvia and Sir Eglamour, bids Proteus and Sir Thurio meet him *upon the rising of the mountain-foot that leads towards Mantua*; perhaps the poet was thinking of the Euganean Hills, but put them on the near, instead of on the further, side of Mantua.

Yet in spite of this ideal geography we are startled, every now and then, by a touch of topographical accuracy so just as almost to persuade us that Shakspeare must have seen with outward eye the country which his fancy pictures; must have travelled there, and carried thence a recollection of its bearings.

For, to return to 'The Merchant of Venice,' Portia says to Balthasar—

'Take this same letter,
And use thou all th' endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;

And,

And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
 Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
 Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
 Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
 But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.'

They are at her country house of Belmont, which we may conjecture to be Montebello, just beyond Vicenza. Portia intends to reach Venice by the *burghio della Brenta*, the common ferry boat which started from Padua and was towed leisurely down the pleasant stream, past Dolo and La Mira and Malcontenta, and put into the lagoon at Lizza Fusina. It is possible that Shakspeare had heard that quaint and travelled gentleman, Fiennes Moryson, describe the *burghio* and its motley crew.

'The boat is covered with arched hatches,' he says, 'and there is very pleasant company, so a man beware to give no offence; for otherwise the Lumbards carry shirts of male, and being armed as if they were in camp, are apt to revenge upon shameful advantages. But commonly there is pleasant discourse, and the proverb saith that the boat shall be drowned when it carries neither monk, nor student, nor curtisan.'

However that may be, the poet knew that there was such a ferry and such a boat. Balthasar is despatched before to meet his mistress at the ferry, with documents and lawyers' gowns, which he shall get from Dr. Bellario, whose namesakes live in Padua to this day. Portia, with Nerissa, follows in her coach; and how far is it that they have to drive between Belmont and Padua?

'For we must measure twenty miles to-day'—

twenty miles! exactly the distance between Montebello and the gate of Padua. If Montebello and Belmont be identical, this is surely most surprisingly accurate; yet we cannot believe that this accuracy is due to more than a striking but fortuitous coincidence. It is almost impossible to believe that Shakspeare ever was in Venetian territory; we feel at once, when we pass inside the city of Venice with him, that he has never *swum in a gondola*, except in fancy; there are too many evidences that he did not know the sea-girt city, its waterways, its little *calli*, those narrow streets whose windings form such a delightful labyrinth, in which the traveller may lose himself. For example, it is true they used to ride once in Venice, before the streets were paved, and when the bridges were made of sloping wooden boards, and the merchants who had business at San Marco used to picket their mules at the Ponte della Paglia or under the fig-tree of San Salvador. But long

long before the days of Shylock and Antonio the law had forbidden the use of horses or mules; stone bridges made riding impossible, and Dobbin, old Gobbo's fill-horse, would never have been allowed to jog along the narrow *calli* of the town. Again, Shylock's house is more Florentine than Venetian in structure; his orders to Jessica are,

'Clamber not you up to the casements.'

In Florence, where the older houses were often fortresses as well as dwelling-places, the casements may have to be clambered up to; but in Venice the graceful Gothic windows are low-silled, no higher than a man's middle, and wide and open to admit the breezes from the sea: so Jessica would have no need to clamber; it was enough for her to lean out of the casement in order to see that Christian

'passing by, who was worth a Jewess' eye.'

Nor do we think that Gratiano and Salarino would have found a pent-house under which to take their stand, in any Venetian street; a true pent-house, as distinguished from a *sotto-portico*, were it ever so narrow, would have filled most Venetian alleys from side to side.

But although slight indications such as these induce us to conclude that Shakspeare never saw Venice, it is impossible to deny the truth of local colour which pervades the play. It is that salient point the Rialto, its mere sound and name, which gives to the settings of the drama the strong Venetian flavour which it undoubtedly possesses. The fame of the great arch, which had been thrown across the Grand Canal soon after Shakspeare's birth, had, no doubt, reached England; and it is round Rialto that Shakspeare has gathered his own Venetian knowledge; it is about the Rialto that his fancy builds up the Venice he desires his audience to see. We are made to feel the crowd upon the bridge and at the foot of its long flight of stairs; we picture Antonio sauntering with his friends, waiting for news of his galleys, and Shylock creeping by, eyeing and eyed askance, and now and then tormented by the boys as they recognize the yellow sign of his Jewish blood upon his breast or his cap. In the characters of the play, too, the Venetian flavour is for the most part successfully maintained. Portia is most thoroughly Venetian; so also are Shylock and Antonio; indeed the Jew is not more distinctly Jewish than Venetian in many respects; the average Venetian merchant—not Antonio, of course, for he is meant to be an exception—and his Jewish rivals were, we suspect, at no time very different in their methods of conducting business.

business. There is only one point where the Venetian quality of the play is violated—that is, in the portrayal of the country clowns, Gobbo the Elder and Launcelot his son. They are both peasant bred, but their note, the tone of their conversation and their humour, is English, or at least not Italian. It is in Portia, Shylock, and Rialto that we catch the purest aroma of Venice which the play exhales.

If we ask how far do stray touches and phrases in this drama show on the part of the playwright a knowledge of Venetian habits, laws and customs, we shall find several points worthy of notice. Whether the poet drew his character of Antonio from the great merchant-prince Fugger, as has been suggested; whether he was aware of the great German exchange-house, the *Fondaco dei Tedeschi*, which existed in Venice, or not, he is certainly fully alive to the fact that commercial relations between Venice and Germany were of the closest description. With no German city was trade more active than with Frankfort; and Shakspeare shows his information on this point when he makes Shylock in his misery recal his business transactions in that city, and the diamond he bought there. But if Shylock really exacted the usury for which Antonio did rate him many a time and oft, he did so in contravention of the law which established the legal amount of interest; and he certainly could not have recovered in any court of Venice. Shylock's confidence that he will receive pure justice from the Venetian tribunals is true to fact and honourable to the Republic; Antonio himself recognizes this when he says—

‘The Duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of his state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations.’

That states the truth about Venetian commercial policy; the great freedom and security she always allowed to strangers, which accounted for much of her prosperity, and for the rooted affection which her dependencies bore towards her, an affection which manifested itself after the wars of the League of Cambrai, when the liberated cities voluntarily returned to their allegiance towards S. Mark. The most the Doge can do is to adjourn the case while waiting for counsel from Padua; no mention is made of discharging the case altogether, even though it be a case of Jew against a Christian. Instances wherein Jews were protected against robbery and violence on the part of private Venetian,

Venetians are not uncommon in the annals of Venetian justice; though the State sometimes plundered the Israelites by exacting large sums for permission to remain in Venice, a permission which had to be renewed every five years. Shylock was not in danger as long as he remained within the law; but his usury would have put him outside the pale. With Jessica and Lorenzo the case was different. They were playing a game which was infinitely more dangerous. For a Christian to wed a Jewess would have brought both of them before the Court of the Esecutori contro la Bestemmia, and placed them in peril of their lives. The Inquisition trials show how sharply this crime was attacked and punished, and even learned Portia would have found herself put to it to set the culprits free.

It is noteworthy that while Shakspeare is aware that the true title of the Prince is Doge or Duke of Venice, he does not know the Doge's proper style and address. The Doge is Duke, and therefore, either as Sovereign Prince or as Duke, for the Englishman Shakspeare, he is styled 'your Grace.' But had the poet frequented the society of Venetians in London he could hardly have failed to learn that the Doge was not 'his Grace' in Venice, but 'his Serenity.' Nor again is it probable that the Doge himself would have sat in court at the hearing of Shylock's suit; he seldom sat in any court except that of the Council of Ten, and chiefly when that court was trying for treason. But even had he been present at the trial, there would have been no need to entreat the learned lawyer, Balthasar, home to dinner; for the Doge was already at home in the Ducal Palace, where the courts and the Doge's dwelling alike were situated.

To turn now to Shakspeare's other great Venetian play, 'Othello.' Here the poet has kept very close to his original authority, the seventh novel of the Third Decade in Giovanni Battista Cinthio's collection of stories called the *Ecatomiti*. The name of the heroine is the same in the play and in the novel; and we find certain phrases even paraphrased from the Italian with great fidelity; for example, Othello, when pleading that Desdemona may be allowed to go with him to Cyprus, says—

‘I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.’

Cinthio says that Desdemona chose Othello, *tratta non da appetito donnesco ma dalla virtù del moro*. The points where Shakspeare has departed most widely from his original are

both curious and instructive. In the first place the means by which Iago becomes possessed of the famous handkerchief, are certainly more telling in Cinthio's novel than in the play; the action adds a touch of blacker villainy and hypocrisy to the Macchiavellian character of Iago, and makes him almost that *perfettamente tristo*, that ideal scoundrel, whose impossibility Macchiavelli regretted. Cinthio describes the scene thus: Desdemona is visiting Iago's wife, and in the room is Iago's little child, for whom Desdemona has an affection. Iago, in play, takes up the child and holds her to Desdemona to kiss, while with one hand he steals the handkerchief she is wearing in her girdle. The innocent child used as the instrument for blackest treachery heightens the whole situation, and gives an opportunity to a great actor; and, no doubt, Shakspeare would have retained this fine scene, had it not been necessary to make Emilia aware of the loss of the handkerchief that she may bear testimony to Desdemona's innocence when too late. Again: the strongest conviction of Desdemona's guilt is borne in upon Othello's mind when he sees Bianca return the fatal handkerchief to Cassio. If Cassio had behaved rightly when he found the handkerchief in his room; had he, instead of using it, seen that it was carefully put aside to be restored to its owner, all the pity of it would never have come about, through Cassio's want of manners. Now Cinthio does make Cassio behave rightly; for when he finds the handkerchief by his bed in the morning, he does fold it up and take it back to Desdemona; Othello sees Cassio leaving Desdemona's rooms, and thus, without any fault of either Cassio or the lady, Othello's jealousy is fed, the plot works on, and the tragedy receives an intensity that is almost Greek in its sense of inevitable fate. Finally, Cinthio makes the Moor and his lieutenant Iago discuss the means by which Desdemona shall be done to death: the Moor wishes to use the dagger or poison; but his henchman urges upon him another method which shall leave no traces of the bloody deed; he proposes to fill a stocking—one of those stockings which Bellini's and Carpaccio's young nobles wear—with sand, and to strike Desdemona in the back, to kill her so; to place her on a bed, and to break down a beam of the rotten old roof and lay it across her, that she may seem to have died by accident. Shakspeare, too, makes Othello and Iago debate the mode of Desdemona's death—

'Othello. Get me some poison, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in bed,
The bed she hath contaminated.

Othello. Good, good: the justice of it pleases me.'

But

But for reasons of his own, possibly owing to a consideration that an English audience would resent the intolerable cowardice and cruelty of the deed, Shakspeare changed the nature of the fatal act; and Desdemona dies strangled by Othello, not broken by Iago and his stocking filled with sand.

That true lover and student of Venice, the late Mr. Rawdon Brown, in his work on 'Marino Sanuto,' propounds, though in a reserved and tentative manner, his peculiar views as to the historical origin of the play and Shakspeare's means of coming by that knowledge. In the development of his theory it will be seen that Mr. Brown assigns a very subordinate place to the Ferrarese novelist, Cinthio. Mr. Brown surmises that the historical sources of the drama are to be found in the story of a certain Christofalo Moro, a Venetian nobleman, employed in many posts of trust and of honour, and among these in the defence of Cyprus against the Turks. He further sees in the obscure words of the old diarist, Sanuto, 'In the morning Sir Christofalo Moro was in college, in mourning for his wife who died on her way from Cyprus,' a dark hint at some tragedy which he suggests was the tragedy of Desdemona. Starting from this hypothesis, Mr. Brown builds up a whole theory of the historical bearings of the play, and displays the actual counterparts of the *dramatis personæ* thus: the Duke of Venice is Leonardo Loredan; Brabantio is one of the Barbarigo family; Othello is Christofalo Moro; and Desdemona is a daughter of Barbarigo, and related by marriage to Cecilia Priuli, wife of Sanuto. But, attractive as this theory is, it rests upon evidence hardly sufficient to carry conviction. The key to Mr. Brown's theory is given in his own words: 'Brabantio of Shakspeare,' he says, 'has always appeared to me to be a member of the Barbarigo family.' Desdemona, then, according to Mr. Brown, was a Barbarigo, married to Christofalo Moro. But if we turn to the MS. volume of marriages contracted among noble Venetian families, the work of Marco Barbaro, we find the following matrimonial alliances recorded against the name of Christofalo Moro: in 1472 he married a lady of the Priuli; in 1476 a lady of the Capello, widow of Piero Soranza; in 1481 a Pasqualigo; and in 1516 a lady of the Da Lezze, widow of Girolamo Conatarini. There is no trace, therefore, of a Barbarigo marriage.

But Mr. Brown calls attention to another fact which is certainly curious; a fact which confirms him in his view that the Brabantio family of the play are the Barbarigo of Venice. The wife of Marino Sanuto, the diarist, whose entries set Mr. Brown upon his theory, was a lady of the house of Priuli, Cecilia by name, married first to Girolamo Barbarigo; upon his

death she married Sanuto, and brought with her, from the Barbarigo household, a maidservant or slave, as she is called, named Barbara, in whom, of course, Mr. Brown recognizes Barbara of the Willow song. This is an ingenious hypothesis. But we can hardly imagine that Shakspeare had such extraordinarily intimate knowledge of Venetian private family history as to be aware that Cecilia Priuli, about the year 1508, had a maidservant of the name of Barbara. If he had ever heard the fact, would he have remembered it, unless his informant had told him of the Willow song? And can we imagine any Italian maid singing a song so English in its quality as that of 'Willow, Willow'? To meet this difficulty Mr. Brown proceeds to examine the possible source of this intimate knowledge with which he credits the poet. Holding firm by his identification of Brabantio with Barbarigo, he points out that there was in London, as secretary to Francesco Contarini, Ambassador Extraordinary from the Republic in 1609, a certain Vettor Barbarigo, who may have had access to the Barbarigo papers, and been aware of the whole story of Christofalo Moro. 'It is possible,' says Mr. Brown, 'that the tragedian and the secretary met at the theatre; that Shakspeare heard the story and was struck by it; and so we may attribute the source of the play to a Venetian Barbarigo and not to a Ferrarese Cinthio Giraldis.' But all this interesting structure rests upon insecure foundations. Just as it is difficult to connect the Christofalo Moro of Sanuto's diaries with the Barbarigo family for the want of a marriage, so it is difficult to connect Shakspeare with a Barbarigo in London, or at least with this particular Vettor Barbarigo, for the sufficient reason that Francesco Contarini, his chief, was not Ambassador in England till the year 1609. As there is strong evidence, both internal and external, that the play was not only written but acted in or before the year 1604,* it is clearly not easy to establish any connection between Vettor Barbarigo and Shakspeare's sources for the drama. Further, were it possible to make these two connections, we have no sufficient ground for assuming that Sanuto's words about the death of Christofalo Moro's wife veil a tragedy,—the diarist merely says that Christofalo was in mourning for his wife, who died on her way from Cyprus,—or that Brabantio and Barbarigo are synonyms; and we are thrown back again upon the older and more probable hypothesis, that the novel of the Ferrarese Cinthio is the real source of Shakspeare's 'Othello.'

* Signor Molmenti is in error when he gives the date of 1602 to the doubtful Record Office entry in 'The Accompte of the Office of the Reuelles,' and again in stating that that document is at Stratford.

Mr. Brown's interesting speculations have found considerable favour and some supporters who carry his theory still further. Developing a hint dropped in the course of his argument, that Othello's swarthy colour, his Moorish blood, was suggested by the name of Christofalo's family, Moro a Moor, they urge that even if Cinthio's novel is the source of the play, the source of Cinthio's story is still to be found in the life of Christofalo Moro; that Shakspeare knew his Moor was not a Moor, but a member of the noble family Moro, whose family badge, the mulberry (*moro*), punning on their name, may be seen traced in exquisite low relief round the tomb of the Doge Cristoforo Moro, who lies buried at San Giobbe. They argue that Shakspeare intended to indicate his knowledge on this point when he made Othello's *gage d'amour* to Desdemona a handkerchief spotted with strawberries—that is to say, a kerchief worked with mulberries—the canting cognizance of the Moro family.

But against this attractive explanation we must observe that the phrase *spotted with strawberries* occurs in the play only, not in the novel, where the handkerchief is described as worked *alla moresca*, in Moorish or arabesque design. To make this theory good, then, we must argue that Shakspeare had knowledge behind Cinthio; that he not only used Cinthio's story, but also knew the historical facts on which it is said to be based. This would indicate a singularly intimate acquaintance with obscure Venetian matters; too intimate, we should say, to have been possessed by a London playwright. Again, if Shakspeare knew that his hero was a member of the family Moro, why did he, an Englishman, shrink from saying so? why did he make Othello a blackamoor, thus contradicting his own knowledge, and exposing himself to the necessity of apologizing for Desdemona's passion? That a Ferrarese should have dreaded to wound the honour of a patrician family of Venice, is intelligible; that an Englishman should have felt the same scruple, hardly. And further, if Shakspeare introduced the phrase *spotted with strawberries*, not by accident but on purpose, to show that he knew that his Moor was not a Moor but a Moro of Venice, why did he not use mulberry-spotted? and could he with dramatic propriety have made Cassio ignorant of his general's cognizance? Surely Cassio would have recognized Othello's badge and returned the handkerchief to Desdemona, and so avoided the tragedy. We cannot help thinking that Shakspeare had no other knowledge than that which he gathered from Cinthio's novel; that he introduced the phrase *spotted with strawberries* by pure accident, and that he thought his Moor was a real Moor and not a Moro. Whether Cinthio intended his hero

hero to be a Moor or one of the family Moro, whose name he concealed under this pun, is not so clear. It is of course unlikely that he, a Ferrarese, could have imagined that the Republic of Venice would put a coloured man in command of its troops: but, on the other hand, we must remember that the novelist, as well as the playwright, finds it necessary to apologize for Desdemona's liking for Othello in terms that leave little doubt but that he meant him to be a Moor. Under any circumstances no argument can be drawn from the episode of the handkerchief, as told by Cinthio, except a slight one in favour of his hero having really been a Moor whose handkerchief was worked in Moorish arabesque, *alla moresca*.

Italian critics have tried to find an historical reason for the change which Shakspeare makes in the climax of the tragedy, by substituting strangulation for a blow from a sand-bag as the means by which Desdemona was done to death. In May of the year 1602, in Venice, one of the Sanuto family killed his wife for infidelity. Domenico Bollani, writing to Vincenzo Dandolo, narrates the event thus: 'The other day, one of the Sanudo, who lives on the Canal della Croce at the Giudecca, compelled his wife to go to confession, and then the following night, about five o'clock, he stabbed her in the throat and killed her; he says because she was unfaithful to him, but the quarter holds her for a saint.' The Italian critics suppose that Shakspeare heard the story 'in the circle of the Venetian Ambassadors in London, which he sometimes frequented while living at Court and in aristocratic society before he retired to Stratford,' and that he altered the finale of his tragedy in imitation of the Sanuto murder. They point out that the episode of the confession previous to the murder, in the Sanuto tragedy, is paralleled by Othello's demand—

'Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona?
If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.'

Nothing corresponding to this dramatic episode of the confession is to be found in Cinthio's *novella*. But we cannot believe anything of the kind. The idea that Shakspeare frequented the Venetian Ambassador's, or lived in Court circles in London, is a pure fiction. In 1602, the date of the Sanuto murder, there was no Ambassador from Venice at the Court of Queen Elizabeth; and if there had been, it was not probable that he would have discussed with a playwright a matter so closely affecting the honour of a Venetian nobleman. Shak-
speare

speare simply took the story as he found it in Cinthio's novel; framed his tragedy upon it, altered it where it did not suit the purposes of his play or of his audience, and thought very little indeed about either Moro or Sanudo.

In 'Othello,' as in the 'Merchant of Venice,' there are several indications that Shakspeare's knowledge of the city was considerable. It will be remembered that Iago, when he rouses Brabantio to seek for his daughter, tells him that Othello is lodged at the Sagittary. It is said, though upon what authority we know not, that the Sagittary was the residence of the officers commanding the navy and army of the Republic; that it was close to the Arsenal, and that the figure of an archer over the gate still indicates the place. We have never been able to find this gateway with the archer over it; but, if the statement be correct, it would prove a very close hearsay acquaintance with Venice. It is more probable, however, that the Sagittary was an Inn with the sign of the Archer—like the Salvadego or Salvage-man—whither Othello took Desdemona when she left Brabantio's house; for it is clear that the Doge, when he sent for Othello, did not know where to find him, which would hardly have been the case had Othello lain that night at his proper lodging in the Arsenal.

The whole of the first act of 'Othello' is full of the spirit of Venice, which the poet has known how to breathe into his words. The dark night, the narrow streets, Brabantio's house with close-barred doors and shutters, the low voices of Iago and Rodrigo, the sudden uproar springing up out of the quiet night, the torches and lacqueys, the knave of common hire, the gondolier, the Doge and Senators in Council, their indignation at their brother patrician's wrongs, Othello's calm and noble statement of his wooing, how he sped by tales of moving accidents, and histories so strange as to tempt us almost to believe that Shakspeare had studied Marco Polo's Voyages; Brabantio's bitter, resentful, unforgiving warning—

'Look to her, Moor, if thou have eyes to see:
She has deceived her father, and may thee;'

—all this is admirably conceived to picture forth one full night in Venice.

As in the comedy Portia is the type of the brilliant, playful, sprightly, Venetian lady, so in the tragedy Desdemona personifies the gentle, loving, submissive, patient type, so dear to the Italians, and so much honoured in the tale of too patient Griselda:—

'Those

'Those that do teach young babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks ;
He might have chid me so,'

says Desdemona ; she is incapable of resentment ; and her very meekness maddens Othello till he strikes her ; but the Venetian, Lodovico, instantly rebukes him :—

'My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw it : 'tis very much ;
Make her amends.'

On the whole, however, as was natural, there is less of local colour in the tragedy than in the comedy. When the action of the plot has once got under way, we are soon carried out of any particular locality ; the movement might be taking place in Paris as well as in Cyprus ; we are face to face with elemental passions true to all places and to all times.

We would draw attention to a few other points and touches which help to throw light on the extent of Shakspeare's knowledge of Venice, Venetian territory, and Venetian people. When Brabantio unwillingly and with an ill grace resigns his daughter to the Moor, he says to Desdemona :—

'For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child ;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.'

It is possible that in this passage Shakspeare is thinking of those high pattens which were then in favour with Venetian ladies. They were worn so enormously high that a lady required the attendance of two lacqueys, upon whose shoulders she leaned for support when she went abroad. A passage in St. Didier's '*La Ville et la République de Venise*,' appears to throw light on Shakspeare's intention in this passage. The French traveller relates that the Ambassador of France, in conversation with the Doge, remarked once upon the use of these exaggerated pattens, adding that shoes would be much more convenient ; whereupon one of the Ducal Councillors broke in severely, 'Yes, far, far too convenient.' Again, Brabantio, when he learns his daughter's flight, calls for some *special officers of night* ; would Shakspeare have thought of such a strange and picturesque description of the night patrol, had he not known that in Venice those officers bore the title of *Signori di Notte*, lords of night ? The poet knew that Padua possessed a University, and was a famous *nursery of arts* ; this is not surprising when we recollect how many Englishmen went to study in
that

that city. But more than this, he was aware that Padua belonged to Venice, and that Mantua did not. Tranio tells the pedant :—

'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause ?
Your ships are stayed at Venice, and the Duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath published and proclaimed it openly.'

It was surely not a little for a poor London play-actor to know so much of the complicated political geography of Italy. In the passage just quoted the term 'pedant' is used in a peculiar sense, for foot-goer, pedlar, analogous to the special Venetian use of *Viandante*, for hawker or small retail merchant ; and this same pedant declares that Tranio shall ever be the patron, that is *padrone*, master of his life and liberty. We do not know if *sound as a fish*, an expression which passes from Launce to Speed, in the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' was an English proverb in use at Shakspeare's date, but *sano come un pesce* certainly was and is a good Italian proverb to this day. The Prince of Verona, who was ruling when Romeo and Juliet loved and died, was Escalus, no distant relation to Can Grande or Can Signorio della Scala, we may guess : although his reign will not accord chronologically with the plague which Shakspeare quite rightly represents as raging in the Venetian provinces (1579-80), and bringing about the catastrophe of his drama by preventing Friar John from delivering Friar Lawrence's letter to Romeo in Mantua. Shakspeare is aware too of the right use of Italian gentile names. Lucentio, in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' describes his father as 'Vincentio come of the Bentivolii,' that is, Vincenzo de' Bentivoglii.

It is not to be supposed that Shakspeare gave any special thought or study to Venice or to the Venetians ; the knowledge which he possessed was picked up in the course of daily life by his attentive ear, and stored in his memory ; it was quickened and made living by his poet's imagination until it grew sufficient to allow him to picture correctly the pomp and splendour of Venetian State ; the sprightliness and tenderness of Venetian women ; the gaiety of the young Venetian noble ; the deep persistent hatred of the Venetian Jew ; the devilish cunning of Venetian Iago, with enough of local colour in the Rialto, the gondola, the ferry-boat from Padua, the Doge in Court, the Senate in Council, to make us feel that though he 'was never out of England, it's as if he saw it all.'

ART. III.—1. *Marci Tullii Ciceronis Cato Major*, B.C. 44.
 2. *Locksley Hall: Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*. The Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson. London, 1888.

IT is a proof, and a noticeable instance, of the unity and continuity of human life, that the arguments in favour of Old Age, its compensations and its enjoyments, should still be those which Cicero put into the mouth of Cato nineteen centuries ago. And the expansion and continuation of those arguments, as the progress of civilization has perpetually presented new facts in support of them, show a variety in that unity, a progress with permanence, no less noteworthy. Nor must we pass by without recognition the genius of Cicero, which enabled him to apprehend, and to bring into clear view, and in anticipation of so much later experience, those truths which, in this matter, are still the master-light of all our seeing. For great, infinitely great we may say, as has been the growth of human experience and knowledge on this subject since the days of Cicero, it is not the less certain that all that knowledge and experience still centre themselves in Cicero's two principles and ultimate facts in which he finds the proper happiness of Old Age—the Benignity of Nature, and the Hope of another Life. And we, who now read the 'Dialogue on Old Age,' may sum up our own experience and that of the great Roman philosopher in the words of Lord Tennyson:—

'through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
 And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns.'

But when we propose to ourselves to look at old age in the light of past and present experience, and when in so doing we take for granted that old age is the natural end of life, we are stopped on the threshold of our enquiry by the argument, which Montaigne puts with the shrewd cynicism which characterizes him, that length of years and old age are not the ordinary, and therefore not the natural, conditions of our life. Old age he maintains to be the exception to which very few attain, in comparison with the greater number who are carried off by the accidents or the diseases which open like pitfalls before every step in the journey of life, and into one or other of which hardly any man does not fall. How then can we talk of old age as natural? We cannot deny that there is truth in the paradox: but it is a half truth, which leaves us still in possession of the other half. We do not deny, but fully recognize, the uncertainty of man's life: and the fact cannot be recognized in stronger language than that which Cicero makes Cato employ in the discourse before us. He says:—

'Who

'Who is so foolish, though he be young, as to be certain that he will live till evening? For youth is liable to many more accidents than age: the young fall ill more easily, their illnesses are more severe, and are more hardly cured: thus few come to old age. Did not this happen so, we should live better and more wisely. For thought and understanding and counsel are the endowments of the old, and without these no State can stand That death is common to the young and old, I, too, had to know in the death of my most excellent son, and in that of your brothers, Scipio—men whom we looked to see among our most honoured statesmen.'

There are, and always have been, other ideals of the course and the end of a man's life than that of a benign and happy old age; nor has it ever been denied that the former have sometimes been more noble, and more to be desired, than the latter. The thought and the belief, that 'He whom the gods love dies young,'* have cheered many a desolate home, in one or other of the many forms into which they have been translated and paraphrased, and of which perhaps none is more beautiful than Longfellow's 'Reaper and the Flowers.' The Emperor Julian in his dying speech declared that his religion had taught him that an early death was often the reward of piety.† In all ages would the choice of Achilles of an early but glorious death have found approval; and poets have never ceased to win the widest and heartiest response to their praises of the lot of him who, in the full vigour of manhood, dies for his country and his own honour:—

'How fair his death, who in the foremost band
Falls bravely fighting for his native land! '†—TYRTÆUS.

'Go, tell the Spartans, friendly passer-by,
That we obeyed their orders, and here lie.'§—SIMONIDES.

'Tis sweet, and well becomes a man,
For his dear home to die.'||—HORACE.

* *Ὁν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος.*—MENANDER.

† Gibbon, with a curious but characteristic cynicism, suspects that this speech of Julian may have been prepared beforehand for the possible occasion.

‡ *Τεθνήμεναι γὰρ καλὸν ἐπὶ προμάχοις πεσόντα,
ἄνδρ' ἀγαθὸν περὶ ᾧ πατρίδι μαρνάμενον.*

§ *Ὡ ξεῖν', ἀγγέλλειν Λακεδαιμονίοις, ὅτι τὰδε
κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.*

|| 'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.'

In the English versions of Tyrtæus and Simonides, and the reference to the heroes of the 'Birkenhead,' we have followed the writer of an article in the 'Contemporary Review' of February 1871, on the subject of the proper translation of ῥήμασι in the Lacedæmonian epitaph.

'And certainly a man hath most honour,
To dien in his excellence and flower:
And gladder might his friend be of his death,
When with honour is yolden up his breath,
Than when his name appalled is for age.'—CHAUCER.

'How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!'—COLLINS.

And the whole anthology, ancient and modern, of which these are but specimens, may be summed up in Manoa's outburst of heroic sentiment when tidings reached him of Samson's death:—

'Come, come; no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause:
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail.
. . . . Nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.'

And a yet nobler death, and one beyond the reach of ancient Greek, or Roman, or Hebrew, was that of the five hundred soldiers who went down in the 'Birkenhead,' and silently, and without the exciting enthusiasm of battle, or the prospect of glory, gave up their lives that they might save those of the women and children whose places they could so easily have taken in the boats:—

'Beautiful was death in him, who saw the death, but kept the deck,
Saving women with their babes, and sinking with the sinking wreck.'

In the prose idyll of Solon and Cræsus, in which Herodotus gives us a picture of a simple age, Solon counts Tellus the Athenian the happiest of men, because he had enjoyed the love of all his children, and his children's children, all, like himself, the citizens of a noble State, and at the end of a prosperous life had at last fallen in battle in the defence of his country. And next to the claims of Tellus to the name of 'happy' he says were those of Cleobis and Bito. These two young Argives, crowned conquerors in the games, when there were no oxen available for their mother's chariot, themselves drew her in it to the temple and festival of Héré, a distance of forty furlongs: the assembled multitude applauded, while the women envied the mother of such sons: and she herself asked for them from the goddess the greatest blessing that man could receive. Her prayer was granted: when the festival was ended, they lay down to sleep in the temple, not to wake again. Their countrymen raised statues to their honour, at Delphi.

Cicero

Cicero himself, while here discoursing on the happiness of old age, recognizes elsewhere as no less happy the lot of him who dies in earlier manhood for his country : and when the world of moral worth and political freedom was falling in ruins around him, he pronounced one of his friends to be happy in the opportuneness of his death, and vindicated the resolution of another to shut out, by his own act, the sight of those ruins. We, in the light of a higher faith, have reverted to that better philosophy which Socrates had already taught, that not by his own act but only by the command of his superior may the sentinel leave his post, under any circumstances whatever. We now approve Cicero's conduct rather than his doctrine, and hold the calmness and dignity with which he met his fate at the hands of Antony's murderers, happier and more opportune than if he had died, like the younger Cato, by his own hand, although he himself might have attributed to the want of courage, which he confessed, that he had lived so long.

The Hebrew prophet, like the Roman statesman and orator, held that to be a happy and opportune death which saved a lover of his country from witnessing its ruin ; and we, who in happier times neither need nor can avail ourselves of such consolations of despair, yet daily witness the apparently untimely death of men devoted to the service of their country and their fellow-men, and this often just as their powers had reached maturity, and promised a long future of increasing activity and usefulness. Nothing but unhappy and inopportune for his country seems such a death as that of the late German Emperor Frederick ; and other names, in less wide spheres, yet each in its way of real importance, present themselves to the thoughts of us all. That even so they have done and left behind them good work which will not die with them, we know. We may believe with the philosophical poet that

‘ God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world,’

but neither philosophy nor faith can enable us to understand how such early death can be a survival of the fittest, nor to decide whether it belongs to the evil or to the good elements inextricably interwoven in the web of our existence. We can say to him who is gone :—

‘ Fear no more the heat o’ the sun,
Nor the furious winter’s rages :
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta’en thy wages ;’

out whether it were better or worse for us that his work was
over

over in mid-day, it is hard to know. Still we cannot question or doubt that here, too, is one of the ideals of a noble life and death. This, with those of childhood and old age, make up the sum of man's existence; and the Christian Church, which claims to be the embodiment of humanity, has consecrated and canonized them in the persons of the Innocents, of St. Stephen, and of St. John.

Having thus justified Cicero and ourselves against the suspicion of having overlooked or underrated that argument of Montaigne's, let us turn again to what we have made our main subject for consideration—the happiness of old age, as Cicero saw it, and as we may see it now. There is more dramatic interest in a philosophic dialogue carried on between Socrates and Alcibiades, or by Cato with Scipio and Lælius, than when the speakers are only Piscator, Venator, and Auceps; the Philalethes and Philaleutheros of our fathers; or the Ellesmere Milverton and Dunsford, or, still more prosaically, the Author and Friend of our own day. And as the late Frederick Maurice made the Socrates of Plato more real to us by showing that he is the same man with the Socrates of Xenophon, and even of Aristophanes, so we may say that the arguments which Cicero makes Cato bring forward in the Dialogue on Old Age come with a greater weight, and more living force, because this Cato is the same man whose portrait Plutarch and Horace have given us.

There is the same manly strength and force of character, the same simplicity of manners and love of country life, combined with an almost pompous self-assertion of the rank and dignity of a great noble, statesman, and general; and a morality of which some characteristics are generous and lofty, and others mean and low, not only as judged by our own but by the best ancient standards. And this, the Cato of history, Cicero brings before us with a dramatic art which may not unfitly be compared with that of the Dialogues of Plato. The modest deference of the two young men, Scipio and Lælius, for the grand old man their fathers' friend, and their desire to listen to his wisdom, and not themselves to talk; the somewhat garrulous wisdom of the sage of eighty-four years, of which with quiet humour he shows himself conscious, 'as is the manner of old men,' and by which he almost converts the dialogue into a monologue; the pride in his own career implied in his references to the names and deeds of the great men among whom he had played a part, and to his having filled all the highest offices of the State; his display of familiarity with Greek philosophy and letters; and the little
vanity

vanity with which he reminds his hearers that he had learnt Greek in his old age: these are among the touches of dramatic art which charm and fascinate the reader before he attempts to find in what the charm consists.

The Dialogue opens with the request of the young men to know how it is that Cato finds old age so pleasant, while to other men it is a burden. He first answers, generally, that it is true that to many old men their old age is a wretched condition, and one which is deservedly contemptible as well as wretched. And he gives instances both from history and from his own observation of living men. But he says that this is not the fault or defect of nature, but of the men themselves, who by habitual disregard of the laws of nature in their youth and manhood have brought these consequences on themselves. And if old age is pleasant to himself, and if he is at all worthy (as he desires to be) of the name of wise which his friends are wont to give him, it is because he has always obeyed the laws of Nature, and submitted to her guidance as to that of a god. It is not likely that she, who has brought us well through all the stages of life, should, like some indolent poet, fail in the last act. All things must have an end; and for man to be dissatisfied when the fruit is at last ripe, is, like the giants, to war with the gods.

Cato then finds four causes why old age is thought to be miserable:—that it calls us away from the transaction of affairs: that it renders the body more feeble: that it deprives us of almost all pleasures: and that it is not very far from death. Each of these he takes in succession; and while he grants that each has a fact on which it rests, he goes on to show that in each case it is the fault of the man himself, and not of nature and the laws of nature and life, if he cannot and does not turn his apparent loss to glorious gain.

Laying down these premises of his argument, he proceeds first to show, by a number of examples from Greek and Roman history, much of the latter of which he himself had been at the making of, that so far from old age taking men away from the transaction of business in the affairs of State or of their own homes, it on the contrary gives them new qualifications for the work, which they did not, and could not, possess before. It is true that the old man can no longer himself take part in campaigns and in battles: but he is able, in the Senate, to guide the conduct of the men who have now taken his place in those active duties, with an experience and wisdom which their youthful powers cannot provide, and which must be counted of greater worth than theirs, as the force of intellect is more
worthy

worthy than strength of body, though the latter is to be prized in its own place and time. And thus, the second objection to old age, that it makes the body more feeble, is also met. For such increased feebleness is met by a corresponding cessation of the demand for the more active duties of manhood. Cato instances himself, as one who, at the age of eighty-four, was not only able to transact all business, whether of the State or of his private life, but to continue his various literary pursuits, which he enumerates: and he says that he no more desires the strength of his youth in old age than he did that of a bull or an elephant when he was young. But he warns Lælius and Scipio that old age is liable to the vices of inactivity, sloth, and drowsiness, and that against such old age we must make a stand—*SENECTUTI RESISTENDUM EST*—and fight as we fight against disease. And to this end we must maintain health of body by habitual temperance while we keep the mind in vigour by constant employment of its energies.*

To the complaint that old age has no pleasures, Cato retorts, 'O noble privilege of old age if it indeed takes from us what is the greatest defect of youth!' He maintains that in a virtuous and temperate old age the diminished pleasures of life are always balanced by a corresponding diminution of the desire for them; and at the same time there is an absolute and very great gain in the increasing mastery of reason over that eager pursuit of pleasure which often wrecks the whole life of the young. Judged even by the Roman ideals of womanhood as represented by the Vestal Virgin and the Matron, there is something not only coarse in language but implying a low moral level of thought, in some of the arguments and illustrations on this subject which Cicero puts into the mouth of Cato, and which no doubt represent the mind of the one no less than the other. Still, there is a fine, hard, Roman virtue and simplicity in the disdain of the pleasures of sense, and preference for the enjoyments of reason. If there is less enjoyment of the pleasures of sense in old age than in youth, there is not only a corresponding diminution in the desire for them, which leaves the practical enjoyment the same; but as the pleasures of youth and the desire for them fade together, this is felt by the old man to be a real deliverance from what he has learnt to be only a bondage. He finds his mind set free for higher and purer pleasures. Cato tells of the delight with which he has learnt

* Cicero would keep the body in health for the sake of the mind: an eminent physician of our own day dealing (as his business is) with the converse proposition, says to the man of intellectual pursuits—'Never give up working: mental exercise is as necessary for bodily health as physical exercise.'

Greek in his old age, and so entered into the enjoyment of Greek literature; and he names men among his contemporaries, who in their old age devoted themselves with intense delight to astronomy, to the drama, to history, to pontifical and civil law, and even to oratory. 'What pleasures of the senses are comparable to these pleasures?' And these are the pleasures of the mind which, too, with the sensible and the cultivated, increase with increasing age, recalling a noble saying of Solon, that as he grew old he was ever learning much, day by day. 'Truly, than such pleasures of the mind none can be greater.'

And, after all that can be said of the gain for the enjoyment of the mind when old age has set it free from the pleasures of the senses, Cato maintains that old age, too, has a special pleasure of the senses, of which the young know less than the old, the pleasure which comes of all the various occupations of the farm and the garden. So delightful are these occupations to Cato, that he says that to his mind they are the nearest approach to what the life of a wise man should be. And he excuses himself on this ground for an old man's talkativeness about country life, on which he indulges himself with a long discourse, adding humorously that he thus admits that old age has some failings.

Then Cato turns again to one of the pleasures of old age of which he had already spoken, and which, from its very nature, can be only enjoyed by the old—the honour, respect, and reverence paid to them by the young. He says:—

'Old age, especially in men honoured by their country, commands a respect of more account than all the pleasures of youth. But remember that in all that I say, I am praising that old age which has been built up from its foundations in youth. Grey hairs and wrinkles cannot of themselves command respect; but a life spent honourably reaps the fruit of reverence at the last. For that men should salute you and desire your notice, give place and rise up before you, attend you on your way, escort you home again, and ask your opinion and counsel: these things are honourable, though they may seem slight and trivial.* For in our own and in other states these things are most scrupulously observed in proportion as a high tone of morals prevails. It is related that Lysander the Lacedæmonian used to say that Lacedæmon was the most honourable

* 'I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sere and yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have: but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.'—'Macbeth,' v. 3.

home for old age, for nowhere else was such reverence paid to age. And this was shown and put on record, when, during the games at Athens, a man of great age came into the theatre, and no room was made for him by his fellow-citizens in that great assembly; but when he came to the place where the Lacedæmonian ambassadors were sitting together, all rose up, and gave the old man a seat among themselves. And when the whole assembly applauded with one consent, some one said, that the Athenians knew what was right, but would not do it.'

The fourth and last complaint against old age which Cato undertakes to consider and reply to is, that it brings us near to death, which can never be far distant from old age. With the readiness of the old Roman soldier who had often faced death fearlessly, and with the pride of the great Roman noble conscious only of his virtues, he exclaims—'O wretched old man, who in so many long years of life hast not learned that death is a thing to be despised! Death may plainly be disregarded if it altogether extinguishes life; and is no less to be wished for, if it leads us to a place where the soul will live for ever. There is no third condition possible. What then should I fear, if I am about to be either not miserable, or else blessed?'* In an argument from which we have already quoted, Cato maintains that so far from death being specially an evil of old age, it so constantly comes to the young no less, if not more, than to the old, that the old man is the better off: for he has actually attained that long life which the young man only hopes for. The death of the old, too, comes in accordance with the ever benign laws of nature, while that of the young is in repugnance to those laws. The green fruit must be plucked by force, the ripe falls of itself: the flame of youth is quenched as by a flood of water, that of old age goes out of itself. And this end seems to him so pleasant, as he approaches nearer to death, that it is like the sight of land as one comes into port after a long voyage.†

Yet, while thus insisting on the benignity of nature through the successive stages of life, and the harmony of their several conditions with each other, Cato recognizes the difference

* With dramatic appropriateness the pride of Cato disdains any notice of the possibility of a state of future punishment for evil-doing, the dread of which is described as so serious in the very passage of Plato's 'Republic' from which he has just been quoting. We are reminded of the reply of the Duchess of Marlborough to Lady Huntingdon, when the latter warned her to think of the judgment to come:—'Depend on it, Madam, God Almighty thinks twice before damning a person of my quality.'

†

'Now strike your sailes, ye jolly mariners,
For we be come unto a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessell of her lode.'

'The Faërie Queene,' l. xii. 42.

between

between the last and the previous stages of life, inasmuch as these are successive forms of progress, while death is but decay and dissolution. It therefore demands some compensation not required by them: and this he finds in the promise of another, immortal, life. For the support of this his faith, he brings arguments from philosophy, and from the moral and mental convictions of himself and of the wise and good who have held the same faith. Some of the philosophical arguments we may pass by as fanciful, but others still hold their ground among ourselves. Above all is this the case with the arguments from personal consciousness and conviction. The too early death of his beloved son had awakened in him the certainty that that son was but waiting for him in those regions where his father was to join him. He is confident that he shall meet again the great and good men whom he had known and loved on earth; and not only these, but the great of former times. And then with an argument in singular analogy with that which the Jewish Sadducees were told should have been sufficient to meet their incredulosity, he declares for himself and for the great patriots among whom were the fathers of the young men to whom he spoke, that neither they nor he could have chosen a life of anxious and strenuous toil instead of a life of ease, unless they had believed that they would themselves consciously share in the glory which posterity would accord them. They did not aim at great exploits merely because these would live in the recollection of posterity, but because they saw that posterity belonged to them, and would live to them. In a like spirit Cato had previously said that if a man were asked why he planted trees for the benefit of another generation, he should answer—‘I plant them for the immortal gods, who have willed not only that I should receive them from my fathers, but that I should hand them down to those who come after me.’ We give in such English as we can * the concluding words of this burst of prophet-like eloquence:—

‘I find no disposition to deplore the loss of life as many even learned men have done, nor does it repent me to have lived, since I have so lived that I count myself not to have been born in vain: and I depart from life as from an inn, not as from a home, for nature has given us an inn to sojourn in, and not a home to dwell in. O most glorious day when I shall set out to join that god-like assem-

* Here, as elsewhere, we give our own version, but not without regard to the paraphrase of Melmoth, and the close translation of Edmonds. The English of Mr. Edmonds is often vigorous; and there is much grace and good taste in that of Melmoth, though it needed some boldness to attempt to improve on the eloquence of Cicero.

blage and company of souls, and leave this sordid crowd behind! For I shall go to join not only the great men of whom I have spoken, but to my own Cato, too, than whom no better man was ever born, nor more distinguished for filial piety. His body was laid by me on the funeral pyre, instead of mine by him as had been fitting. But his soul, not deserting me, but often looking back, doubtless departed to those regions to which he saw that myself would come. I seemed to bear my loss with fortitude: yet I so bore it, not from indifference, but because I consoled myself with the thought that there would be no long distance nor separation between us. For these reasons, Scipio (to reply to the wonder which you and Laelius have expressed that it should be so), old age sits lightly on me, and is not only not irksome, but delightful.'

Cicero makes Cato express his sure and certain hope of another life with a straightforward peremptoriness appropriate to the man: but it was not the habit of his own mind to dogmatize in philosophy, which indeed is the aspiration and search after truth, and not an actual revelation of it from above. And, therefore, with the humility of a great mind he proceeds to represent Cato as qualifying his confidence by recurring to that suggestion of the possible alternative which he had already recognized to that of a happy immortality. And he thus concludes the Dialogue:—

'If I err in this, in believing that the souls of men are immortal, I gladly err: nor while I live will I consent that this my error, in which I delight, shall be wrested from me. But if—as certain insignificant philosophers hold—I shall when dead know nothing, I shall not be afraid of dead philosophers laughing at my error. But if we are not to be immortal, we must wish that a man's life should end at its proper time. For nature has a term for life, as for all other things. And old age is like the last scene of a play, from which we ought to withdraw when we are tired, and have had enough. Thus much have I to say upon old age. May you reach it, and so by your own experience prove the truth of what you have heard from me.'

The readers of the original Dialogue, and, we hope, even those who only know it through our summary, will understand how Cicero, in sending it to his friend Atticus should have said that 'in the composition of the book he has come to see that old age may not only be cleared from the charge of discomfort but shown to be easy and delightful.'

Such is a sketch of the arguments by which Cicero maintains that old age is happy when it is reached and continued to the last in accordance with the benign laws of nature which govern man's life; and where there is the prospect of another
happy

happy life beyond that of nature here below. And the statement of the arguments is sufficient to prove the first point of our contention—that they are as true now as they were nineteen hundred years ago, and that one unbroken thread of purpose has run through the life of man in all those ages. Let us now go on to enquire how far ‘men’s thoughts have widened’ on this subject during those ages.

The first thing that we notice is, that the centre of ideal representation has shifted. Cicero’s ideal old man is a great Roman noble; of high birth and rank; eminent as a soldier, an orator, and a statesman; rich and prosperous; of stern command of himself and of others; and, at the age of eighty-four, in full vigour both of mind and body. Nor is it easy, nor we may say possible, to conceive that Cicero could have found an actual embodiment of his ideal of old age in his own times, except in such a man as Cato the Censor of history. The simple manners of an age which could accept with sympathy and approval the story of Solon and Cræsus as given by Herodotus, and from which we have already quoted, had long passed away. And the ever-widening and continually hardening system of slavery had made the greater part of the community the mere chattels of the more fortunate few, while it fostered and maintained in those few the habit of dealing with the great body of their fellow-men on the principles of the cattle-breeder and cattle-dealer. It is not to be supposed—for the supposition would be in contradiction to the facts—that the contented acceptance and approval of this detestable system by such men as Cicero, as of Plato and Aristotle before him, was incompatible with the co-existence of high and noble ideals of life. On the contrary, we have shown that Cicero’s ideal of old age rightly deserves to be so called. Only we would point out, that our political and social horizon, and with it our power of vision, have widened to an extent which he never thought of as even possible. And so we are able to look for, and to find, ideals of life in regions to him unknown; and to prefer such ideals to his, though his, too, are within our ken, if we choose to have them. The German Emperor William, little more than a year ago, was the living counterpart of Cicero’s Cato, in all the main characteristics of the latter: and we of the generation now passing away remember in the Duke of Wellington a still more complete and exact resemblance to the old Roman noble. If we look for the perfect embodiment in a modern Englishman of Cicero’s ideal of old age, we have it in the Duke of Wellington:—

‘Our

‘ Our greatest, yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.’

Yet who among us, even if himself a ‘warrior-statesman,’ would see in the old age of a Wellington or a Cato the highest realization of his own dream of the old age which he desires for himself? Who, if he think at all on these things, and specially if he have himself already entered on that last stage of life, does not feel that

‘ Another race hath been, and other palms are won,’

and that a happier, more peaceful, and more pleasant old age is the lot of the humble many, if they will accept it, than is possible for the few great men of the earth. We say, ‘if they will accept it,’ for we do not pretend that the time of old age is not, to many men and women, the poor and the humble and the rich and the great alike, a time of wearisome querulousness and discontent, whether from the actual pressure of growing infirmities of mind or body, or from regret for the loss of the active powers and energies which those infirmities more and more control and take away. All these evils of old age are as real now as they were when Socrates talked of them with Cephalus, and Cato with Scipio: and the reply now is still the same as it was then—that the evils are real and frequent, but that they are not the necessary consequences nor accompaniments of old age itself, but rather of the man’s own disposition and habits of mind when he arrives at that time of life. Nor is this less true when disease, and poverty, and griefs greater than even these, come upon man in his declining days; for we know that these too can be, and often are, met with a temper and spirit of resignation and endurance which is not unhappiness, but rather the noblest form of happiness, though one to which few attain. And as there are other kinds and periods of death besides those which come at the end of a long life, so there are conditions of old age itself other than those of the benignant operation of the laws of nature. In the one case as in the other there are malignant operations of nature not less real nor less frequent than the benign; and in each, too, the former may, and happily often do, evoke the controlling and mastering action of a power able to turn the evil to a higher good.

Remembering then that these limitations and variations in the condition of actual old age must be assumed in all discussions

of

of the subject, though they may not be perpetually repeated, let us see what Shakspeare has to tell us of old age. For to Shakspeare all Englishmen turn, as to the man who has seen every form of man's life in its idea, and has given to every such idea a local habitation and a name. It were idle to ask, for we shall never know the answer to the question, what was Shakspeare's private opinion—the opinion that he might have given to Ben Jonson at the Mermaid, or to the boon companions he was entertaining at New Place, on this or any other subject. What we can know is, who and what is each man and woman whom he brings before us, as he or she actually is, and (what is quite another matter) what each seems to the other persons in the Play. Thus, to the cynical Jaques, 'All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players;' and the old man is to him nothing more than 'The lean and slipper'd pantaloen,' soon to pass into

'second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.' *

But no sooner has Jaques ended this bitter scoffing than he is confronted by the entrance of old Adam, whose full portrait, at the age of 'almost fourscore,' we must give from his own hand:—

'I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.' †

Nor is Lear the mere contemptible dotard which those she-wolves Regan and Goneril take him to be. Though his former habits of imperious and masterful rule of his kingdom have

* 'As You Like It,' ii. 7.

† Ibid. ii. 3.

fallen into the wilfulness and raging passion of a wayward child, yet he retains a royal dignity which commands our respect as well as pity; and we feel that he is not altogether unworthy of the devotion of Kent or the love of Cordelia, though we see plainly enough the deficiencies which they are able as well as willing to hide from themselves. Nor must we see Polonius with the eyes of Hamlet, who dislikes the old statesman whose worldly wisdom is in such contradiction to his own philosophy, and whom he suspects of siding with his uncle in the late election to the throne. If we look at Polonius as he is, we see that his mind is indeed breaking down with the decay of old age, but that it was once a mind of considerable political and practical sagacity. He had been a trustworthy as well as trusted councillor of state, and he is still an affectionate and conscientious though over-anxious, and over-calculating, father. His advice to Laertes, and even his schemes for learning how the young man conducts himself in France, are full of fatherly feeling, though with a certain worldliness of tone: and we must read his too-harshly expressed commands to Ophelia in connection with his freedom from any design to entangle the prince in a match, which would have been so much to his own advantage as well as that of his daughter; and with his self-reproach for his undue suspicions.

We have already quoted Macbeth's description of the honourable and honoured old age from which his crime has shut him out for ever. Of Falstaff, in life and death, we ask ourselves whether the matter for that wonderful creation of the poet's art was supplied by a benign or a malignant nature. Utterly heartless, yet not only jovial but genial in all his wickedness, he seems through old age, and death itself, to enjoy an abundant share of the pleasures to which the good alone can rightly make a claim; and yet—such is Shakspeare's art—we never feel a moment's sympathy with the vices we laugh at, but learn from the representation of them every lesson of gravest reproof and warning. We know that his doom has fallen on him at last, and that he has reaped what he has sown, when he 'cried out God, God, God, three or four times;' and how vain was the consolation of the poor victim and sharer of his wickedness, when she 'to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet.'* From this ignoble old age of utter selfishness, we turn to the old age of Prospero, whose hour of complete self-assertion is also that of entire self-sacrifice.

* 'King Henry V.' ii. 2.

He breaks his staff, and drowns his book, which gave him mastery over all nature; he freely forgives all his cruel enemies when they are in his power; he gives up joyfully his one treasure, his daughter, for her own sake, to Ferdinand:—

‘So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal: but my rejoicing
At nothing can be greater.’

And then he sums up his life:—

‘And in the morn
I’ll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belov’d solémnized:
And thence return me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.’*

Far apart as these pictures of Falstaff and Prospero stand from each other, we may put in contrast to them both that of John of Gaunt. For, on the one hand, he passes away not declining gently and peacefully through a long summer evening, but in the black winter of grief and shame, and loss of all that made life dear, and the ‘unkindness’ of his King joining with sickness, ‘To crop at once a too long withered flower.’ While, on the other hand, Gaunt, like Prospero, rises above all thoughts of himself, affecting almost indifference to the exile of his son in order to cheer him up to bear what is all the while an agony of hopeless grief to himself; and then turning from his forebodings of evil from the course of the weak and vicious young monarch, to that swan-like burst of patriotism which not even Shakspeare himself has elsewhere equalled:—

‘This royal throne of kings, this scepter’d isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear’d by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,

* ‘The Tempest,’ v. 1.

As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son;
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world.*

Shakspeare's sketches (like those of Michael Angelo and Raffaele in another kind) show the master-hand no less than his finished and full-length portraits; and the discovery of new truth or beauty still repays the repeated study of the lineaments of Capulet and Montague, Leonato and Antonio, Dogberry and Verges, or Justice Shallow. And when we have gone through all Shakspeare's gallery, our choice of the best picture of serene and happy old age must lie between Prospero and Adam, and will be decided, not (as Cicero and Cato must have decided it) by asking whether the happiness of a serving-man can be equal to that of a prince, but by estimating the comparative self-sacrifice of each as the proof of which had the happier lot:—whether it were nobler for the poor man to give away from love to his master the savings of his life, and in old age begin that life again, trusting to Him who feeds the raven and caters for the sparrow; or for the prince who, while entering on all the blessings of a peaceful old age, had, by his own act, and for his daughter's sake, lost the priceless treasure of her presence which would have been the best stay and light of that old age.

Shakspeare was not 'of an age, but for all time;' and we might therefore, perhaps, be thought to have proved by his witnesses our case that the thoughts of men on this subject of old age are in one sense the same as they were nineteen hundred years ago, yet that in other senses their circle has been widened, and their centre shifted—shifted from self-assertion to self-sacrifice. But we will come nearer to our own times. Addison's 'Spectator' and Johnson's 'Rambler,' in their philosophic moralizings on old age, follow closely their classical models: nor in truth are their pictures of old age so bright and cheerful as those of Cicero. But there is this marked difference, that while the ancient philosopher's hope of another life is something apart from the consolation which he draws from the benignity of nature while this life lasts, the modern recognize and insist upon the Christian faith as not only opening a prospect in the future, but as transfusing a new and better consolation and happiness into the life which now is. It is a sombre and sad, though not unmanly, description of old age which Johnson qualifies with the declaration that 'Piety is

* 'King Richard II.,' ii. 1.

the only proper and adequate relief of decaying man.* In his 'Vanity of Human Wishes,' Johnson has a fine and pleasing description of old age:—

'But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers;
The general favourite as the general friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?'

But this description is both preceded by a frightful picture of the old age of selfishness, and followed by another only less painful of the grief and misfortunes which may come even on the virtuous aged man; and to him he says:—

'Pour forth thy fervours for a faithful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness he does not find.'

Lord Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall,' and 'Locksley Hall Sixty Years After,' form together a dramatic piece with a unity of action which, as in another 'Winter's Tale,' bridges over the interval between the first and last scenes. We do not ask how far the poet reveals, or desires to reveal, himself and his own philosophy, social or political, in the person of Amy's youthful lover, now the aged grandfather, remaining with his grandson the last of all the race. Neither in his youth nor in his old age does this hero of the drama embody the highest ideals of a chivalrous generosity in the forms proper to each time of life; but he is dramatically consistent with himself. He is not ignoble nor narrow-minded: on the contrary he has nobleness of character and largeness of mind, and sixty years of a chequered life have not diminished the one or the other. But the petulance of youth has been succeeded by the peevishness of old age. The whole character has a large admixture of earthly alloy; and though this doubtless makes it consistent

* 'The Rambler,' No. 69.

with the average of even the better sort of men, as well as consistent with itself, it is not an ideal man whom we see before us. But the twofold picture is a fine piece of art, fully worthy of our great poet, and takes a high place among his many embodiments and interpretations of human life to the men of his own generation.

Coleridge, who for beauty of imagination and expression is hardly surpassed by anyone but Shakspeare, has among his later poems given us two exquisite little pieces on this subject:—‘The Improvisatore, or John Anderson my jo John,’ and ‘Youth and Age.’ Like much else that he has written, they are overshadowed by that cloud of an unhealthy self-consciousness which was perhaps born with him, though probably partly the work of the brutal tyranny of his school-master; which through life frustrated his longings for a home such as his heart was always craving for; and from which, and from its accompanying remorse, he was content to escape through resignation, though there was little hope of happiness remaining for him on this side the grave. He could fold his mantle with manly dignity; and memory brings back to us an occasion when he recited to a lady who was visiting him at Highgate, the lines on ‘Youth and Age,’ and after touching his grey hairs at the words ‘These silvery slips,’ he added—‘Nothing personal, Madam’—though those lines tell of a lifelong misery which was only too personal. But though we have thus paused for a moment by the way to express our sympathy with the man, it is to the thoughts which show his philosophic insight into the relations of married love with old age that we desire to ask our readers’ attention. It is here that we come upon the greatest difference and contrast between the moral sentiment of Cicero’s times and our own, and realize the greatness of the advance which we have made. Cicero’s Cato, following the Cephalus of Plato,* can rise to no higher moral level in this matter than to quote with approval the saying of Sophocles that in old age he had escaped from the pleasures of love as from a savage and furious-tempered master; while we know and say with Coleridge that he never loved who so thinks of love. The old morality is good and true, no doubt within its own sphere, but what a grovelling sphere it is!

If in old age we reap what we have sown in youth, then the love which Christian poets have sung and the Christian Church has consecrated and blessed, should, and does, find its consum-

* We do not forget the ‘Phædrus’; but the ideal of the Phædrus is not that of marriage.

mation and fruition in old age. If, with Shakspeare, we raise the structure of our building on such foundations as these :

‘ If not complete, O, say he is not she ;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he :
He is the half part of a blessèd man,
Left to be finished by such a she ;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him : ’ * —

or say with Beaumont and Fletcher :

‘ We’ll live together like two wanton vines,
Circling our souls and loves in one another ;
We’ll spring together, and we’ll bear one fruit ;
One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn,
One age go with us, and one hour of death
Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy : ’ † —

or with the Prayer Book, that ‘ Marriage was ordained for the mutual society, help, and comfort, that the one ought to have of the other, both in prosperity and adversity ; ’ and that they who pledge themselves to this fellowship shall hold the pledge binding ‘ till death us do part : ’ — in such case we shall have no thought with Sophocles of merely escaping in old age from the thralldom of a violent master, but (in the words of Coleridge) we shall ‘ dare make sport of time and infirmity, while in the person of a thousand-foldly endeared partner, we feel for aged virtue the caressing fondness that belongs to the innocence of childhood, and repeat the same attentions and tender courtesies which had been dictated by the same affection to the same object when attired in feminine loveliness or in manly beauty.’ And with Coleridge we will quote from Burns, what, if we read not only the words but the thoughts which lie there not the less clearly because they are too deep for expression, is a perfect, as well as the most simple, picture of a perfect old age—the tender and touching ballad of ‘ John Anderson, my jo, John ’ : —

‘ John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent ;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snow ;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

* ‘ King John,’ ii. 1.

† ‘ The Elder Brother,’ iii. 5.

‘John Anderson, my jo, John;
 We clamb the hill thegither:
 And mony a cantie day, John,
 We’ve had wi’ ane anither;
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we’ll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.’

This is old age in its happiest form and conditions, when the law of decay and dissolution, to which all things in nature are subject, wears its most beneficent aspect, when husband and wife together rest from their work, at the close of the winter evening—‘frosty but kindly’—of their life. Their labour is done, as the aged poor say of themselves in the Somersetshire cottages. The anxious cares and responsibilities of active life, which however bravely faced and borne were present in every waking hour, are made over to younger shoulders, able and willing to take up the burden. The mother may live again a happy childhood and maidenhood, not in memory only, but in the lives of her daughters, and her daughter’s children, and so ‘in her girls again be courted;’ while the father again ‘goes a-wooing in his boys,’* and sees them grow up in the attainment of many a success and honour, and in the fulfilment of duties to their country and their fellow-men, to which he had only aspired with hopes not to be fulfilled—though now best fulfilled—in his children. And sharing all such memories and experiences together, they find a happiness perhaps greater, because more peaceful and serene, than even that of happy childhood. Here too, and here most of all, is our ideal of old age nobler, and our thoughts of old age larger, than they were nineteen centuries ago. It is not, indeed, given to all, even of those who might seem most worthy of the boon, to keep their golden wedding. There are few on whose tomb can be written—‘They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.’ Yet he or she who remains to know the full significance of the words, ‘till death us do part,’ may find in old age many of the enjoyments of which we have just spoken, though he or she cannot share them with the other. The mellowing hand of time turns the acutest griefs into tender and happy memories: the love and dutifulness of children, and the warmth of their new interests in life, will ever

* ‘And when with envy time, transported,
 Shall think to rob us of our joys,
 You in your girls again be courted,
 And I go a-wooing in my boys.’—‘Winifreda,’ in Percy’s
 ‘Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.’
 ‘make

'make new things as dear as old,' and old friendships will still survive, or be replaced by those which the young so willingly form with the old, who seldom fail to receive from them all the respect and deference that their character deserves. The young are as eager to listen and to learn as the old are ready to speak and teach. Old age is garrulous, but the young man will not complain of this, but rather welcome the old man's talk, if it brings out the stores of memory and experience. Only, in this as in all the other relations of old age, it must never be forgotten that age has its duties as well as its rights, that these are correlative, and that he who claims the former must fulfil the latter. The young man has his own path marked out for him, and his own work in life to do; and the old man must beware how he hinders him in the way. The old man must be ready to help the young, not only by the counsels of his experience, and the sympathies awakened by the recollection of his own difficulties, but no less also by his readiness to give place to him. He must remember that another is now waiting to take that place with the like hopes and aspirations to those with which he once too entered on it: and that as another one who was before him yielded it to him, so he must now yield it to him who comes after him. Dr. Johnson* quotes the saying of a Greek epigrammatist who imprecates on those who are so foolish as to wish long life, the calamity of continuing to grow old from century to century; and Swift, in his frightful picture of the Strulbrugs, has shown the significance of the curse. And the warning of the Strulbrugs should never be absent from the mind of the old man, if he feels reluctant to surrender, and longs to retain, those active functions of life for which the proper time has come for their committal to younger hands. Let him remember that though he cannot fix the time of his going, he may and should so govern his stay that he may not, like the belated guest, wear out his welcome by the long delay. The heir more easily rises above the mere natural desire to enter on his inheritance, in proportion as the possessor associates him with himself, and makes him feel and know that the chief thought of that possessor is how he can more and more make way for his heir. The fault of Lear, with all its consequences, was less that he divested himself of two-thirds of his kingdom in favour of Goneril and Regan, than that he did not give to Cordelia her rightful share, in giving which he would have found and secured to himself the happy old age which his poor foolish heart craved for. He gave up too little, not too much.

* 'The Rambler,' No. 69.

If our readers can bear with us in again referring to the poetry of a generation which to some of us has hardly passed away, we would turn to some of Wordsworth's thoughts and sayings on old age. Coleridge takes us into a lovely flower garden in which skill and judgment are shown in beauty, and art vies with nature in a creation in which the one finds matter and life, and the other gives the fashion. Wordsworth takes us to the bracing air of a mountain top, and shows us beauties as great, though of another kind, as we measure round the landscape far and near. He has given us several pictures of old age. Among these we have that of his promise 'To a Young Lady,' of

'An old age serene and bright
And lovely as a Lapland night.'

We have his 'Old Cumberland Beggar,' in which he describes the unconscious moral influence and teaching which the men, women, and children of the villages through which he passes for his daily alms, are raised to higher thoughts—an influence and teaching which will, by the very greatness of the contrast, remind us of the old bedesman, Edie Ochiltree, in Scott's 'Antiquary.' Above all, we have the portrait from the life, of old Matthew. The poet paints that 'soul of God's best earthly mould' as happy and full of glee, even till 'worn out with fun and madness:' and yet of a spirit not only profound and serious, but sad, in its recollections of a past life which he, nevertheless, did not wish to bring back; and in the sense of his loss of 'the household hearts that were his own,' which makes him declare that

'Many love me, but by none
Am I enough beloved.'

The happiness and the glee of the grey-haired man were as real as his serious sadness: but we are reminded by him, as we were by Cato, that any estimate of the happiness of old age must be an unreal and a foolish dream if it does not take into account the fact that, notwithstanding all the compensations and consolations which are so benignantly provided by nature, it is a time of ever-increasing loss, decay, and infirmity, to end in sickness and in death. The reflections which Wordsworth tells us were those of old Matthew as they lay by a fountain under a spreading oak, are full of truth and wisdom. Yet we must take some exception, if not to the meaning, yet to the words of the old man, when after sadly recalling the memory of the days when he sat by that fountain a vigorous man, he adds:—

'So

'So fares it still in our decay,
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away,
Than what it leaves behind.'

We have known an old man recite these lines, and then exclaim, in allusion to the words of Eckermann,* 'Oh, thou great and beloved one, even thou dost not know all things!'—adding that he should change 'Than what' into 'So much' in the last line, and assert (in opposition to the poet) that instead of 'what is left behind,' being an evil which aggravates the loss of 'what age takes away,' it is a blessing and an enjoyment, the sense of which is deepened by that loss. Rome did not regret that the Sibyl had spared three books when she had burnt the other six. And we think he was right, though we do not deny that there is a true meaning under the words. We think that Wordsworth, from a love of paradox, has gone beyond the proper limits of paradox, and has said what is not only obscure, but in real, and not merely apparent, contradiction to itself. And we say this, not for the sake of indulging in a literary criticism, but because the point has a real bearing on the subject which we have in hand. We say then that the assertion that the wiser mind mourns less for what age takes away than for what it leaves behind, is contrary to the fact. Take for instance the case of Mountstuart Elphinstone's old age. He became so far blind that he could no longer read, though he could still write, see the faces of his friends, enjoy the beauties of nature which he loved, and retain most of the uses of his eyes except that of reading. Great as this deprivation must have been to a man of his love of books and habits of study, his friends saw no sign that he mourned at all for what age had thus taken away; but whether he did so mourn at all, it would be obviously absurd to say that he mourned more, or mourned at all, because age had left him all those remaining powers and uses of sight. These were the mitigations, not the aggravations, of his loss. And this instance, we venture to say, is an instance of what is and must be the fact in every possible case of such a loss. What the poet really means, though not what he says, is, no doubt, that the wise man mourns less for the loss than for the lingering regret and discontent with which he has to contend in his endeavours

* Our friend's version was rather free. Eckermann says: 'Goethe observed in the hedges a number of birds [yellow-hammers, sparrows, and other hedge birds], and asked me if they were larks. "Thou great and beloved one," thought I, "though thou hast investigated Nature as few others have, in ornithology thou appearest a mere child."'—'Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann and Sorel,' translated by John Oxenford, ii. 3.

cheerfully to view his loss. But this regret and discontent thus left behind are a part of the original mourning; and to say that he mourns less for his loss than he does mourn for it, is a contradiction in terms, a passing from one use and meaning of the words to another. There might seem to be a possible exception in the case of the decay of the passions from which Sophocles hailed his escape as from the rage of a furious master. But even this exception is more apparent than real: there can be no comparison between the loss, more or less, of what is good, and the escape from what is evil.

We do not look to France for the solution, or even the adequate enunciation, of the deeper problems of human life: we are content to see the tips of the question lighted up by a graceful and brilliant criticism that makes each object, which it touches, sparkle. Such a criticism, so treating of old age, is that of Edmond Scherer. Scherer had taken refuge in a philosophy of doubt, that he might escape alike from the theology of Geneva and the unbelief of Paris, which latter he protests against as no less dogmatic than the creed which it denies. He desired a true scepticism, which should really look at all things from all sides, and then remain in a state of mental and moral equipoise. And when he reached his seventieth year, Scherer rejoiced to believe that he had found in old age the needful condition, for the realization of his philosophic hopes. Old age was to him, not merely, as to Sophocles, a deliverer from the tumult of the passions, but a deliverer from all youthful ideals, enthusiasms, and strivings after absolute truth; while it gave in place of them a peaceful mind, freed from illusions and content to rest in the experiences of actual life. Only he demanded health as the first condition of all such enjoyment—a demand hardly logical in a philosophy of universal doubt, especially as it has not been always made by old men. He says:—

‘Délicieuse chose que la vieillesse, la vieillesse approchant ou même déjà venue! Avec la santé, bien entendu, cette condition première, ce substratum de toute jouissance, et avec les facultés assez intactes pour vous épargner les preuves de la décadence. Les passions sont calmées, mais les sentiments peuvent être vifs encore; le talent, s’il y a eu talent, a gagné en acquis, en savoir faire, ce qu’il a perdu en verve; le temps, qui a dissipé les enivrements de la jeunesse, nous a donné en compensation l’étrange joie du désabusement. On a appris à ses dépens, mais on a appris, et cette vie qui échappe on la ressaisit par l’expérience; on se possède et en se possédant on domine ce qu’il nous reste de destinée à accomplir.

‘Que de chose ne se comprennent qu’avec l’âge! Seulement, il ne faut pas s’y tromper, c’est un avantage qui isole. Il empêche qu’il
n’y

n'y ait pleine sympathie de nous avec notre siècle et de notre siècle avec nous ; il nous constitue, jusqu'à un certain point, étrangers au milieu de la génération qui a succédé à la nôtre. On n'a pas vécu, et surtout vécu de la vie de la pensée, sans avoir appris à douter, et alors on est disposé à se plaindre comme Fontenelle, effrayé, disait-il, de l'horrible certitude qu'il rencontrait partout dans sa vieillesse. Il serait, j'imagine, encore plus effrayé de nos jours. Non qu'on se fasse faute de nier aujourd'hui, mais on nie, comme on croit, dogmatiquement. On n'a pas appris à douter de ses négations, et l'incrédulité n'est que l'envers de la crédulité, aussi légère et aussi affirmative qu'elle. Le vrai doute, lui, n'a pas hâte de trancher, il ne court pas aux conclusions, il réserve son opinion. Faites en pensée le tour de votre monde, et demandez-vous combien vous connaissez d'hommes qui aient l'habitude de suspendre leur jugement, et le courage, au besoin, d'avouer leur ignorance.*

Here we close the evidence, by which we undertook to show, that the benign laws of nature in the working of which Cicero maintained old age to be a peaceful and even delightful condition, are still in operation, though that operation has been extended in many forms, and into many regions not known, nor thought of, by Cicero himself. We have, indeed, admitted that Cicero's ideal, if ideal it can be called, of domestic relations is far below the standard of the best Roman life. Nor would it be just to classical antiquity not to recall the Phrygian legend, or rather (to follow Müller's distinction) mythus, of Baucis and Philemon, which Ovid told some fifty years later than Cicero's Dialogue, and in an age still more corrupt. The story of the aged couple, their love for each other, and their piety towards the gods, rewarded by the transformation of their cottage into a temple of which they were the guardians in life and death, seems an almost exact anticipation of the picture given us by Burns ; while the words we have quoted from Beaumont and Fletcher express in the language of the higher poetic imagination the same thought, which underlies the more material description of the sprouting out of the oak and linden trees at the same moment. We are willing to believe that this ideal of old age was not without meaning to Ovid and to those for whom he wrote : there is certainly more serious sympathy with his subject than Swift shows in his burlesque of the story. Yet it cannot be denied that, to the Roman poet and his time, personages like Baucis and Philemon had become almost as little real as were their counterparts, Jupiter and Mercury.

We now turn to consider the like question as to the consola-

* 'Études sur la Littérature Contemporaine,' par Edmond Scherer, viii., Préface.

tions of old age which are found in the hope and prospect of another life.

The Cato of Cicero draws the arguments for his belief in another life after death from his own philosophy and that of Pythagoras and Plato, and from a personal conviction awakened into consciousness by the death of a son and of friends dear to him. Less than a hundred years after Cicero wrote, the teaching of what probably he, like Tacitus, would have held to be a pestilent superstition, began to assert the truth of the doctrine, on grounds at once different in kind from those of the old belief, and yet capable of such an infusion into that belief as would 'give to every power a double power, above its functions and its offices.' This is not the place for a discourse on the Christian faith: but we may show what, under its action, are some of the new directions and forms which the old belief of Cicero has taken, and so conclude our enquiry how far his ideals of old age have been raised and extended, while yet remaining essentially connected by the bond of a common humanity with our own.

Wordsworth saw 'Intimations of Immortality in the Recollections of Early Childhood.' To the child, he says, earth and the things of earth are surrounded and filled with a glory and a joy which are not their own; and this glory and joy are tokens and proofs that the child has a life above that of nature—a life from God, and therefore, like the life of God, immortal. 'The man sees this splendour of his childhood 'fade into the light of common day:' but meanwhile the deeper and truer human life has been growing up in the man through the trials and the hopes of his earthly existence; and in this the poet finds more than compensation for the loss. Wordsworth writes in the strength and pride of a noble manhood; and being thus conscious of the reality of his human and spiritual life in the present, he is not here more concerned to anticipate the future than to regret the past. He knows, and asserts, that the blue sky of Truth and Goodness, into the unfathomable depths of which he is always gazing, is the same heaven which lies about us in our infancy. He does not say—this was not the occasion for saying—that it will still lie about us in our old age, when the proper splendour of manhood no less than that of childhood has passed away. But to those who look for them there are 'intimations of immortality' in the experiences of old age no less—nay, much more—than in 'the recollections of early childhood.'

It would be a mistake to suppose that old age always is, and must be, unhappy if not cheered by the hope of another life.

life. Death, even without that hope, is accepted as a welcome deliverance to many, perhaps to most, of those to whom Nature has been as hard and cruel and hateful in the time of old age as in all other times : and among those to whom she is gentle and kind, and whose habits and circumstances are favourable to tranquillity and contentment, there are many who easily submit to the inevitable, and, without apparent expectation of a future life, give up one by one the activities of life, with more of pleasant memory than painful regret. No one, indeed, can tell what thoughts and hopes of another life may be silently cherished by those who express nothing of them to others. But there are, we believe, many Comtists and modern English Buddhists to whom the cessation of all personal existence at death is not an unpleasant creed, and who are willing to sleep a long, endless sleep from which there is no awakening, without the sad sense which the Greek poet confesses,* even if they do not revel in the thought of annihilation, as one of Comte's enthusiastic disciples has assured us that she did. A tree will put out leaves for a time after it has been cut down : and so, perhaps, something of the old Christian belief in a resurrection may linger in the hearts and affect the thoughts of those whose life has been severed from that faith, but who still maintain that strange life-in-death, the worship of the Goddess Humanity, on the basis of a scientifically-ascertained annihilation of the individual.

It is noticeable that whatever men's hopes or fears, expectations or beliefs, as to another life, they have in all ages and countries preferred to speak of death as sleep, not as decomposition. We have quoted the well-known lines of Moschus : it was probably in intended contrast to these that a later (probably Christian) Greek wrote :—

'Sleep sweetly, dear one ; thou wilt wake at dawn : '†—

and

* *Ἄμμες δ' οἱ μεγάλοι, καὶ καρτεροί, ἢ σοφοὶ ἄνδρες,
ὅποτε πρῶτα θανῶμες, ἀνάκοοι ἐν χθονὶ κοίλα,
εὖδομες εὖ μάλα μακρὸν ἀτέρμονα, νήγρετον ὕπνον.*

• When once we die, we men, great, strong and wise,

We sleep, with dull cold ear, and earth-sealed eyes,

A long, long, endless sleep, no more to wake and rise.—*MOSCHUS.*

† *εὖδε, φίλη ψυχὴ, γλυκέρων καὶ ἐγέρσιμον ὕπνον.* These words are inscribed on the tomb of the wife of the late Dr. Symonds of Clifton, the author of the very beautiful translation of the Epitaph on Proté, of which the original and this translation are given in 'Studies of the Greek Poets,' by John Addington Symonds, p. 356 : and it will not be out of place if we here give the latter :—

• Thou art not dead, my Proté ! Thou art flown

To a far country better than our own ;

Thy home is now an island of the blest ;

There 'mid Elysian meadows take thy rest :

and sleep will remind us of waking in spite, no less than by help, of whatever epithets may be added to it. And if it be true, as Wordsworth says, that the thoughts and feelings of childhood tell us that 'our birth is but a sleep,' it is even more true that the experiences of old age tell us that death is but a sleep also. If in our earlier days the joys of earth taught us to forget 'the imperial palace whence we came,' memories of that palace—tokens of its real, if far-off, existence—come back upon us as old age takes away those earthly joys one by one. As the bodily frame tends perceptibly to inevitable decay, the human spirit finds in itself a growing conviction that it is not sharing in that decay, but ever rising more and more above it. As the stone walls and iron bars of time and space close ever more narrowly upon us, the spirit becomes more and more conscious that these make no prison for it, but that it is getting ready for a freer action than was ever possible in any earlier and most favourable condition of its former life. Even as regards the material universe, the starry heavens and the mountains and green fields, as the bodily eye grows dim to these we become more fully aware that this eye at its best could see but a very small part of them, and that we have in us a capacity for infinitely wider and deeper sight of all these things, if only the needful conditions were given us. The ideals of literature, of art, or of action, which we have been striving through our lives to realize, and the realizing of which we have now to give up as a thing of the past—these ideals, which once seemed to us so lofty and so satisfying, we now perceive to be in themselves, and not merely in their possible realization, most inadequate and imperfect. In this world we might be able to do nothing better, if we could begin the past work of our lives over again; but the vision of far nobler—of infinite, not finite—ideals rises before us, for the realization of which there must be fitting conditions possible.* And still more is this consciousness of the capacity for another life, and this conviction that such another

Or lightly trip along the flowery glade,
 Rich with the asphodels that never fade!
 Nor pain, nor cold, nor toil, shall vex thee more,
 Nor thirst, nor hunger, on that happy shore;
 Nor longings vain (now that blest life is won)
 For such poor days as mortals here drag on;
 To thee for aye a blameless life is given
 In the pure light of ever-present Heaven.'

* Goethe said to Eckermann: 'To me the eternal existence of my soul is proved from my idea of activity. If I work on incessantly till my death, Nature is bound to give me another form of existence when the present one can no longer sustain my spirit.'—'Conversations with Goethe,' translated by John Oxenford, ii. 122.

life is possible, borne in upon us by the experiences of old age in those affections and thoughts which lie deepest in the human heart. The lifelong love of husband and wife, and of parents and children, are experiences which take new and more beautiful forms as old age comes on us, and which in every form declare that here is a life beyond the reach and power of time or death, a life which has no signs of decay, but rather of survival in the dissolution of all earthly things. It is not only passionate grief which finds consolation in the belief that 'we shall know them when we meet.' That belief is to old age one of its calmest and most assured convictions. It is beautifully expressed in Lady Nairne's 'Land o' the Leal,' which forms the proper and worthy counterpart of Burns's 'John Anderson':—

'But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a-comin' fast, John,
And joy that's aye to last,
In the land o' the leal.

* * *

'Now fare ye weel, my ain John,
This world's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.'

If these intimations of immortality from the experiences of old age find their fullest and most assured existence when combined with the Christian faith, this is not because they are not the proper experiences of the human heart, and convictions of the human reason, but because the Christian is the highest and truest form of human life and thought. To the philosopher who declares that all these things, being incapable of verification, must be held to have no objective reality, but to be the projected forms of our imaginations, we grant that no such verification is, from the very nature of the case, possible. If faith is not the highest and truest act of the reason, if there is no substance in hopes until they are realized, and no evidence except that of sight, then we grant the philosopher's conclusions. But we refuse to admit his premises, and content ourselves with saying, 'That which is, is.' We turn to Cicero again, and from Cicero to Tennyson, and repeat with the latter, that

'through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns.'

- ART. IV.—1. *The Diary and Letters of Gouverneur Morris, Minister of the United States to France, Member of the Constitutional Convention, &c.* Edited by Anne Cary Morris. Two vols. London, 1889.
2. *La Mission de Talleyrand à Londres en 1792.* Par G. Pallain. Paris, 1889.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS has long borne an honoured name amongst the liberators of America. Sprung from one of the oldest families of New York, possessed of an estate which was formed into a manor a hundred years before his birth, and which still bears the family name; the friend of Washington, Jefferson, and Alexander Hamilton, he was a Member first of the State Congress, and then of the Continental Congress at the outbreak of the Revolution. In the early government of the new country he turned his attention to finance. In 1789 he went to France, and travelled over England and a considerable part of Europe. In the last year of the century he returned to his native country, and died happy and respected in 1816. It is not, however, with the American statesman that we have now to deal. During a great part of his residence in Europe he kept copious diaries, which related all the facts of his daily life with extreme minuteness. A considerable portion of them was contained in the three volumes published by Jared Sparks in 1832. His description of the meeting of the States-General and of other events of which he was an eye-witness are amongst the classical authorities for the history of the French Revolution, while his letters to Washington and others are full of graphic touches, as well as of statesmanlike judgments on the events which were passing around him. It has, however, long been known that what was published by Jared Sparks was only a small part of the whole. English travellers in America have been shown by the gifted representatives of the Morris family the bulky tomes to which his impressions were confided. Urged to publish them in their entirety, the family long held back. Indeed they could not be so published. Morris was essentially a man of the world. He reached Paris when Americans were the fashion, and enjoyed to the full the privilege of entering every grade of society, which is the prerogative of a nation in which ranks are unknown. He had a good figure, a pleasant face, charming manners, a ready wit, and a wooden leg. No wonder that he became the not unwilling object of attentions which were sometimes more warm than delicate. He accepted the situation with frankness, and he confided to his diary, his best friend and most faithful companion, his hopes and fears, his successes

successes and his failures. To print some pages even a hundred years after they were written, might well stagger the least prudish of descendants. Still, in the volumes before us there is quite enough to indicate the character of the rest, and sometimes to make us wish for more. The publication of a few extracts in 'Scribner's Magazine' had stimulated curiosity. These new volumes, it was thought, would unroll to us a panorama of the Revolution more true and more startling than the erudition of Goncourt or the wild imaginings of Carlyle. The result, we must confess, is disappointing. Miss Morris has fallen into the error which so commonly besets the editors of family papers. She has done her best to make a readable book. She has therefore produced a book which is neither readable nor valuable. The diaries have not been printed *in extenso*; much more has been omitted than the passages which every one would wish to be kept private. The extracts travel over the same ground as that covered by Sparks, and we have nothing to show us when a passage is new, and when it has been printed before. Sparks had the good sense to print the letters in a separate volume, but Miss Morris has intercalated them with the Diary. Worse than this, she has included remarks of her own, drawn from obvious sources, about the Revolution, so that it is sometimes difficult to tell whether what appears in the text is Morris's own account, or a *réchauffé* of Carlyle. Further, the book is badly edited. Morris, in the first months of his visit to Europe, did not always know how to spell French names. He wrote them down as best he could from the sound. It is probable also that his handwriting was not very clear. We find therefore names which correspond to nothing in fact, which are more correctly printed in Sparks's book, and which a little care might have sent out correctly. Owners of family papers should make up their minds that the publication of them is never likely to be remunerative, and that they will not command a large sale, but that the most minute and apparently most trivial details may be of the highest value to the historian. Matters of general interest are described elsewhere; what he requires are the everyday, commonplace facts which so few think worth recording. Documents should therefore be published in their entirety, if at all. In the summer of 1795 Morris made a tour through England. His object was, as he wrote to Washington, to see the provinces, so as to judge for himself of the condition of things. His Diary, Miss Morris tells us, contains the most minute descriptions of all he saw during the entire journey. Yet we are given but a small portion of it, and that so carelessly edited, that Badminton, where Morris visited the Duke of Beaufort, is printed Radminster.

Radminster. With all these faults the two volumes now published, which make up nearly twelve hundred pages, cannot fail to include much that is new and interesting, and this we will do our best to place before our readers.

Morris arrived in Paris on February 3, 1789. The first persons he called upon were Jefferson, the American Minister, and Lafayette, whom he had known in America. When Lafayette showed him the draft of the Declaration of the Rights of Man, which he was about to present to the National Assembly, Morris expressed only a qualified approval. 'It is not by sounding words,' he says, 'that revolutions are produced.' Indeed, we find that his sympathies were far more with the old *régime* which was passing away, than with that new form of government for which the revolution in America was so largely responsible. He soon obtained access to the leading *salons* of that brilliant society, which those who knew it declared to be without a rival in the world, either before or after. It was held to unite the most exquisite charm of manner and politeness, with a keen interest in political and social questions, and a freedom which gave scope to every taste. Morris describes it to us with the pen of a realistic novelist. But the nearer view of it is disappointing. The intellectual tone disappears entirely, the outer charm covers an interior of sluttish extravagance, and the freedom is hardly to be distinguished from licentiousness. The principal *salon* of 1789 was that of Madame Necker, the first and only love of the historian Gibbon. The genius of her daughter, Madame de Staël, illuminated her Thursday receptions. The little suppers on Tuesdays were enlivened by the recitals of the poet Delille. Next in order came Fanny, Comtesse de Beauharnais. Her husband was the uncle of Josephine's first husband. Her *salon* in the Rue de Tournon was devoted to literature, for the hostess herself had made a reputation by writing novels of society. Goncourt praises the dinners which she gave every Tuesday and Thursday, but Morris gives a different account of them. We hear in these memoirs nothing of the blue drawing-room of Madame de Genlis. Morris was closely connected with the friends of the Duchess of Orleans, and by this time there had sprung up a coolness between that unfortunate wife of an unworthy husband and the former governess of his children. Morris meets Madame de Condorcet in society, but does not go to her house. He dines with Madame de Tessé, whose *salon* was always open to the representatives of new ideas. As might be expected, she finds the ideas of the Americans too moderate for her taste. One day Madame de Staël asks him in characteristic fashion if
he

he has not written a book on the American Constitution. He replies that he has not, but that he had taken a considerable share in making it. Deeds were of less account than words in the Paris of that day. One of the most striking personalities in Morris's volumes is the Comtesse de Flahaut, who died in 1835, as the wife of the Marquis de Souza Botelho. Her relations with her husband were unhappy, and the most acceptable of her many lovers was Talleyrand, the Bishop of Autun, the father of her child. Morris was a constant visitor at her apartments in the Louvre, and his friendship did not by any means cease with her exile. He generally met the Duchess of Orleans in the *salon* of her lady in waiting, Madame de Chastellux, who was one of Morris's earliest friends, from his having known her husband in America. There is an account of his first visit to the *salon* of Fanny, Comtesse de Beauharnais. He had received a week's invitation to dine at three o'clock. Making haste to be punctual, he arrives a quarter of an hour late. He finds in the drawing-room some dirty linen and no fire: a maid takes away one, and a footman lights up the other with three sticks in a deep heap of ashes. The stove smokes, the window is opened, and Morris is pinched with the bitterness of a cold March wind. The guests do not arrive till about four o'clock. They consist mainly of literary men who praise each other's works. The hostess does not make her appearance till five, when dinner is announced. The dinner is neither good nor bountiful, but want of food is made up for by plenty of talk. Many are the complaints of an ungrateful and indiscriminating age. The hurry of life in Paris was as great as in that of the London of to-day. Business occupied the morning, and engagements lasted till midnight. Morris says that in Paris a man might be incessantly employed for forty years, and grow old without knowing what he had been about.

Morris first met Madame de Flahaut at Versailles in the *salon* of Madame Cabanis, the wife of the physiologist. He describes her as speaking English, and as being a pleasing woman; but if he may judge from appearances, not a sworn enemy to intrigue. Intrigue, indeed, was the life of these languorous *salons*, where the shaded twilight of the warm boudoir offered repose to the visitor, and soothed him with the melody of the harp. Three weeks after his arrival Morris dines with the Neckers. The host looks like a bank manager dressed in embroidered velvet. Madame de Staël shows herself to be a woman of sense and a masculine character, but she has the appearance of a chamber-maid. His wife is as much engaged in affairs as her husband. Morris had close relations with the Necker family, both of business

ness and of pleasure. It was there that he met for the first time Count Fersen, who planned the flight to Varennes, and who has the reputation of being the lover of the Queen. Morris afterwards visited her at Coppet in 1794, and was received with great warmth and attention. As a rule Morris avoided the company of Madame de Staël. He did not consider himself a sufficiently brilliant star to form part of that constellation. 'The few observations I make,' he says, 'have more of justice than of splendour, and therefore cannot amuse. No matter, they will perhaps remain when the others are effaced. I think there is a road here in the upper regions of wit and grace which I am half tempted to try. It is the sententious style. To arrive at perfection in it one must be very attentive, and either wait till one's opinion has been asked, or else communicate it in a whisper. It must be clear, pointed, and perspicuous, and then it will be remembered, repeated, and respected. This, however, is playing a part not natural with me. I am not sufficiently an economist of my ideas.' In this sketch Morris is probably referring to the Bishop of Autun, whose lightning flashes of wit were the more brilliant from the depth of silence out of which they emerged. One of Madame de Staël's most prominent characteristics was her admiration for her father. Speaking to Morris of a brilliant essay of Talleyrand's on Church Property, she said that it was excellent and admirable, indeed that two pages in it were worthy of M. Necker. Further, she stated that wisdom was a very rare quality, and she knew no one who possessed it in a superlative degree except her father. Morris was present at Madame de Staël's *salon* when Clermont-Tonnerre read to the assembled guests his famous oration, to show that the criminal who has been punished has paid his debt to society, and should be received back with open arms. At another time she read to him and a small company her tragedy of 'Montmorenci,' which, however, suffered in the recitation. He finally sees her at Coppet in 1794. He climbs up the steep and execrable road to her house to dinner, and finds a little French society who live at her expense, and are as gay as circumstances will permit. He is naturally pestered with questions about the state of France, which he is in a better position to answer than many of her visitors. He gave a substantial proof of his friendship by purchasing for her some lands in America, which in 1805, at the time when she returned to Paris, were bringing in a very acceptable income, and were likely to improve.

Morris had the privilege of witnessing the very first scenes of the Revolution, not only the procession of the States-General, and

and the ceremony of their opening, but the preparations which led to this dangerous experiment in reform. Towards the end of April 1789, the streets of Paris were full of electors of every degree. Besides this, twenty thousand vagabonds infested the capital, surrounded the palace, and filled the Hôtel de Ville. The Government kept twelve thousand of them digging on the hills of Montmartre, paying them twenty sous a day. Bread was very scarce, and the bakers' shops were beset on the day of Reveillon's murder. Morris, going to call on his banker, finds the gates shut. The next day he meets some troops marching with two small field-pieces towards the Faubourg St. Antoine. Writing to Washington at this time, he tells him that there are few materials in France for producing a re-organization of the government at all similar to the American Revolution. 'Everybody agrees that there is an utter prostration of morals—but their general position can never convey to the American mind the degree of depravity. It is not by any figure of rhetoric or force of language that the idea can be communicated. An hundred anecdotes and an hundred thousand examples are required to show the extreme rottenness of every member. There are men and women who are greatly and eminently virtuous, but they stand forward from a background deeply and darkly shaded. It is, however, from such crumbling matter that the great edifice of freedom is to be erected here.' A perfect indifference to the violation of all engagements pervades all ranks. 'Inconstancy is so mingled in the blood, marrow, and very essence of this people, that when a man of high rank and importance laughs to-day at what he seriously asserted yesterday, it is considered as in the natural order of things.'

On Monday, May 4, Morris set off for Versailles at six in the morning. Whilst waiting for the procession, he walked through the streets talking scandal with his friends, except for a short time when he joined Madame de Flahaut at a window. The procession passed through a double row of tapestry. Neither the King nor the Queen looked pleased. Although shouts were heard of *Vive le Roi!* the Queen did not receive a single acclamation. She, however, preserved her haughty demeanour, and concealed her real feelings from the world. In private she showed that she was much hurt. This day of signal destiny was so hot that Morris, walking without a hat, had his face scorched and his forehead and eyes inflamed. The following day Morris witnessed the meeting of the States-General in the Salle des Menus Plaisirs. Necker and the Duke of Orleans were loudly applauded. Mirabeau was hissed. The King's speech called forth the warmest acclamations, but the Queen is
again

again left in solemn silence, only at the close of the ceremony are there a few cries of *Vive la Reine!* which she acknowledged by lower and lower courtesies. If Morris could have foreseen the coming catastrophe, how serious would have been his reflections when he stood a week later on the aqueduct of Marly, and looked down upon the view! 'The Seine winding through a valley very highly cultivated, innumerable villages, at a distance the domes of Paris on one side, the Palace of St. Germain very near; on the other a vast forest behind, and the Palace of Marly in the front of it, embowered in a deep shade; the bells from a thousand steeples at different distances murmuring through the air; the fragrance of the morning, the vernal freshness of the air—oh, how delicious! I stand this moment on a vast monument of human pride, and behold every gradation from wretchedness to magnificence in the scale of human existence.' The Queen tried to escape from the weariness of Versailles in the woods and gardens of the little Trianon. But Morris found the attempt made in vain. 'A dairy furnished with the porcelain of Sèvres is a semblance too splendid for rural life, while the adjoining muddy pond but poorly represents a lake. The garden is handsome, but the cost of it has been badly spent, and the members of the *tiers état* who are walking about it are probably moralizing on the waste of public money.' The Diary is full of instances of French frivolity and looseness of manner. While sitting at a café in the Palais Royal, the waiter tells him that two ladies are outside wishing to see him. They prove to be two married ladies of respectable position, who assure him that they are but very little married to their husbands, and that they would have no objection to an intrigue. Again, at Raincy, the seat of the Duchess of Orleans, he goes to chapel on St. Barnabas Day. The ducal party, which includes a bishop and an abbé, worship in a tribune raised above the floor. Two gentlemen amuse themselves by putting a candle into the pockets of the Bishop and others present, and lighting it at an unexpected moment, to the great edification of the servants opposite, and of the villagers who are worshipping below. They dine in public surrounded by a gaping crowd, but, as Morris observes, if the spectators only knew how trivial the conversation and the character of the distinguished people were, their respect for them would be changed to contempt.

One of the most prominent figures in Morris's volumes is Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun. He met him first at dinner with Madame de Flahaut, at the beginning of October. He was now thirty-five years of age, and had been appointed
bishop

bishop in the previous year. On this occasion the conversation turned on the best means of raising money by sale of the Church lands. Four days later he consulted Morris on the formation of a new ministry. He was anxious to get rid of Necker, in order that he might take his place, and carry out as Minister of Finance his pet scheme for raising money on the property of the Church. The motion to this effect was eventually passed by the National Assembly on November 2. At this time Mirabeau was in confidential communication with the Court, and he was quite ready to accept Talleyrand as a member of any ministry over which he might have influence. Later, however, under the advice of Madame de Flahaut, Talleyrand determines not to form part of the administration at present. In fact both Morris and the Countess, while admitting to the full Talleyrand's subtlety and adroitness, appear not to have perceived the real strength of his character, and to have feared that he would not be sufficiently robust to bear up against such a sea of troubles. Morris failed at this time to grasp the cardinal fact of the crisis that Mirabeau was the only man who could save France. His opinion of his moral character was so low that he did all he could to keep him out of office, which he was able to effect from his close connection with Lafayette. On November 3, Talleyrand comes early to breakfast with Morris, and they call on Lafayette. There have been bread riots in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and the supply of Paris is running short. Talleyrand is very cautious and Lafayette very undecided. The Bishop is afraid of feeding the city lest it should give too much power to a ministry which he desires to see removed. Morris's reputation as an able financier stood very high in Paris, where sound principles on the subject were not very plentiful. In consequence Talleyrand did his best to obtain his advice, submitted his speeches to him before they were delivered in the Assembly, and corrected the proofs before they were published. The interviews between them almost always took place at Madame de Flahaut's apartments in the Louvre. As before mentioned, he was very intimate with her, and was the father of her son. A curious scene is described on the Jour de l'An of 1790. Madame has a cold, and sits with her feet in warm water. Whilst she is taking them out, and her servant is drying them, the Bishop employs himself in warming her bed with a warming-pan. Morris remarks that it is curious enough to see a reverend father of the Church engaged in this pious operation. Indeed the Parisian ladies seem to have received at all times, and under all circumstances.

One day Morris is calling on Madame de Corney. She goes

goes into her bath and then receives him in that situation, the water being rendered opaque with milk. She tells him that it is customary for Parisian ladies to receive in this manner; 'and indeed,' Morris remarks, 'it must be, for otherwise I should have been the last person to whom it would have been permitted.' There are many traits of Talleyrand's worldliness. He lends Morris a book called '*Le Portier des Chartreux*,' a somewhat droll volume to receive from the hands of a reverend father in God; he was also given to gambling, by which means he gained large sums. At the same time he had the courage of his opinions. He celebrated mass at the fête of the Confederation, and was one of the first to accept the civil constitution of the clergy. He, however, like other ecclesiastical reformers, went about in fear of his life. He made his will in favour of Madame de Flahaut, and, when he had to consecrate the two elected bishops of Aisne and Finisterre, slept near the church where the ceremony was to take place, for fear he should be assassinated on the way. On April 1, 1791, Morris drives with Madame de Flahaut, to enquire about Mirabeau's health, who, indeed, died on the following day. The carriage is stopped by guards in the street to prevent the noise of wheels, and Morris is shocked that such honour should be paid to such a wretch. He advises Talleyrand to step into his place. Talleyrand did indeed read Mirabeau's last speech prepared for the Assembly, the delivery of which had been prevented by his death. The new Constitution sanctioned the unpardonable error of depriving France of the service of her best statesman. No member of the Constituent Assembly could be elected to the Convention, nor hold any place of importance in the Government. So, as we shall see later, when Talleyrand went on a mission to England, although he was the soul of the embassy, and composed the most important despatches, yet he could formally hold nothing but an unofficial position. Montmorin, who ought to have known the truth, tells Morris that Talleyrand hopes to be able to turn out Pitt, who was known to be an enemy of France. But if he ever had such an intention, he must soon have been undeceived, for he discovered that the Opposition was quite as integral a part of the Government as the Ministry itself. As a matter of fact his instructions were to obtain a loan, and a promise of neutrality in case of a war with the Emperor, offering in return the cession of Tobago and the demolition of the works of Cherbourg. He found England well disposed towards neutrality, but reluctant to conclude any closer relations with France in her present unsettled condition. Talleyrand left Paris after the
September

September massacres, fearing for his life, and retired to England, where he lived in a country-house in Kent, with Madame de Staël. Tradition still tells of his riding behind in the dickey of the carriage talking vehemently to Madame de Staël, who is in the back seat. Morris, however, was informed on apparently good authority that Talleyrand used to beat her. The time has hardly come for properly estimating this enigmatical character. Morris in 1806 considered that his talents were overrated, and that, though certainly indifferent between vice and virtue, he would rather do right than wrong, and would not perpetrate a great crime. Talleyrand may be regarded on the one hand as a cynical waiter upon events, as attaching himself to each successive cause with the object of self-interest, prepared to ruin it when it had served his purpose; on the other, as the one sane man in France, who loved his country with a patriot's devotion, who served each master, until service became impossible, and who, after defending France from the incapacity and violence of successive governments, earned her undying gratitude by raising her when she lay prostrate at the feet of Europe, and placing her again among the great nations of the world.

At the end of March 1790 Morris came to England. He crossed over from Helvoetsluys to Harwich in fifty hours, and on the way to London found the season much advanced, the primroses, violets, and many fruit trees in full bloom. He put up at Froome's Hotel, Covent Garden. As he is officially accredited by Washington, he has to deal with the Duke of Leeds, a fine gentleman, but an incompetent minister. Morris's sketches of English society would be more interesting if his *Diary* had been printed in its completeness. He meets Charles Fox, and finds his manners simple. He hears him speak lightly of Chatham, and attribute his successes in the war to good fortune. He considers Pitt more liberal in his commercial ideas than Lord Hawkesbury and Mr. Grenville, but as sure to be dominated by them. He attends the trial of Warren Hastings in Westminster Hall. He finds Burke as a speaker possessing quickness and genius, but vague, loose, desultory, and confused. Fox is deficient in self-possession; he is acute but slovenly; his mind is like a clouded sun. He sees Mrs. Jordan in 'Twelfth Night,' and Miss Farren in the 'Marriage of Figaro.' On May 21 he had his first interview with Pitt. The conversation turned upon the impressment of American seamen, on the bases of a treaty of commerce, and on the best means of establishing diplomatic relations between the two countries. It was conducted in a stiff and haughty style,

but Morris contrived to end it with a laugh. On June 7 he again visited the trial of Warren Hastings. He reached Westminster Hall at eleven, and had great difficulty in getting a seat, although the Court did not open till two. The air was very foul and close till six, when people began to go away. The Court did not adjourn till eight, when Fox had finished his summing up.

Morris finds English society more fatiguing than Parisian. Later hours are kept, and there is more playing at cards. Hugh Elliot, whom he happens to meet, strikes him as a very genteel, fashionable kind of man, much beyond the usual Englishman. Elliot was indeed at this time between two great epochs of his career. He had just returned from Copenhagen, where he had not only effected a revolution, but had by the most romantic daring brought about a peace between the King of Sweden and the Court to which he was accredited. He was on the point of being despatched to Paris, where he was to treat with Mirabeau about the dispute of Nootka Sound, and relieve Europe from the danger of a general war which might have produced incalculable results. Curiously enough at a later period Elliot, when Minister at Dresden, gave Morris an account of both these episodes. He told him that during the time when Pitt was bullying Spain about Nootka Sound, he got frightened at the idea that France would adhere to the family compact, and sent Elliot over to negotiate with the Diplomatic Committee, of which Mirabeau was chairman. Everything was submitted to them, and the terms having been made agreeable to their taste, two couriers were despatched to Madrid, informing the Court that, unless it acceded to them, it must not count on the aid of France. This produced the treaty made by Lord St. Helen's. On this occasion Mirabeau proposed to Elliot that, in case a war should break out on the Continent, Flanders should, as in the Seven Years' War, be neutral. In a conversation a little later, Elliot told the story of how he saved the King of Sweden, acting in the name of his Court without orders. The Russian minister complained to Pitt, who said he could account for it only by supposing that Elliot was drunk; to which Elliot replied by a sharp letter, telling Pitt that he had not been drunk since he had the honour of being so in his company. Morris left London to return to Paris in the last week of September.

Carlyle's account of the Day of Poniards, Feb. 28, 1791, is well known. The morning was occupied by the march of the Quartier St. Antoine to demolish the Château of Vincennes, and Lafayette only returned in the afternoon to find the Tuileries surrounded

surrounded by an angry mob, and three hundred gentlemen of the Court disarmed of their daggers by the National Guard. Morris is inclined to treat these indications of disorder lightly. He is of opinion that the Revolution, as he calls it—that is, the attempt to make a new Constitution—has failed. Now that anarchy has taken its place, the King will have an opportunity of reasserting his authority. On this particular afternoon he goes to the Tuileries, but is not allowed to walk in the gardens. He tries the quay, but the mud is impassable. He then goes out to dinner at one place, and spends the evening at another in the usual fashion. A few days later Morris has an opportunity of asking Lafayette about the riots. The General acknowledges that the National Guards were drunk, and that he himself lost his temper and behaved more rudely than he ought. He attributes the principal blame to M. de Villequier, who, having given his word of honour to allow no one into the King's chamber except his usual attendants, had suffered a crowd to assemble, many of them of the worst kind of people. The result of this was that M. de Villequier was turned out of office by Morris's advice, and his apartments being left vacant, were used three months later by the Royal Family for the flight to Varennes. On April 4, Morris witnessed the funeral of Mirabeau. He describes it as an imposing spectacle, attended by more than a hundred thousand people in solemn silence. His reflections on the subject are interesting, but scarcely bear out his reputation for sagacity:—

'Vices, both degrading and detestable, marked this extraordinary creature. Completely prostitute, he sacrificed everything to the whim of the moment. "*Cupidus alieni, prodigus sui!*" Venal, shameless, and yet greatly virtuous when pushed by a prevailing impulse, but never truly virtuous, because never under the steady control of reason nor the firm authority of principle, I have seen this man, in the short space of ten years, hissed, honoured, hated, mourned. Enthusiasm has just now presented him gigantic; time and reflection will shrink that stature. The very idleness of the hour must find some other object to execrate or to exalt. Such is man, and particularly the Frenchman.'

The King was at this time a prisoner in the Tuileries. He was so bewildered by the condition of affairs as to be entirely without counsel. Montmorin, the Minister, complains to Morris that the King is good for nothing, and says that he always asks when he is at work with the King that the Queen may be present. How little he was his own master became apparent when he was prevented by the populace from going to St. Cloud, in order that he might keep his Easter with the

assistance of a priest, who had not taken the oath to the Constitution, and was therefore not under the ban of the Pope. This event is casually mentioned by Morris:—

‘We have this day very much of a riot at the Tuileries. The King intends for St. Cloud, but is stopped, not merely by the populace, but by the national militia, who refuse to obey their general. It seems that His Majesty having sanctioned the decree respecting the clergy, and afterwards applied to one of the nonjurors to perform the ceremonies enjoined at this season, has incurred the charge of duplicity. I am a long time in expectation of a battle, but am at length told that the King submits.’

The course of ordinary life goes on with all its gaiety and frivolity. M. de Curt, whose imprudence caused the riot in the Tuileries on the Day of Poniards, is found constantly in Madame de Flahaut’s *salon* making verses and love.

The severe treatment of the Royal Family culminated in the disastrous flight to Varennes. Morris heard of the escape and of the capture in London. Seven years later he met at Hamburg some of the principal actors in the business, Count Fersen, Mr. Sullivan, and Quintin Craufurd. Craufurd told him that in the beginning of 1792 he saw the Royal Family two or three times a week, and did his best to persuade the King and the Dauphin to leave Paris, a scheme which met with the approval of the English Government. The details of the flight were arranged, but at the last moment the Queen could not bring herself to separate her fortunes from those of her husband. Morris, on the news of the catastrophe, returns at once to Paris. He finds Madame de Lafayette half wild, and learns from Vicq d’Azyr, the Queen’s private physician, that her hair has turned grey by her late adventures. The Royal Family were in a worse situation than ever. Morris, who is lodging at the Hôtel du Roi, close to the Tuileries, expects to have a battle under his windows in which the vanguard of the populace would be formed by two or three thousand women. He is of opinion that such an outburst would be useful rather than pernicious. The collision did indeed take place a few days later in the Champ de Mars. In the afternoon of that fatal Sunday Morris had been paying a visit to Lady Sutherland, the wife of the British Ambassador. On returning to his hotel at about seven o’clock in the evening of a fine summer’s day he met the municipality carrying the red flag, the sign that martial law had been proclaimed. The militia were marching to the Champ de Mars to disperse the people collected there. Morris drives with Madame de Flahaut to the heights of Passy to see the battle. But all is over before he arrives there. The mob pelted

pelted the militia with stones. They in their turn, irritated at having been marched through the streets on a Sunday under a scorching sun, then made to 'stand like holiday turkeys to be knocked down by brickbats,' without waiting for orders fired and killed a dozen or two of the ragged regiments. The rest ran off like lusty fellows. Morris tells us that, if the militia had waited for orders, they might have been all knocked down before they received any. In the morning of the same day Lafayette was very near being killed, but the pistol snapped at his head. The assassin was immediately secured, but the General ordered him to be discharged. The King gave himself up for lost, but believed that there was some chance of authority being preserved for his son. Montmorin's recital of his interviews with the unfortunate monarch brought tears to Morris's eyes. Indeed, Morris was induced to draft a speech which the King was to pronounce on his acceptance of the Constitution. It was, however, too strong and decided for the taste of his advisers, and there is some doubt whether the King ever saw it. He certainly confined himself to expressions far less compromising. The new Constitution was proclaimed on September 15. Three days later Paris was awakened by peals of artillery. No carriages were allowed to circulate, so Morris visited on foot first Madame de Chastellux at the Palais Royal, and then Madame de Flahaut at the Louvre. He dines with her, and having prudently left his watch, purse, and pocket-book at home, goes to see the illuminations. A balloon is sent up from the Champ de Mars. The lighting up of the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées is superb. The next day the King and Queen visit the Opera. They are received with vast applause, and the pit will not allow any applause except to them. These are the last of the *beaux jours* of the monarchy.

Morris informs Washington at the end of this month that the new Assembly, the *Législative*, is, as far as can at present be determined, deeply imbued with republican or rather democratical principles. This party has its strength in the south. The north is ecclesiastical; the east is attached to Germany, and would gladly be reunited to the Empire. Normandy is aristocratical, and so is part of Brittany; the interior of the kingdom is monarchical. Much information is to be found in Morris's Diary on the ministerial changes which accompanied the advent of the new Constitution. Montmorin was thoroughly sick of his position as Minister of Foreign Affairs, yet it was hard to find a successor. Ségur accepted the post one day to resign it the next, and it was offered even to Mounier himself, perhaps in jest. Narbonne was a striking figure in Paris

salons

salons at this time. He was the lover of Madame de Staël, and reputed to be the son of Madame Adelaide, the King's aunt, by her father Louis XV. He had returned from accompanying the princesses to Rome, and was now ready to undertake any office, even the principal burden of government. Cautious people were afraid of his connection with the hot-headed daughter of Necker, and he had not yet obtained credit for the ability which was afterwards shown in the snows of Russia, and in the Congress of Vienna. When Narbonne presented himself before the Queen as a candidate for office, she burst out laughing, and exclaimed, 'Êtes-vous fou, M. de Narbonne?' The King, however, yielded, and made him Minister of War. Delessart is eventually persuaded to succeed Montmorin. Matters are going on well on the surface, but perilous times are expected. The Queen is well received at the Opera, and gratifies Morris by a smile of recognition. The King is in high spirits about the success of his vetoes, and intends to repeat the experiment now and again. Yet Morris advises the new minister to bring up the Swiss regiments from the frontier to the capital, and that the King is the only piece of wood which will remain afloat in the general shipwreck. Delessart is described by Morris as a wavering creature, one of Necker's underlings, one of those of whom Shakspeare says that they 'renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks with every gale and vary of their masters.'

In February 1792 Morris heard in London that he had been appointed ambassador to France, and set about equipping himself for the post in a manner suited to its dignity and importance. He arrived in Paris at the beginning of May, and the first favour he had to ask of the King was to receive him without a sword, because of his wooden leg. Lady Sutherland tells him that the end is near at hand, and that a few weeks must terminate the business. Morris advises the Royal Family to keep strictly within the limits of the Constitution. The new minister was presented at Court on June 3. The King on receiving his letter of credence has nothing more to say than 'c'est de la part des États-Unis,' in a feeble and embarrassed tone of voice. The Queen showed him her son, the unfortunate Dauphin, with the remark, 'Il n'est pas encore grand.' Morris replied, 'J'espère, madame, qu'il sera bien grand, et véritablement grand,' and the Queen answered, 'Nous y travaillons, monsieur.' He dined with Dumouriez, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and found the society noisy and in bad style, and the dinner still worse. On the evening before the riot of June 20, Morris goes with Lord Gower to the *jeu de la reine* at the Tuileries.

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He finds it 'a mighty stupid kind of amusement for all parties.' The next day he saw the National Guard and the mob marching and counter-marching under his windows. After dinner he hears of the invasion of the palace, and remarks that the Constitution has this day given its last groan. The day following he goes to Court, and gathers that the riot has produced less bad effects than might be expected. Three days later he finds the Dauphin in the uniform of the National Guard. The plot thickens. Lafayette comes to Paris, but soon leaves again for the army. Danton publicly threatens that he will make a clean sweep of the Court on the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. Morris opens his house in the Faubourg St. Germain, gorgeously furnished and appointed, on July 12, and begins a course of hospitality which was to run too short a career.

At the end of June there are several indications in the Diary of a plan in which Morris was engaged to effect the escape of the Royal Family from Paris. In a letter addressed to the Duchesse d'Angoulême in 1796, he speaks expressly of this scheme, and says that, although the plan was so well arranged that it could not possibly have failed, the King gave it up on the very morning fixed for the departure when the Swiss guards had already left Courbevoie to cover his retreat. When this plan failed, attempts were made to get together a body of faithful soldiers who would defend the King's person against the plots which were being notoriously contrived to take his life. Well indeed would it have been for France if the escape could have been carried out. On August 3, Morris dines with Lord Gower, and walking in the Champ de Mars afterwards finds a 'few ragamuffins' signing a petition for the deposition of the King. Two days later on going to Court he finds that the Royal Family were up all night expecting to be murdered. The weather continues very hot, a condition of things always favourable to revolutions in Paris. On August 10 the storm burst. The noise of cannon and musketry reaches Morris in his house. The Château of the Tuileries is taken and the Swiss guard murdered. Madame de Flahaut sends her son to Morris's as an asylum, and shortly after seeks refuge there herself. The heat and the excitement kept him awake all night. The weather is so oppressive, that some perch, alive in the morning at six, are putrefied at dinner. Yet it was these stifling hours that the Royal Family spent in the box of the logographer at the Legislative Assembly. There is a general run for passports. Among the suitors is the Countess of Albany, formerly the wife of Charles Edward Stuart, and subsequently of Alfieri.

After August 10, the English ambassador was recalled. He had

had some difficulty in obtaining passports, and on August 11 Morris finds him in a towering passion, having burned his papers. He advises Morris to leave the country as soon as possible. Morris confesses that the weather is pleasant, and that he is very gay, which Lord Gower can hardly bear. The September massacres followed immediately afterwards. It is evident from the Diary that they were stimulated by the idea that the enemy would soon be at the gates. The prisoners in the Bicêtre defend themselves, and the assailants try to stifle and drown them. Talleyrand hears that there is the most imminent danger, and demands his passports. Morris's old friend Montmorin is among the victims. The fate of Lafayette, who refused to obey the Assembly after the September massacres, and on giving himself up to the Austrians was treated by them as a prisoner, appears to Morris as the natural termination of his career. 'He has spent all his fortune on a revolution, and is now crushed by the wheel which he had put in motion. He lasted longer than I expected.' The retreat of the Prussians after the affair of Valmy filled Morris with great surprise. He apparently expected an easy march to the capital, the crushing of factions and the restoration of the Royal power. He enters most fully into the situation in a letter to Rufus King, dated October 23, 1792. 'It was evident,' he says, 'that the Constitution could not last, and that in the overturn three things might happen; the establishment of despotism, the establishment of a good constitution, or the institution of a democracy.' The enemies of the Constitution were found among those who had just sworn to support it. The Court was involved in a spirit of little paltry intrigues unworthy of anything above the rank of footmen or chambermaids. Every one had his or her little project, and every little project had some abettors. Strong, manly counsels frightened the weak, alarmed the envious, and wounded the enervate mind of the lazy and luxurious. The palace was always filled with people whose language, whose conduct, and whose manners were so diametrically opposed to everything like liberty, that it was easy to persuade the people that the Court meant to destroy the Constitution by observing it strictly. Morris remained in Paris during the trial of the King. He expected his condemnation from the first. It was desired not only by the violent sections of the Convention, but by some of the monarchical and aristocratical party who had no feeling for the King himself, and who thought that the hour of his death might cause a reaction towards loyalty. Perhaps the strongest pity for Louis was felt among the people. As he was led to trial the crowd appeared sorrowful rather than triumphant. At his execution the
greatest

greatest care was taken to prevent a concourse of people. Indeed, the great mass of the populace mourned his unhappy fate. Morris wrote of his execution to Jefferson in these terms :

‘The late King of this country has been publicly executed. He died in a manner becoming his dignity. Mounting the scaffold, he expressed anew his forgiveness of those who persecuted him, and a prayer that his deluded people might be benefited by his death. On the scaffold he attempted to speak, but the commanding officer, Santerre, ordered the drums to beat. The King made two unavailing efforts, but with the same bad success. The executioner threw him down, and was in such haste as to let fall the axe before his neck was properly placed, so that he was mangled.’

After spending the greater part of the year 1793 in the country he returned to Paris, just before the execution of the Queen, and was able to report that, though insulted during her trial and reviled in her last moments, she behaved with dignity throughout. Morris was finally, to his great relief, enabled to leave France in October 1794. He had intended to return to America, but the thrilling importance of political affairs determined him to stay in Europe. He sent his servant to New York with his books, liqueurs, linens, furniture, plate, and carriages. Amongst the wine was a large quantity of Imperial Tokay, sealed in wax with the double-headed eagle of Austria, the wedding present of Maria Theresa to the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette. This wine Morris had bought during the days of the Terror from a cheap grocery shop, where it was exposed for sale at a shilling a bottle. The last bottle of it was opened at a wedding party in New York in 1848.

The history of the French emigration has yet to be written. The fate of this cultivated and chivalrous but frivolous society, reduced to beggary, cast upon the world to work for their living or to subsist on the charity of Europe, must touch all hearts. But as far as we know their destiny we must pronounce the judgment that their fate was inevitable and that they deserved it. With one or two exceptions they left no mark on the countries in which they found an asylum. The Huguenots by their exile impoverished France and enriched England. The *émigrés* taught in schools, earned their livelihood by petty trades, and showed an example of fortitude under adversity ; but they did nothing to propagate under other conditions new forms of civilization or new principles of life. Many belonged to a world which was passing away and which deserved to perish. Morris met many of his old friends as he wandered about Europe. He

saw

saw Necker, Madame de Staël, Narbonne, and Madame de Tessé in the Pays de Vaud; Mallet du Pan and Mounier at Berne; while at Hamburg quite a bevy of the old Parisian courtiers awaited his arrival, the chief of whom was his faithful friend Madame de Flahaut. In London he finds M. de Puisignieu, the Duc d'Harcourt, and Madame de la Tremouille.

The circumstances of the English capital in July 1795 must have reminded him of Paris. He found riots going on, caused by the scarcity and dearness of bread. Wheat is 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ the quarter. He dines with Pitt the day after the mob had broken his windows. Lords Grenville and Chatham are present. The wines are good, but the conversation flippant. In the autumn he travels through the country. After a visit to the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton he drives to Burford, where he finds an inn kept by two maiden sisters, both past sixty. Their lineal ancestors have kept the house for a century, their relations for two centuries, and the house itself has been an inn for more than three hundred years. At Wimbledon he meets his former colleague, Lord Gower, and his wife, Lady Sutherland. Passing northwards, Morris visits the Highlands of Scotland, and his Diary would have great value if it were printed in full. He finds the huts of the Highland peasants just as miserable and filthy as the worst description of them he has ever seen. His servant tells him that they are just like those inhabited by the Russian and Livonian slaves. At Inverary he remarks that the misfortune of the country through which he passes is that there are too many people; a great number of cottagers who can pay no rent and make no improvements, being wholly occupied in obtaining a subsistence. In the Lakes, Bishop Watson tells him a curious story of Lord Rockingham, that when he took office in 1782 on the basis of pacification with America, he was so much afraid lest the King should recede from his engagement that he took the words down in writing, and that the King never forgave him for it, and expressed his pleasure when he died. As the Bishop was a strong member of the Opposition, this story may be considered to be coloured to some extent by party feeling.

By the time Morris returns to London he has driven nineteen hundred miles. Morris gives us some interesting sketches of London society. An interview with George III. shows that monarch as confused and incoherent as he generally contrived to appear. At a Court ball the Royal Family dance extremely well, and the Prince of Wales especially distinguishes himself in a minuet. He meets George Canning, who

who has been just appointed Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, at Lord Gower's, and finds that his head is a little turned by his elevation. He is admitted to the literary circle of Montague House, and finds the hostess, although indisposed, indefatigable in entertaining her guests. He meets Pitt and Dundas at Lord Gower's. Pitt believes that the victories of the young Bonaparte in Italy have been exaggerated by the Directory, which does not, however, prove to be the case. A week later he attends a debate in the House of Commons. Grey makes a violent attack on Pitt, accusing him of applying money to other purposes than those to which they were voted. Pitt admits the charge, and triumphantly justifies his action. His answer, in Morris's opinion, is very able and quite convincing. Fox, on the other hand, replies in a speech full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. Morris meets Lady Holland while she is still the wife of Sir Godfrey Webster, and just as she is starting for Italy accompanied by Lord Holland.

Morris returned to America finally at the end of the year 1798. The preceding year and a half were occupied in travelling in the North of Europe. His relations with the leading statesman in each country, and the constant correspondence which he kept up with influential friends in England and elsewhere, makes his Diary and letters extremely valuable for the history of this little-known period. His first stay of importance was in Berlin. Prussia, since the Peace of Basle in 1795, had stood outside the European coalition. She seemed to hold a position of influence, and was little aware of the humiliation and abasement which were awaiting her at the hands of France. At this time she was in close connection with that Power, in the hope of obtaining possession of Hanover. It is strange to those who are familiar with the stern militarism of the Berlin of to-day, to hear that one of its salient characteristics was an air of dissoluteness, which reminded Morris of the Palais Royal which he had left behind. The King is at once tyrannical and abandoned. Writing to Lord Grenville, Morris dwells especially on the desire of Prussia to obtain Hanover, and the certainty of the dissolution of the German Empire. His plans for the reconstruction of Europe are as complicated or as unpractical as those of diplomatists are often found to be. He, however, foresaw the rise of a Napoleon. He tells Lord Grenville that he has no doubt that France, whether she fall under the dominion of an usurper (the natural termination of her present state), or whether she form herself into some tolerable shape of republic, may become dangerous to the liberty of all Europe. Should military despotism take place, that sharp,
simple,

simple, and severe government will find abundant resources in the soil, climate, and industry of so fine a country.

Passing on to Dresden, Morris sees French *émigrés* filling the streets of the town. They are travelling eastward to avoid the approach of the French armies, and are only allowed to stay three days. They are serene and gay, and busily employed in sight-seeing. But, as Morris remarks, the weight of the calamity they have to bear is not diminished by their graceful manner of supporting it. The Elector of Saxony gives him an excellent dinner, and the best tea he ever partook of. The news of the battle of Bamberg, in which Ney was defeated by Kray and Wartensleben, cheers up the spirits of the society. At Vienna Thugut is in office, while Sir Morton Eden represents England. The Minister gives him the impression of a little sparkling mind better fitted to please the Prince than to conduct his affairs. Sir Morton is more attentive to whist than to his countrymen, who complain of his neglect. The dinner is scarcely over before he sits down to the game, and not a moment is available for conversation. The Emperor, however, is in good spirits, and is expecting the defeat of the French in Germany. The Empress, a daughter of Queen Caroline of Naples, appears to him 'a good sort of little woman.' The Vienna of these days seems to have been as serious as the Berlin of our own. French gallantry is unknown, and the 'dull dogs' prefer conversation to cards, and irreverently prize genius and good-humour beyond stars and ribbons. The future King of Würtemberg, a very fat man, who was engaged to be married to the Princess Royal of England, finds his wedding delayed by an unfortunate mistake. Lord Grenville, after writing the final despatch, went away to Dropmore, leaving Canning to send it off. The Under-Secretary directed it by mistake to Wickham in Switzerland, and the expectant bridegroom received the letter intended for the diplomatist.

There is much in Vienna to remind Morris of the old Court of Versailles. He has long conversations with Hüé and Thierry, the valets of Louis XVI. Also Madame de France, his unfortunate daughter, is there, bearing in her face the unmistakable lineaments of her father, and thus giving the lie to many scandalous reports. The Archduchess Clementina, engaged to the Crown Prince of Naples, bears a striking resemblance to her aunt, the ill-fated Marie Antoinette.

While Morris was at Vienna he heard of the death of the Empress Catherine of Russia, in a fit of apoplexy. The accession of the Emperor Paul had an important effect on European politics. One of his first acts was to visit Kosciusko

in prison, set him free, and at the same time liberate ten thousand Poles who were confined in Siberia. The Austrian capital swarms with young Englishmen, who at this time had few parts of the Continent open to them. They wore the most extraordinary uniforms, which stimulated the ridicule of the Viennese, many of them dressed in volunteer regimentals, advertising to the world that they had deserted their country, then in danger of invasion, although belonging to a force especially designed to protect her. Eden remonstrated in vain. All the world, they say, shall not induce them to surrender their uniforms. The Hungarian guard sets them a very different example. Prince Esterhazy, their commander, is covered with pearls and diamonds, which, including the caparison of his horse, are valued at fifty thousand pounds.

Returning to Dresden, Morris finds Hugh Elliot established as Minister. The conversation turns on Mirabeau, whom Elliot knew intimately, as they had been educated together. Morris asserts that the price of his assistance was perfectly well known for every measure, but Elliot draws the delicate distinction that the measure must first have met with the approval of his judgment. Morris, in his letter to Lord Grenville, never ceases to press upon him the desirability of securing the Austrian Low Countries for England, forgetting that nothing would induce us to commit the folly of assuming the responsibility of continental possessions. Hanover, on the other hand, which cannot be defended and must eventually fall into the hands of Prussia, had better be given up to her with a good grace. At Brunswick, Morris finds an interesting society. The dowager duchess is the sister of Frederick the Great, and, although turned eighty years of age, is full of life and fun. The reigning duchess is the sister of George III., and is strongly devoted to English interests. They played whist for penny points, the sum being fixed thus low for the benefit of the *émigrés*, who are in the deepest distress.

Returning to Hamburg, where Madame de Flahaut appears to be the main point of attraction, Morris has a curious conversation with Dumouriez, which throws some light on Napoleon's plans for the invasion of England. It has always been doubted whether the assembling of the Army of England on the coast of the Channel before the expedition to Egypt was a mere blind, or a preparation for a serious attack. Dumouriez says that he has no doubt of his being able to make a successful descent. He has offered to communicate his plans to any one who possesses the confidence of the Directory, and that the French Government is in correspondence with revolutionary societies
in

in England. Shortly after this, Morris takes part in the ceremony of delivering up Lafayette and his brother-prisoners, who had been confined in the fortress of Olmütz in accordance with the Treaty of Campo-Formio. The Baron Buol Schauenstein was at Hamburg for the purpose. The prisoners were expected to arrive by the ferry-boat between nine and ten in the morning. However, they are conveyed in the boat of an American ship, on board of which they stop to dine, thus wasting their own time and that of every one else. At length, at five o'clock they arrive, and are delivered over in due form. Lafayette assures Morris that he intends to avoid all intrigue and every interference in the affairs of France. Indeed, although he returned to France under the Consulate, he took no part in public affairs till after 1814. Morris advises him to go to America, and trust to the gratitude of the country. But the old spirit of extravagance was upon him. Although he had nothing to live upon but his wife's fortune, he resided at Hamburg in ruinous expense, instead of going into quiet lodgings at Altona.

Morris has evidently little eye for the picturesque in its modern sense. He speaks of the 'mountains piled up' in the Bavarian highlands, a country little inhabited, through which there are as yet no high roads, and perhaps never will be. The sight of mountain châteaux, with stones laid on the shingles of the roof, fills him with mournful reflections. In a country full of iron it is a sad object, and proves the almost savage state of the inhabitants in a striking degree. They are in the first stage from savage life, and if freedom were given them would sink back to the level of Red Indians. On the other hand, heavy taxation would improve their condition by stimulating them to exertion. Such is the judgment he passes on Andreas Hofer and his band of heroes.

As Morris lingers in Europe, fearing to cross the Atlantic, rumours occasionally reach him of the beloved France which he was never to see again. One traveller tells him that it is highly cultivated, full of abuses, Paris more brilliant and vicious than before; the same extreme politeness and *prévenance* to strangers; the ports out of repair; the innkeepers more exorbitant than ever. Another refugee describes the people as very miserable and unhappy; the peasantry not ill off; the soil of France better cultivated than before; the oppression of the Government great beyond all idea that can be formed of it. At last, on October 7, Morris sailed for his own country in the 'Ocean,' and began a stormy voyage which lasted for nearly three months.

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The later years of Morris's life need not detain us. He kept up a constant correspondence with his friends in Europe, many of whom had by his advice invested money in American land. The following judgment on the comparative pleasure of life on the Continent, in London, and in America is interesting. It is written to his friend James Parish, whose home was at Neusteden, near Hamburg, but who was then in London:—

‘If you were on this side of the Atlantic, I should greatly rejoice, but you will not come. You will shiver along through German and Scotch summers, consoling yourself for the tediousness of June by the long, snug, comfortable evenings of January. You tell me, my friend, that I must join you, and particularly must take up my residence in London. But have you reflected that there is more of real society in one week at Neusteden than in a London year? Recollect that a tedious morning, a great dinner, a boozy afternoon, make the sum total of English life. It is admirable for young men who shoot, hunt, drink, and—— But for us! how are we to dispose of ourselves? No. Were I to give you a rendezvous in Europe, it should be on the Continent. I respect, as you know, the English nation highly, and love many individuals among them, but I do not love their manners. They are, perhaps, too pure, but they are certainly too cold, for my taste. The Scotch are more agreeable to me; but were the manners of those countries as pleasant as the people are respectable, I should never be reconciled to their summers. Compare the uninterrupted warmth and splendour of America from the first of May to the last of September, and her autumn truly celestial, with your shivering June, your July and August, sometimes warm but often wet; your uncertain September, your gloomy October, your dismal November: compare these things, and then say how a man who prizes the charms of nature can think of making the exchange. If you were to pass one autumn with us, you would not give a week of ours for the best six months to be found in any other country, unless, indeed, you should get tired of fine weather.’

One of the most affecting incidents of Morris's later years was that he watched by the dying bed of his lifelong friend Alexander Hamilton, and pronounced the funeral oration over his grave. The duel with Aaron Burr took place on July 11, 1804. The next day, hearing that he is still alive, Morris goes to see him. ‘When I arrive, he is speechless. The scene is too powerful for me, so that I am obliged to walk in the garden to take breath. After having composed myself I return, and sit by his side till he expires.’ The post-mortem examination shows that the ball had broken one of his ribs, passed through the lower part of the liver, and lodged in the vertebræ of his back. There followed a most melancholy scene, his wife almost frantic with grief, his children in tears, every person deeply

deeply afflicted, the whole city agitated, every countenance dejected. Hamilton died heavily in debt, and left a large family. Morris seems scarcely to have realized the opinion which posterity would form of Hamilton. He notes, as difficulties in the way of eulogizing him, that he was a stranger of illegitimate birth; that he was indiscreet, vain, and opinionated; that he was in principle opposed to republican, and attached to monarchical governments; that he was opposed to duelling and yet fell in a duel. The close of Morris's life came, indeed, under very different circumstances. On Christmas Day, 1809, at the verge of his fifty-eighth birthday, he married Anne Cary Randolph, who bore him a son. Just before his death he said: 'Sixty-four years ago it pleased the Almighty to call me into existence here, on this spot, in this very room; and now shall I complain that He is pleased to call me hence?' He died on November 6, 1816. Another article might be devoted to the consideration of Morris as a man and a statesman. We have preferred to confine ourselves to the light which his Diaries throw on society and politics in Europe during a thrilling epoch, and to estimate the historical value of records which we can only regret were not published in fuller detail.

As these pages are passing through the press, the correspondence connected with the two missions of Talleyrand to England in 1792, which we have already alluded to, published by M. Pallain, has come into our hands, a most valuable contribution to the diplomatic history of the Revolution. The volume is edited with that scrupulous care which has distinguished the other productions of the same publicist. More light would have been thrown on the vexed question of the outbreak of the war of 1793, and the share which England and France had in bringing it about, if M. Pallain had included the letters of Chauvelin, Maret, and others, after Talleyrand's departure from the embassy. The most interesting letter in the collection is that of May 23, 1792, signed by Chauvelin, but evidently composed by Talleyrand, as the style is unmistakable. In this he gives a sketch of public opinion in England, and of the peculiarities of the English Constitution, which are as remarkable for their truth and insight as for the clearness of the language in which the ideas are expressed. We venture to give rather a long extract, which will stimulate others to consult the greater treasures which are to be found in the original.

'Those people, Sir, deceive themselves strangely who consider England on the eve of revolution; who imagine they see all the materials

materials for it prepared, and who with this idea would attach the people to our cause by testifying the liveliest interest in theirs.

'As nothing has less foundation than this opinion, so nothing would be more imprudent than such behaviour, or more calculated to alienate from us all hearts: we have not been slow, Sir, to convince ourselves of this. Before our arrival our enemies had prepared their attack. They had sought to persuade us that the French would, without distinguishing between friends and foes, propagate revolutionary principles everywhere. The establishment of a society for parliamentary reform which nearly coincided with our arrival, and the despatch by it, it is said, of some deputies to France, have given some consistency to this idea; and the manner in which the means employed to excite disaffection in Brabant has been spoken of in the National Assembly, has not tended to weaken it. On the other side, Sir, the want of consideration with which many of our journalists speak of England; the sort of joy they manifest at the bare mention of opposition; their sarcasms against the Ministry and its measures; the way in which they affect to attribute to it ulterior motives, even in its most popular acts; their predictions, now joyful, now plaintive, of the revolution which is preparing in England: all that, Sir, was ill-calculated to win friends for our cause; and if we personally had not behaved with the greatest circumspection, if we had done the smallest thing which could give colour to those suspicions, if we had not seized the first opportunity offered to dispel them, we should have served the interests of France very ill.

'It cannot too often be repeated, the words *Ministry* and *Opposition* have not the sense here that our papers attribute to them. In reading the latter one seems to see on one side the King and all the partisans of privileges and of the royal prerogative; on the other, all the friends of the people, labouring unceasingly, the one for authority, the other for liberty. From this point of view one understands that a revolution here might be, if not imminent, at least very easy. The fact is that the mass of the nation is generally indifferent to all those political discussions which attract so much attention among ourselves. Attached to the Constitution by time-honoured prejudices, by habit, by the comparison it is continually making between its own lot and that of other countries, in short by its prosperity, it does not look to gain anything by a revolution, of which the history of England itself makes it dread the dangers. Agriculture, arts, manufactures, commerce, the rise and fall of the public funds,—such are the things which rivet its attention. The debates in Parliament only interest it in a secondary degree. The Opposition is looked upon in general as an ingredient as necessary in the Constitution as the Ministry itself, but that is all; and as long as the people see these two at variance, so long does it, whatever may be its opinion of their respective proceedings, believe itself secure of liberty.'

- ART. V.—1. *The Roman Poets of the Augustan Age. Virgil.* By W. Y. Sellar, M.A. Oxford, 1877.
2. *Essays on Latin Literature. Suggestions introductory to a study of the Æneid.* By Henry Nettleship, M.A. Oxford, 1885.
3. *Nouvelles Promenades archéologiques. Le Pays de l'Énéide.* Par Gaston Boissier. Paris, 1886.
4. *Æneidea.* By James Henry, B.A. Dublin, 1878.
5. *The Æneid of Virgil translated into English Verse.* By John Conington, M.A. London, 1870.
6. *The Æneid of Virgil translated into English blank Verse.* Books I.—VI. by G. K. Rickards, M.A.; VII.—XII. by Lord Ravensworth. London, 1871.
7. *The Æneids of Virgil done into English Verse.* By William Morris. London, 1876.
8. *The Æneid of Virgil freely translated into English blank Verse.* By William Thornhill, B.A. Dublin, 1886.
9. *Virgil in English Verse. Eclogues and Æneid I.—VI.* By the Right Hon. Sir Charles Bowen, D.C.L. London, 1887.

THE poems of Virgil are conspicuous in a thousand ways among all the great poems of the world; but it would not be difficult to give an answer, if asked what is the most notable fact in connection with them which history records. It is this. In his greatest work the poet thought he had failed. Great poets have sometimes formed somewhat unaccountable estimates of the relative merits of their different achievements; but Virgil thought his last and crowning effort unworthy even to live in the minds and on the lips of men. He spoke of his project and its execution as the result of a state of mind bordering on lunacy,* and strongly urged the destruction of his epic. Yet his subsequent influence on the world has been greater than that of any poet of antiquity, of any uninspired writer, except, perhaps, Aristotle. No one else has won such an enduring and complete dominion over the human spirit; and Aristotle's triumph pales beside that of Virgil. Aristotle draws after his chariot the student, the philosopher, the divine; Virgil has the lover, the warrior, the statesman; and he can look back on the brilliant train with a proud smile, and say, 'The thing ye worship is naught; would it had never been.' The same man of whom his friend Horace said that earth never bore a fairer soul than his, of whose forthcoming epic Propertius predicted that it would surpass the Iliad, who

* 'Pæne vitio mentis.'

furnished the text-book from which Seneca, Petronius, and Juvenal learned the perfection that was possible for their native tongue—the same man was the model for the style of the greatest of historians, and afforded to St. Augustine an example of the highest bloom of pagan art. He peers out at us from the gloom of the Middle Ages as the most potent of the magicians,*—

‘Who learned the art that none may name
In Padua, far beyond the sea.’

‘Or se’ tu quel Virgilio,’ is the simple homage of his greatest Italian rival in the poet’s art, the bearer of the light of Virgil’s fame from the Ancient to the Modern World. No sooner have we set foot in the modern world than we find Bacon, its fittest representative, a worshipper at the still burning altar of ‘the chastest poet and royalet that to the memory of man is known.’ The very stones cry out. *Tantæ molis erat* was found scratched on the baths of Titus; and on a wall in Pompeii is scribbled, *Conticuere omnes*. The ruins, like phonographs, have held the words of the kingliest of the kings who ‘rule us from their urns.’ Indeed, from his own time until the present century the poetry of Virgil has been received with an unbroken chorus of praise, and he has been put forward as the obvious and unquestioned model of excellence never attained before or since. Ere the year 1500, ninety editions of his works are stated to have been published, and so many since the revival of letters that there are said to be as many editions as the years that have passed since his death.

The reaction against Virgil, which the present century has witnessed, may be said to date from the epoch-making lectures of Niebuhr, and since that time the question as to Virgil’s place among the great poets of the world has almost resolved itself into a duel between Germany and France. The great ascendancy early won by Virgil in France is thus described by Professor Sellar, whose admirable work, the title of which is prefixed to this paper, affords most satisfactory proof that an English scholar can combine the erudition of Germany with that ease and brilliancy of style which have always made French criticism so attractive, while, at the same time, he shows a soundness of judgment on matters of taste which may fairly be claimed as a distinct characteristic of England :—

* In the famous mediæval romance, ‘Reynard the Fox,’ Virgil and Aristotle are coupled as enchanters :—

‘Et dou sage Virgille s’ai
Maint grant sens, gentis rois, et sai
Tous les livres maistre Aristote.’

'From Italy this influence passed to France and England, and was felt, not by scholars and critics only, but by the great poets and essayists, the orators and statesmen of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It was discussed as an open question whether the *Iliad* or the *Æneid* was the greater epic poem; and it was then necessary for the admirers of the Greek rather than the Latin poet to assume an apologetic tone. Scaliger ranked Virgil above Homer and Theocritus. His prestige was greatest during the period of French ascendancy in modern literature—that, namely, between the age of Milton and that of Lessing. The chief critical lawgiver in that century was Voltaire, and no great critic has ever expressed a livelier admiration of any poem than he has of the *Æneid*. It is to him we owe the saying, *Homère a fait Virgile, dit-on; si cela est, c'est sans doute son plus bel ouvrage*. He claims elsewhere for the second, fourth, and sixth books of the *Æneid* a great superiority over the works of all Greek poets. He says also that the *Æneid* is the finest monument remaining from antiquity. As Spenser was called "the poet's poet," so Virgil might be called the orator's poet. Even by a rhetorician of the second century the question was discussed whether Virgil was more a poet or an orator. Bossuet is said to have known his works by heart.'

Nor has recent French criticism proved false to Virgil, whom France still regards as not merely the poet of Rome, but of all the Latin races whose languages are, as it were, the daughters of the tongue which Virgil spoke. Sainte-Beuve,* Patin, Gaston Boissier, surpassing Voltaire a hundredfold in learning and insight into the true character of Virgil's art, almost vie with him in their admiration of it. The sympathetic estimate of Virgil's genius in Dean Merivale's 'History of the Romans under the Empire' is based upon the ingenious labours of another French *savant*, M. Legris.

On the other hand, the judgment of Germany has been almost uniformly adverse since Niebuhr spoke of the whole of the *Æneid* as a misconceived idea, and pointed to it as one of the remarkable instances in which a man may mistake his true calling, which was, according to him, for lyric poetry. In a similar spirit Bernhardt denies to Virgil all creative power; Teuffel refuses to credit him with any original gifts but sympathy and some psychological insight; and Mommsen, with characteristic decision carrying the war into the enemy's camp, speaks contemptuously of the successes of such epics as the *Æneid*, the *Henriad*, and the *Messiad*.

The English school has been, as a rule, nearly as enthusiastic as the French in its admiration of the great Mantuan; nor was

* 'Virgile,' writes Sainte-Beuve, 'depuis l'heure où il parut a été le poète de la Latinité tout entière.'

his reputation ever in better keeping than it has been in the present generation, in the refined and scholarly hands of the late Professor Conington and his brilliant successor, Professor Nettleship; while the fascinating work of Professor Sellar, to which we have already referred, has afforded even to those who cannot read Latin a means of thoroughly understanding the literary epoch in which the Virgilian poems were produced, as well as the life and personal characteristics of the poet, and the motive, style, and character of each of his works. Nor can those even who are most familiar with the language of Virgil fail to draw from Professor Sellar's pages an apprehension of much in the genius of the poet that was unfelt by them before, and a new sense of enjoyment of the charm of his mind and style. Indeed, we are not aware that in England any classical critic, eminent in any way, has committed himself to a verdict of well-nigh unqualified condemnation, except Mr. Gladstone, who, conspicuous in many ways, is in nothing more remarkable than in the unerring certainty with which in matters of literary criticism he takes the wrong side. Dante saw in the poems of Virgil the *anima cortese Mantovana*. Mr. Gladstone* writes that 'with rare exceptions the reader of Virgil finds himself utterly at a loss to see at any point the soul of the poet reflected in his work'; describes him as 'reckless alike in major and minor matters as to all the inner harmonies' of his poem; and finds in him 'a torpor in the faculties, a defect in the habit of mind by which Homer should be appreciated'—a criticism which seems to us, we own, not inaptly to characterise certain recent lucubrations on Homer and the Olympian deities, which owe our mention of them here not nearly so much to their intrinsic importance as to the eminence of their author.

But this kind of criticism, which seeks to settle the place of Virgil among the poets of the world by inquiring how near he approached the Homeric standard, is by no means peculiar to that statesman. From one point of view, the whole discussion has been a literary duel between France and Germany, in which all the cunning of fence has been on the French side; from another, between the admirers of the age of conscious power and the age of artless *naïveté*. We cannot conceive the author of the Homeric poems beating his desk or biting his nails in search of an idea or an expression, but as little can we imagine him giving utterance to Virgil's proud anticipation of the immortality which the heroism of Nisus and Euryalus will

* 'Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age.'

share with his 'powerfull rime.*' Hence we are conscious of a nearness to Virgil which we cannot feel for Homer. Virgil is a person, an Artist; Homer is impersonal, a Presence or Power. The whole of the Homeric poetry is penetrated with childlike simplicity. Professor Sellar has shown how from this point of view the tide of taste in the present day tends to set against Virgil:—

'Again, the greater nearness of the Augustan age, not in time only but in spirit and manners, to our own age, which in the last century told in Virgil's favour in the comparison with Homer, tells the other way now. The critics of the last century were interested in other ages in so far as they appeared to be like their own. The rude vigour and stirring incident of the Homeric Age or the Middle Ages had no attraction for men living under the régime of Louis XIV. and XV., or of Queen Anne and the first Georges. What an illustrious living Frenchman says of the great representative of French ideas in the last century might be said generally of its criticism. "Voltaire," says M. Renan, "understood neither the Bible, nor Homer, nor Greek art, nor the ancient religions, nor Christianity, nor the Middle Ages." And yet he was prepared to pronounce his judgment on them by the light of that admirable common-sense which he applied to the questions of his own day. One of the great gains of the nineteenth century over former centuries consists in its more vital knowledge of the past. The imaginative interest now felt in times of nascent and immature civilizations all tell in favour of Homer and against Virgil. This new direction given to imaginative and speculative curiosity, while greatly enhancing the interest felt, not in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* only, but in the primitive epics of various races, has proportionately lowered that felt in the literary epics belonging to times of advanced civilization. Recognizing the radical difference between the two kinds of representation, some recent criticism refuses to the latter altogether the title of epic poetry, and relegates it to some province of imitative and composite art.'

The question whether the *Æneid* is an epic poem at all, or not, seems to us neither very interesting nor very important. The *Æneid*, like the rose, 'by any other name will smell as sweet.' Undoubtedly it endeavours, and with but moderate success, to reconcile two conflicting elements—a traditional epic framework, and the feelings and manners of Virgil's own highly artificial age. No one can fail to observe at once the prevailing effort to reproduce Homer externally. His characters are

* Another interesting token of self-consciousness is the passage (*Æn.* ix. 79) where the poet apologizes for the miracle which was so offensive to Voltaire, the transformation of the galleys into goddesses of the sea: 'I tell an old tale as 'twas told to me,' *'Prisca fides facta, sed fama perennis.'*

borrowed,

borrowed, his similes, his incidents, even some of the most trifling, as when Nisus in the *Æneid** loses the race in consequence of precisely the same misadventure which befell Ajax in the *Iliad*.† But when we look for internal resemblance, when we view the poems as it were from within, and ask how did each poet look at the world, the contrast is what strikes us. Wherein ought two epic poets to agree more closely than in their way of regarding war? Here we find the difference between Homer and Virgil most marked. No sooner is the Greek poet in the *mêlée* of the combatants than he is drunk with the joy of battle; it is his delight to chronicle the most ghastly wounds, and to tell how the victor jeers at his prostrate foe. The Latin poet, in the tenth book of the *Æneid*, forces himself to sustain for a while this uncongenial strain. But his heart is not in it. He gives us, as in duty bound, the arm hanging from the shoulder by the sinews, the thick blood vomited from the dying mouth, and tells how the slayer,

‘Tugging hard, with labour wrenches back
The weapon sticking deep amid the bones.’‡

But he turns even more gladly than the reader from the sickening scene, and takes refuge in a mere list of killed and killers:—

‘Cædicius Alcathoum obtruncat, Sacrator Hydaspen;
Partheniumque Rapo et prædurum viribus Orsen;
Messapus Cloniumque Lycaoniumque Ericeten.’§

Even in the very heart and thick of the fight, instead of luxuriating in the carnage like his Greek master, his mood is so gentle, that when he relates the painful incident of the death of the twin sons of Daucus by the hands of Pallas, what he thinks of most is what a joy the twins must have been to their parents, who

‘Sore perplex each for the other took,
Nor wished the sweet uncertainty resolved.’||

When *Æneas*¶ thrusts his spear through the tunic of Lausus, we read how it

‘rent the vest
His mother’s hand had broidered o’er with gold.’

* v. 333.

† xxiii. 774.

‡ *Æn.* x. 383. This is the version of Canon Thornhill, which, with other recent versions, will subsequently be further considered. Meantime, we will give his, Conington’s, or Mr. Morris’s renderings of passages from Books vii.-xii., and Sir C. Bowen’s for Books i.-vi.

§ x. 747-9.

|| x. 302.

¶ x. 818.

His heart is not in the battle ; he is really on the side of the mothers who curse it.* He tells us, not how the braves revelled in the delight of the approaching conflict, but how the mothers felt its horrors :—

‘ Et trepidæ matres pressere ad pectora natos.’ †

Homer, on the other hand, feels that Zeus can afford to neglect the murmurs of the other Olympians, so long as he can feed his eyes on the sight that he loved :—

‘ Apart from the rest he sate, and to fill his eyes was fain

With the gleam of the brass and the fate of the slayers and them
that were slain.’ ‡

We sometimes meet a passage in the Iliad which makes us feel uncertain whether we are in presence of the childhood of the world, or of something more like its modern barbarism—in mythland or in Zululand. When Iphidamas falls under the sword of Agamemnon, § the poet commiserates his fate in perishing,

‘ Or e’er he had joy of his bride and the gifts that he gat her withal,’

and then goes on to detail the valuable consideration—100 beeves, 1000 goats, and so forth—which he had given for a bride he was never to possess ; the pity of it was that he had had no return for his expenditure. If this way of looking at wedded love is essential to the true epic vein, we have something to console us for the absence of the epic spirit in the *anima cortese Mantovana*.

It is probably to this reluctance to deal with scenes of carnage that we owe a very charming feature in the *Æneid*. It is because the poet feels constrained to look for other means of interesting his readers in the war that he gives his picturesque and elaborate descriptions of the gatherings of the leaguered clans, with their arms and accoutrements, which, in the magic use made of historic names, remind us of like qualities in Scott and Milton, and which transcend in affluent detail and poetic colouring the meagre catalogues of the Iliad, as much as the Homeric battle-pieces surpass the Virgilian. In Homer, the different Greek peoples are all exactly the same, and differ very little from the Trojans ; in Virgil, some dozen tribes are minutely differentiated. Moreover, those same catalogues have enabled him to give detailed expression to his enthusiastic love of his

* ‘ Bellaque matribus detestata.’—HOM. OD. I. I. 25.

† *Æn.* vii. 518.

‡ *Il.* xi. 75.

§ *xi.* 240.

native land, which bursts forth in the invocation in the second Georgic* :—

‘Hail, clime of Saturn! mighty mother of tilth,
Mighty mother of heroes!’

All this is of course conscious art, and brings before us an age which looks behind and around itself like a man, not straight in front, like a child. Thersites is as hideous as the spiteful sister, or the wicked uncle, or the bad giant must be perforce in the child’s fairy tale, which can see no goodness in things evil, and does not care to make any appeal to experience to correct the exuberance of fancy. Here is the temperately drawn picture of Drances, the Thersites of the *Æneid* † :—

‘True to his wont unfailing Drances rose,
His spiteful soul by Turnus’ glory vexed,
And thwart-eyed envy’s bitter-rankling stings—
Rich, nor withal a niggard of his wealth
For party needs; ready and shrewd of tongue,
But cold and spiritless of hand for war;
No mean adviser deem’d at council board;
A deep intriguer, versed in all the arts
Of faction and cabal.’

Exaggeration Virgil is studious to avoid; yet he will actually reverse the truth in the interests of art. What could be more charming than the picture which he draws of the fleet of *Æneas* gliding up the Tiber! ‡

‘So grateful now with shouts auspicious raised
They speed their way begun, the well-pitched keels
All slipping lightly through the shoaly flood,
While woods and waves with utter wonder see
The shields of warriors flashing far ahead,
And painted hulls afloat upon the stream;

* Georg. ii. 173. On the subject of Virgil’s catalogues, Mr. Gladstone observes: ‘Virgil, in his imitation of the Homeric catalogues, . . . with vast and indeed rather painful effort, carries us through his long list at a laboriously sustained elevation.’ Mr. Nettleship has admirably shown that the catalogue is an essential and integral part in the design of the *Æneid*, which puts before its readers an Italy infested by savages, and even monsters, but finally, through the agency of *Æneas*, subdued and civilized. In addition to this, the catalogue has the relevancy ascribed to it in the text, and is highly interesting as an instance of the first attempt to enlist archæology in the service of imagination—an effort which has, ‘with indeed rather painful effort,’ been made by M. Flaubert in ‘*Salammbô*.’ Other statements of Mr. Gladstone concerning Virgil in his *Homeric Studies* show a curious inaccuracy, combined with a definiteness of language which experience has since taught him to avoid. When he wrote (vol. iii. p. 532) that Virgil ‘has nowhere placed on his canvas the figure of the bard among the abodes of men,’ it is strange that he should have forgotten not only *Cretheus* (ix. 774), but even the bard *Iopas*, who occupies such a prominent place at *Dido’s* feast, which is so brilliantly described at the close of the first book of the *Æneid*.
† xi. 336. ‡ viii. 91.

With beat of oars they wear out day and night,
 And, mounting, leave full many a bend behind
 And lengthy reach, with varied foliage fringed,
 And, pictured in the river's stilly depths,
 Cleave the green forests 'neath the grassy plain.'

His learning told him that, at the time of Æneas' supposed arrival in Italy, and long after, the banks which bordered the river near its mouth were a waste of sandy flats.* But no frowning scene should meet the eyes of the fated author of the Roman race. He describes the Ostia of his own day, with its charming environs, with the banks of the river dotted with villa and garden to the very city, while its surface is gay with a flotilla of pleasure-boats.

But at the same time we must remember that we are not reading in the *Æneid* a modern romance. The character of Æneas has been condemned as imperfectly realized, and as cold and unfeeling; even his good qualities, such as his filial piety, have been ridiculed† as un-epic. But one charge has been brought against the treatment of his character which rests on a completely modern conception. It is alleged that the real hero of the poem is Turnus, who is ready to die for the woman whom he loves; and Mr. Gladstone especially dwells on 'the superior character and attractions of Turnus.' On this point we would quote the acute and decisive comment of Prof. Nettleship in the Essay already referred to:—

'When Æneas lands in Latium to seek the alliance of Latinus and to found his city, divine oracles, widely known throughout the Italian cities, had spoken of a stranger who was to wed Latinus' daughter, and to lay the foundation of a world-wide empire. Æneas, through his ambassador, announces his landing, and asks for a simple alliance with Latinus; Latinus offers this and the hand of his daughter besides. The king can in any case bestow his daughter as he chooses; and in reading Virgil it must be remembered always that Lavinia is never really betrothed to Turnus, who is only a suitor among other suitors, and differing from the rest in nothing but his ancestry and his beauty, and in having the favour of the queen-mother Amata on his side. To stir up a war for the sake of mere personal inclination against a cause manifestly favoured by the will of the gods would, from the point of view of the ancient religions, as surely have been thought impious and perverse, as, from a modern

* Servius tells us that the historian Fabius Maximus describes the region bordering the mouth of the Tiber as 'agrum macerrimum litorosissimumque.'

† Among the pictures found at Pompeii is one which caricatures the flight of Æneas from Troy. It represents an ape in armour carrying an aged ape on its shoulders, and leading a young one by the hand. Compare also Ovid, *Trist.* ii. 533, 534, where he cannot resist a jest at the expense of the immaculate Æneas.

point of view, it appears natural to centre our interest on the adventurous warrior who is ready to sacrifice his life for his love. But Virgil is not to be read as if he were a modern writer of romance, but to be interpreted according to the ideas of his time. We find in the *Æneid* no genuine trace of sympathy either for Turnus or for the cause which he represents. Such sympathy is a feeling induced by the spirit and associations of modern literature. When the treaty between *Æneas* and *Latinus* is apparently concluded, it is the element of obstinate female passion, represented among the gods by *Juno*, and among men by the queen *Amata*, joined to the headstrong violence of *Turnus*, which confounds the peace and embroils all in a long series of discord. The queen of heaven, unable to bend the gods above, stoops to move the powers of hell.'

The fact is that we must not expect in *Æneas* a character with whom we can sympathize from a romantic point of view. He is the Man of Destiny, and must go where the Fates lead him. But he has all the high qualities which may belong to the Man of Destiny. His manners are always princely; even in the scenes where he is forced to cast off *Dido*, impelled as he is by a grander will than his own, he preserves the grand air, a mien worthy of Aristotle's *Megalopsyche*. The episode of the death of *Lausus* strikes the note of mediæval chivalry; the noble words addressed by *Æneas* to the dying boy might have been spoken by Sir *Launcelot*, or shall we say Sir *Percivale* or Sir *Galahad*? For the character of *Æneas*, as has been observed by Professor Sellar,

'is more like that of the milder among the spiritual rulers of mediæval Rome than that either of the Homeric heroes or of the actual Consuls and Emperors who commanded the Roman armies and administered the affairs of the Roman State. It has been said of him that he was more fitted to be the founder of an order of monks than of an empire.'

But the mission of *Æneas* was no quest of the Holy Grail, but to carry out the divine decree by which Rome was to rule the world for the world's good.

Virgil showed great judgment in his choice of *Æneas* as his hero. He was determined to abandon the mythological epic handled so skilfully by the Alexandrine school of poetry. *Varro Atacinus*, *Cornelius Gallus*, *Calvus*, and *Catullus*—the last with distinguished success—had worked this vein; and *Statius* and *Valerius Flaccus* were destined afterwards to achieve with it a success which we now find it difficult to understand. In the beginning of the third *Georgic*, however, Virgil declares his belief that the myth-theme is exhausted, *omnia iam vulgata*, and he resolves not to adopt it. On the other hand, the historical epic

epic had been successful in the hands of Ennius and Nævius, and was again to win laurels for Silius Italicus and Lucan. Even in his own time, poems were constructed on the defeat of Vercingetorix and the death of Cæsar. Neither of those two schools of poetry did Virgil propose to join. He wished to take a middle course, and to write an epic which should resemble one school in taking for its plot the fortunes of Rome, and the other in linking itself with the cycle of Greek mythology. In the Eclogues and Georgics he had begun by seeking his inspiration from Alexandria; and in the *Æneid* we often find him walking in the steps of the Alexandrine poets, especially Apollonius Rhodius. Yet in the same poem so close a follower is he of the old singer of his country's weal and woe that Seneca calls him an Ennianist—no term of praise in his mouth. Indeed, as a poem which, while professedly relating the adventures of an individual, really has for its hero the poet's own nation, the *Æneid* resembles no work of imagination so closely as it resembles the series of Shakspeare's historical plays.

He found the required link between the two kinds of epic in the person of *Æneas*, and he had in him a hero in every way fitted for his purpose. *Æneas* is invariably put by Homer in a most dignified light. He is coupled with Hector as one of the two great champions of Troy; it is to him that appeal is made in time of trouble, and it is never made in vain. His first appearance in the *Iliad* * has little to suggest to us the dignified and somewhat stilted hero of the *Æneid*. He comes out 'like a lion,' and rushes on Diomedes with a terrible roar. Diomedes smites him on the hip with a huge stone which he hurls at him. But here, as elsewhere, *Æneas* is under the special care of the gods, and escapes the humiliation of defeat. His appearances are few and short, and invariably excite the interest of the gods. If Virgil had chosen a hero more prominent in the *Iliad*, he would have exposed himself to a dangerous comparison with Homer; a less dignified hero would not have been a worthy ancestor of the Roman race.

The *Æneid* is addressed to patricians—to the Trojagenæ of Rome. Its most striking characteristic is the prevailing distinction of its tone. The poet seems always to have before his mind's eye the homes, the lives, the habits of the great and noble. A curious instance of this is afforded by vii. 579 ff., where the frenzy of Amata's wanderings is illustrated by the gyrations of a top whipped by boys 'round great empty courts.'

* v. 299.

The simile—one of the few of which Virgil seems to have been the creator, not the borrower—is far from happy, indeed is almost grotesque; but it suggests that the scene of the boys' play is some great noble's palace. The same remark applies to another of his similes—one which perhaps comes next to this in its far-fetched oddity, and which the poet borrowed from Apollonius Rhodius. But a ray of light reflected from a tub of water is less strangely compared to the fluttering heart of Medea than to the fluctuating mind of Æneas. The allusion to the princely mansion is quite peculiar to the Latin poet; there is not even a hint of it in the Greek * :—

'And turns to every side his shifting thought:
E'en as in brazen water-vats the beam
Of trembling light reflected from the sun,
Or radiant image of the silvery moon,
Keeps ever flitting every place around,
From wall to wall, and upward darting now
Plays on the fretwork of the panelled roof.'

Here the poetry of the simile in the Greek poem has suffered in the Virgilian reproduction of it. But conversely in the fine passage †—

'Through shadow the chieftain soon
Dimly discerned her face, as a man, when the month is but young,
Sees, or believes he has seen, amid cloudlets shining, the moon'—

'the whole poetical power of the passage consists in the application of the image to the sudden recognition by Æneas of the pale and shadowy form of his forsaken love, dimly discerned through the gloom of the lower world.'‡ In the Greek nothing is denoted but the indistinctness with which Lynceus discerns the distant Heracles. So, too, in a fine passage§ in the sixth book, Virgil breathes all the poetry into the verses of Apollonius Rhodius, which merely compare a concourse of people, 'thick as leaves in Vallombrosa,' to the forest-foliage scattered by the breath of autumn; in Virgil, the withered leaves are the pale ghosts, and the frost is the chill touch of Death :—

'Down to the bank of the river the streaming shadows repair,
Mothers, and men, and the lifeless bodies of those who were
Generous heroes, boys that are beardless, maidens unwed,
Youths to the death-pile carried before their fathers were dead.
Many as forest leaves that in autumn's earliest frost
Flutter and fall, or as birds that in bevies flock to the coast
Over the sea's deep hollows, when winter chilly and froze
Drives them across far waters to land on a sunnier shore.'

* Æn. viii. 21-25.

‡ Prof. Sellar, p. 407.

† vi. 453.

§ vi. 309.

Professor Conington on this passage, in a note showing characteristic fineness of perception, illustrates the feeling that was in Virgil's mind by the well-known converse of the comparison in Shelley's 'Ode to the West Wind,' where the 'leaves dead' are compared to 'ghosts from the enchanter fleeing,' and described as

'Yellow and black and pale and hectic red
Pestilence-stricken multitudes.'

Was it this passage which suggested to Gabriel Dante Rossetti those lines of Shakspearean bigness of conception and Tennysonian perfection of execution?—

'How then should sound upon life's darkening slope
The ground-whirl of the perish'd leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?'

But we have already, perhaps, said more than enough on the general characteristics of a poem which, more than any other great work of imagination in any language, really depends for its interest rather on its episodes and on the brilliancy of verses taken here and there apart from their context—of jewels that need no setting to enhance their lustre—than on our grasp of the poem as a whole. It is this feeling which has dictated the barren-seeming yet withal fascinating discussion as to the relative merits of the first six books of the *Æneid* and the last six. It is at once apparent that the *Æneid* falls into two halves, and that in the first we have an *Odyssey*, and in the second an *Iliad*. The one contains the adventures and wanderings of *Æneas* till he reaches the mouth of the *Tiber*; the other his struggles to win his way by the sword in the promised land. The first half has generally been greatly preferred. It has been held that, having gained the dizzy altitude of his mid-flight, it was inevitable that he should 'stoop from his æryr tour.' The terrors of the siege of *Troy*, the adventures of the voyage which finally led him to *Carthage*, the passionate love-tale of which *Carthage* was the scene, the descent into *Hell*—all this had beggared the resources of imagination. *Voltaire* made himself the champion of this view, while *Chateaubriand* espoused the other side. He maintained that the most tender and impressive utterances of the poet are to be found in the last six books. Even if this were true, it would hardly prove his case; but it seems to us that by far the larger number are to be found in the earlier books, which, moreover, are far more striking and picturesque. There is no female character in the poem which can compare with *Dido* in delicacy and vigour of

of portraiture; and the second and third books hang like a gorgeous drop-scene before the tragedy enacted in the fourth. Yet, on the other hand, one can see that the poet's task was far harder when he left the scenes glorified by all the prismatic hues of Greek imagination, and turned to the yet unsung shores of Italy. Was he conscious of an inferiority in the execution of the latter portion of his work? We think not. At the beginning of the seventh book, in invoking the Muse, he exclaims—

‘Maior rerum mihi nascitur ordo;
Maius opus moveo;’

and it is in a passage in the ninth book, already referred to, that he contemplates for Nisus and Euryalus an immortality to be conferred by his poem:—

‘Blest pair! if aught my verse avail,
No day shall make your memory fail
From off the heart of time,
While Capitol abides in place,
The mansion of the Æneian race,
And throned upon that moveless base
Rome's father sits sublime.’

Juvenal selects the description of Allecto in the seventh book as the best specimen of Virgil's inspiration; and Dante seems to have been most deeply moved by the closing scenes of the work when he speaks of his beloved Italy as the land

‘Per cui morio la Vergine Cammilla
Eurialo et Turno et Niso di ferute.’

A very interesting account of the translators of Virgil into verse up to his own time was given by the late Professor Conington in the ‘Quarterly Review’ for 1861.* The most remarkable versions since that time have been first, of course, Conington's own translation of the Æneid into the octosyllabic measure which Sir W. Scott used so successfully in his metrical romances; and, more recently, the versions by Mr. William Morris, Canon Thornhill, and Lord Justice Sir Charles Bowen. Mr. Morris has adopted the long fourteen-syllabled metre of Chapman's ‘Homer,’ which had already been employed by an early translator of Virgil, Thomas Phaer (1558–1573). We must own that we were disappointed with his ‘Æneids of Virgil.’ We did not find in it that deftness of phrase-making and that easy command of rhythm which distinguish ‘The Earthly Paradise’ and many of the sonnets of one to whom we

* No. 219, pp. 73–114.

unhesitatingly accord a place in the small and distinguished company of living poets. In the 'Æneids of Virgil' he was unfortunate in the choice of a subject. His chief gift is to be able to throw round his theme a kind of archaic halo, an old epic atmosphere, which is so deftly generated that the reader wanders enchanted with his modern guide through ancient mythland. But this old-world tone, so invaluable in a translator of Homer, or even of Apollonius Rhodius, is entirely unsuitable to Virgil, who, in dealing with language, is abreast of his age, or even in front of it; whose chief characteristics are a delicate intricacy of expression and a terse pointedness, the corruption of which generated the stilted poetry of silver Latinity; whose style, in fine, far more readily suggests a comparison with Mr. Ruskin or Matthew Arnold than with Sir Thomas Mallory or Spenser. Hence the sense of incongruity inspired by such Wardour-Street English as *eyen* and *clepe*, and by such lines as—

'That hence a folk, kings far and wide, most noble lords of fight,
Should come for bane of Libyan land: such web the Parcæ dight.' *

Or—

'Unto the fatherland of storm, full fruitful of the gale,
Æolia hight, where Æolus is king of all avail.' †

We will give as a sample of his work the fine speech of Dido ‡ after she has resolved to destroy herself, and we will put beside it the same passage from the two other most recent versions:—

'Ah, Jove! and is he gone?

And shall a very stranger mock the lordship I have won?

Why arm they not? Why gather not from all the town in chase?

Ho ye! Why run ye not the ships down from their standing place?

Quick, bring the fire! shake out the sails! hard on the oars to sea!

What words are these? Or where am I? What madness changeth me?

Unhappy Dido! now at last thine evil deed strikes home.

Ah, better when thou mad'st him lord—lo whereunto are come

His faith and troth who erst, they say, his country's house-gods held,
The while he took upon his back his father spent with eld?

Why! might not I have shred him up and scattered him piecemeal

About the sea, and slain his friends, his very son, with steel,

Ascanius on his father's board for dainty meat to lay?

But doubtful, say ye, were the fate of battle? Yea, O yea!

What might I fear, who was to die—if I had borne the fire

Among their camp, and filled his decks with flame, and son and sire

Quenched with their whole folk, and myself had cast upon it all?'

* i. 21, 22.

† i. 51, 52.

‡ iv. 590-306.

We place beside this the version of Sir C. Bowen, which, in its plain, manly, straightforward vigour, affords a strong contrast to the artificial simplicity of Mr. Morris's verses, and which would be in many respects adequate except for the metre (of which more anon):—

' Father of Earth and of Heaven! and shall this stranger, she cries,
Wend on his treacherous way, flout Dido's realm as he flies?
Leaps no sword from the scabbard? Is Tyre not yet on his trail?
None of ye warping the ships from the dockyards, hoisting the sail?
Forth with the flame and the arrow! To sea and belabour the
main!

Ah, wild words! Is it Dido? Has madness troubled her brain?
Ah, too late, poor Dido! The sin comes home to thee now!
Then was the hour to consider, when thou wast crowning his brow.
Look ye! The faith and honour of him who still, as they say,
Carries on shipboard with him his Trojan gods on the way!
Bore on his shoulders his aged sire! Ah, had I not force
Limb from limb to have torn him, and piecemeal scattered his corse
Over the seas? His crews to have slain, and, banquet of joy,
Served on the father's table the flesh of Iulus the boy?
Even were chance in the battle unequal,—death was at hand.
Whom had Dido to fear? I had borne to his vessels the brand,
Filled with flames each deck, each hold—child, people, and sire
Whelmed in a blazing ruin, and flung myself on the pyre!

The same passage as translated by Canon Thornhill well illustrates the extreme vigour of his work, whilst it labours under the characteristic defect of diffuseness:—

' Shall he then go? Go, and our kingdom left
Insulted, mocked, to point a rover's scoff!
What, lieges, ho!—Will they not arm and out,
All Carthage, quick? Not chase the faithless foe?
Nor pluck those laggard vessels from the docks?
Away! forth fire and sword! ply sail and oar!—
Yet hold; what words are these? where, what this place?
What madness whirls my brain? Ah, wretched queen,
Needs guilty deed to touch thy dainty sense?
Late wail'd what's done; wise hadst thou rued in time,
When heart and sceptre at thy giving lay.
Mirror of knighthood's truth! and this is he,
The world-famed prince that ever with him bears
His country's gods about! the model son,
Who on his back did safe from foes bear off
The helpless burden of his aged sire!
Might not this hand—fool, to forbear the deed!—
Have shred his mangled carcase to the waves,
Slain friends and followers, yea, done to death

Ascanius' self, and at the father's board
 Have served him up his murdered boy to boot?
 True, 'twere to fight at risk; but what of that?
 Self-doom'd to death whom—what—had I to fear?
 No; I had fired their fleet, each gangway filled,
 And smothering deck with flame, slain sire and son,
 With all the cursed brood extinct, and crowned
 The blazing ruin with myself and mine!'

These three renderings of Dido's soliloquy seem to us about as characteristic of the merits and defects of the several authors as any we could have chosen. We could have selected more favourable specimens of the powers of Sir Charles Bowen and Canon Thornhill. Here is a passage* in which the former very skilfully reproduces that sympathy which the face and voice of Nature awaken in the poet:—

'Come, Galatea, where in the waves can a merriment be?
 Here are the golden blooms of spring; Earth bountiful, see,
 Here by the river scatters her bright-hued flow'rs evermore,
 Over the cavern hangs one poplar of silvery white,
 Lissom vines have woven a roof that shades it from light;
 Come! Let the madcap billows in thunder break on the shore.'

In the last lines of Jupiter's speech in the first book† the translator rises with the poet:—

'Then Cæsar of Troy's bright blood shall be born
 Bounding his throne by the ocean, his fame by the firmament floor
 Julius high, from Iulus, his great forefather of yore.
 Thine ere long to receive him in heaven, thy fears at an end,
 Laden with Eastern trophies. To him too vows shall ascend.
 Rude Time, waxing mellow, shall lay fierce battles aside,
 White-haired Faith with Vesta, Quirinus and Remus allied,
 Rule with justice the nations, and speedily War's grim gates
 Close with their iron bolts and their iron-riveted plates.
 Sinful Rebellion within, an imprisoned Fury, the while
 Piling her fiendish weapons, shall sit firm bound on the pile,
 Hands in a thousand fetters behind her manacled fast,
 Blood-red lips still yelling her thunder-yells to the blast.'

We have not space for as many extracts as we would gladly make from Sir Charles's work, and we must refer our readers to the sombre strain which tells of the descent into Hell,‡ beginning—

'So unseen in the darkness they went by night on the road
 Down the unpeopled kingdom of Death, and his ghostly abode,'
 and to the splendid speech of Anchises at the end of the sixth book, of which we can only quote the closing lines:—

* Ecl. ix. 38-43.

† i. 286-296.

‡ vi. 268-281.

"Child

“Child of a nation's sorrow! if thou canst baffle the Fates'
 Bitter decrees, and break for a while their barrier gates,
 Thine to become Marcellus! I pray thee, bring me anon
 Handfuls of lilies, that I bright flowers may strew on my son,
 Heap on the shade of the boy unborn these gifts at the least,
 Doing the dead, tho' vainly, the last sad service.” He ceased.'

The Lord Justice has also been very successful in couplets here and there, in which he has managed to preserve great spirit in an absolutely literal rendering, as for instance—

'Far on the watery waste he beheld Troy's company driven,
 Trojans crushed by the waves and the wrack and ruin of heaven.' *

And—

'Come, let us perish, and charge to the heart of the enemies' line.
 One hope only remains for the conquered—hope to resign.' †

Canon Thornhill is perhaps most successful in Dido's fierce denunciation of her faithless lover ‡:—

'Nor goddess gave thee birth, false-hearted wretch,
 Nor Dardanus thy miscreant kind begot,
 But thou from flinty Caucasus was hewn,
 Congenial grain! and tigers gave thee suck.
 Yes, why mince words, and wait for baser wrong?
 What! see me weep, nor heave one kindly sigh!
 Moved he those eyes? shed he one answering tear?
 Yea, was e'en pity to my pangs denied?
 But why note this or that, or how award
 The palm for worst where barbarous all alike?
 Ay me! not man alone—not Juno now,
 Nor Jove himself hath ruth of wretches' wrong!
 Yes, yes; no trusting more of Earth or Heaven.
 This ingrate I, what time our angry waves
 Flung out the needy waif upon these shores,
 Not housed alone and fed, but bade him share—
 Ah, fool—my throne and state, and snatched withal
 His shattered barques and starving crews from death.
 Ha! that way madness lies—my brain's afire!
 'Tis Phoebus now—'tis now some Lycian seer—
 Anon—and special sent of Jove himself—
 E'en Heaven's own herald cleaves his æry way
 To bear the dread command. Yes, fitting task,
 Belike, for god's employ! such cares—'tis apt!—
 Must ruffle Heaven's repose! But I, good sooth,
 Nor court thy stay nor deign thy lies refute.'

This very spirited rendering of the Dublin scholar is, it must be owned, affluent to diffuseness, containing ten lines more

* i. 128.

† ii. 353.

‡ iv. 365-380.

than the Latin, and it will be noticed that there is a heightening of the tone which almost amounts to exaggeration. 'Wretch,' 'miscreant,' 'barbarous,' are not in the Latin, and *dicta* is not *lies*; on the other hand, 'that way madness lies' is very happily adopted from 'King Lear.' Conington, with his shorter measure, uses one line less. We quote his rendering to show that, with all his skill, in a really impassioned passage his ambling metre drags him down:—

'No goddess bore thee, traitorous man:
Nor Dardanus your race began;
No; 'twas from Caucasus you sprung,
And tigers nursed you with their young.
Why longer wear the mask, as though
I waited for some heavier blow?
Heaved he one sigh at tears of mine?
Moved he those hard impassive eyne?
Did one kind drop of pity fall
At thought of her who gave him all?
What first, what last? Now, now I know
Queen Juno's self has turned my foe:
Not e'en Saturnian Jove is just:
No faith on earth, in heaven no trust.
A shipwrecked wanderer up and down
I made him share my home, my crown:
His shattered fleet, his needy crew
From fire and famine's jaws I drew.
Ah, Furies whirl me! now divine
Apollo, now the Lycian shrine,
Now heaven's own herald comes, to bear
His grisly mandate through the air!
Aye, gods above ply tasks like these;
Such cares disturb their life of ease.—
I loathe your person, scorn your pleas.'

Both Sir Charles Bowen and Canon Thornhill are thoroughly trustworthy in point of scholarship. Both show a careful and judicious use of the admirable commentary of Conington and Nettleship, and in the case of the former we can discern an independent power of insight and apprehension. Hence the misconceptions of the earlier translators have disappeared from the work of the Lord Justice and the Canon. Thus Conington makes it quite clear that when Dido exclaims,

'Quem sese ore ferens! quam forti pectore et armis!'

she is expressing her admiration of the stout chest and broad shoulders of Æneas*; so Enid, as she looks on her sleeping lord, cries—

* Æn. iv. 11. *Armis* comes from *armus*, 'a shoulder,' not from *arma*.

'O noble breast and all-puissant arms!'

In accordance with this interpretation, which is certainly right, Sir Charles Bowen renders—

'Who is the stranger come to our palace halls as a guest?
Princely his bearing—a hero's arms and a hero's breast.'

And Canon Thornhill:—

'What face and mien—didst mark? and bearing high!
What noble breast and stalwart might of arm!'

No doubt Lord Tennyson had this passage in his mind when he wrote the lines which we have quoted from 'Enid and Geraint'; the poet saw the real meaning of a passage which was misapprehended by the earlier commentators, who made *armis* 'deeds of arms, warlike achievements.' In 'Cymbeline' (IV. ii. 308), Imogen, in her grief, dwells even more forcibly on physical endowments:—

'The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules.'

The pretty phrase, *radiisque retexerit orbem*,* is as prettily turned by Sir C. Bowen into 'uncurtains the land'; and *vir gregis ipse caper*† really gains point as 'our sultan goat.' But he is completely surpassed by the Dublin translator in turning

'Ast ego quæ divum incedo regina.'‡

What could be better than

'I who queen it through these courts of heaven.'

How poor beside this is Sir C. Bowen's

'I who in high heaven move as a queen;'

and Conington's

'I who through heaven its mistress move;'

and Mr. Morris's

'I who go forth queen of the gods.'

Canon Thornhill is, we think, guided by a true instinct in appropriating, when it is ready to his hand, some happy classicism of Tennyson or Milton. For instance:—

'This way and that dividing the swift mind'

* Æneid, iv. 119.

† Ecl. vii. 7.

‡ Æn. i. 46.

is far better than Sir C. Bowen's

'Hither and thither he hurries his thought:'

ætheria lapsa plaga is exactly 'stoop'd from his æery tour'; *toto præceps se corpore ad undas mersit* very probably suggested Milton's 'throws his steep flight,' which may therefore fairly be restored to its owner. Less obvious, but as pleasing, is Canon Thornhill's adoption of Shakspeare's 'a pliant hour' for *mollissima fandi tempora*,* and, for another passage,† of Milton's

'Towards heaven's descent doth slope his west'ring wheel.'

He would have done well to apply the same principle oftener. Virgil's delicate expression,

'Solane perpetua mærens carpere iuventa,'‡

has no closer parallel than Shakspeare's 'withering on the virgin thorn.' Again, in *Æn.* iv. 530—

'aut pectore noctem

Accipit,'

the translators have failed to take advantage of Lord Tennyson's musical echo,—

'She ever failed to draw

The quiet night into her blood.'

But the chief defect of both these excellent works lies in the metre; and the metre is all-important in reproducing the effect of the original poem. 'Art thou that Virgil?'—the question of Dante—must be put to every adventurous spirit who attempts to clothe Virgil in the garb of a new tongue. And we must answer No, if an unsuitable metre is chosen, or a suitable metre is inadequately handled.

The Dublin translator has chosen the metre which is, in our judgment, better fitted than any other, except, perhaps, the heroic couplet, to give the impression of the Latin hexameter; but our readers will have already seen that he has not mastered that most elusive of arts, the power to make blank verse sing. It is impossible by any analysis to fix the quality or qualities which make the 'Idylls of the King' poetry, while the 'Epic of Hades' is merely measured prose. Mr. Worsley, in his Preface to his *Iliad*, attempts to tell us what blank verse means: 'An essential condition to its existence is, that not the line only, but the whole sentence and paragraph should really scan. A series of blank lines, though each line in itself may be full of

* *Æn.* iv. 293.

† viii. 280, 'Devevo interea propior fit vesper Olympo.'

‡ iv. 32.

merit, is no more blank verse than good bricks are of necessity a good structure.' Now the Dublin scholar often gives admirable lines; but his translation as a whole has the cadence of the 'Epic of Hades'—to which, be it observed, he points as one of the models of English blank verse—rather than that of 'Paradise Lost,' or 'Tithonus.' Dr. Symmons, who early in the last century essayed with poor success to surpass Dryden in the use of his own weapon, the heroic couplet, speaks of blank verse 'as only a laborious and doubtful struggle to escape from the fangs of prose;' adding, that 'if it ever ventures to relax into simple and natural phraseology, it instantly becomes the prey of its pursuer.' Dr. Johnson must have been under the influence of a somewhat similar feeling when he advised poets who did not think themselves capable of astonishing, but only aimed at pleasing, to condescend to rhyme. Dr. Henry, on the other hand, regards rhyming as a crime: 'Drunkenness is an aggravation of, not an excuse for, the outrages of the drunkard; rhyme is an aggravation of, not an excuse for, the outrages of the rhymester.' The Dublin Canon is far from clipping the wings of his ambition in the fashion suggested by Dr. Johnson. His aim is often to astonish, and he has not failed in sometimes achieving it. He is never dull or bald, and we can hardly say as much for any other blank-verse translation of Virgil, from that of the ill-fated Earl of Surrey to the recent version by Mr. Rickards and Lord Ravensworth. But Canon Thornhill has one grievous sin. He is diffuse, and Virgil is the most condensed of poets. Now, he who essays 'the poet's chiming close' has some excuse for diffuseness. Rhyme is a mocking fiend, a wicked Syren, who allures her victims into her toils and then enjoys their struggles. Rhyme can plead no justification for herself. There never was and never will be any reason why thought should express itself in words which produce a certain assonance at certain intervals. Yet, as was said of dicing in Ancient Rome, it will ever be forbidden, and ever practised. Diffuseness is one of the witch's imps. It will always be true, as the witty author of 'Hudibras' maintains, that

'Those who write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense and one for rhyme
They think 's sufficient at one time.'

This is the genesis of the second verse in the couplet by which Dryden translated '*tantæne animis cælestibus iræ*':—

'Can heavenly minds such high resentment show,
Or exercise their spite in human woe?'

The

The same may be said of the last line in Pope's *Iliad* :—

'Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.'

And the same Imp, when Johnson had expressed admirably in one verse a well-known Juvenalian sentiment,*

'Slow rises worth by poverty oppressed,'

hitched on a tag of pitiful bathos :—

'This mournful truth is everywhere confessed.'

But the wielder of blank verse is without excuse for diffuseness ; yet we find that in the passage above, on which we compared Sir C. Bowen, Canon Thornhill, and Mr. Morris, the Latin being seventeen lines in length, Mr. Morris has seventeen verses, Sir Charles Bowen eighteen, and Canon Thornhill twenty-seven. No doubt his measure is shorter than theirs, but Conington, with his short octosyllabics, has two verses less ; and Mr. Rickards, using the same metre as the Canon, gives only twenty. The version by Mr. Rickards and Lord Ravensworth has the merits as well as the defects which arise from a recoil from exuberance. It may fairly claim to be the most condensed translation of the *Æneid* which has appeared. Of course the hexameter, which averages fifteen syllables, cannot always be compressed into a ten-syllabled line ; but their rendering goes as far as possible in this direction. Lord Ravensworth defies all comers to turn into one heroic verse the last line in the description of the shield of *Æneas*,†

'Indomitique Dahæ et pontem indignatus Araxes,'

or the less ambitious

'Troës Agyllinique et pictis Arcades armis.'‡

'Blank verse really deserving of the name,' writes Conington in his Preface, 'I believe to be impossible, except to one or two eminent writers in a generation.' With this opinion we are disposed to agree. Of Englishmen now living, probably no one but Lord Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne could produce blank verse which would be a worthy counterpart of

'The stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man.'

Of the metre which Conington himself has adopted the less said the better. It has spoiled an admirable performance.

* *Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi.*—Sat. iii. 164.

† viii. 728.

‡ xii. 281.

Inextricably entangled as it is in our minds with three subjects,—the biting invective of Swift and Butler, the Oriental love-tales of Byron, and the Border warfare of Scott,—it would offend us even in itself; and, apart from associations, it was fitted to be an equivalent for the varied and long-drawn roll of the *Æneid*. But it is in itself absolutely unsuitable.

‘I admit,’ says the Bishop of Derry,* ‘that Scott can do wonders with the octosyllabic line, when the trumpet of battle is in his ears, or when his spirit gallops with the hunter in the storm of chase along the hills. I admit that Byron has sometimes breathed into it the tempest of his passion, and Wordsworth the chastened wisdom of his meditative morality. But I maintain that there are incurable defects in the measure for a long and serious poem. It cannot be sustained at a high pitch. Its fatal facility is a perpetual temptation.’

Dr. Henry protests with characteristic impetuosity against setting Virgil ‘a-chorusing with Hieland caterans.’ We cannot but participate to some degree in the feeling which makes Dr. Alexander so eloquent and Dr. Henry so indignant. Every metre has its own peculiar associations. The *terza rima* of Dante and the *ottava rima* of Pulci belong, in the phrase of Schiller, to different jurisdictions. Would any sane man think of turning ‘Childe Harold’ into the measure of ‘Hudibras,’ or the ‘Battle of Chevy Chase’ into the Spenserian stanza? Scott contended that, certain superfluous words being omitted, the first two verses of Pope’s *Iliad* would run better in octosyllabics, thus:—

‘Achilles’ wrath, to Greece the spring
Of woes unnumbered, Goddess, sing.’

But the omitted words are not superfluous. They perform a most important function in retarding the metre, and bringing in with the heroic couplet a dignity which is lost in the octosyllabic scurry. If the Muse appeared in answer to such an invocation, she should come with the tripping step of a slipshod waiting-maid answering a bell.

But what shall we say of the metre which Sir Charles Bowen has employed? We cannot help feeling that here, too, a fine piece of work has been spoiled by the metre. Sir Charles urges for it, that it is the Latin hexameter shorn of a syllable, since Coleridge’s line,

‘In the hexameter rises the fountain’s silvery column,’
would become, if the final dissyllable were replaced by a single syllable,

* In a lecture given as one of a series of Lectures on Literature and Art delivered in Dublin in 1868.

‘In the hexameter rises the fountain’s silvery spray.’

Against this plea we would be disposed to protest that the hexameter is not a metre at all unless it is scanned by quantity, and does not even suggest rhythm except to those who are familiar with Greek and Latin poetry; and those it offends. So that to us at least it seems that there is nothing gained by an approximation to the so-called English hexameter. Moreover, the dropping of the final syllable altogether revolutionizes the whole character of the metre, which, after the change, ceases to suggest the hexameter at all. Each metre has its own character, its own expression, which it *may* preserve under considerable modification, but to which the slightest readjustment *may* prove fatal, just as a slight injury might completely change the expression of a human face, which a much more serious lesion might have left unaltered. We feel that we have an iambic line in Lord Tennyson’s

‘Ruining through the illimitable inane,’

though it would be hard to mark the five beats. We might many times read or recite—

‘And Sorrow’s faded form and Solitude behind,’

without observing that it was a Greek *senarius* wanting a *cæsura*. Let us take an English line with the measure and *cæsura* of a Greek *senarius*, and it does not strike our ear as being metrical at all.

‘And know by heart the congress of the nightly stars,’

is a line in the late Professor Kennedy’s translation of the ‘Agamemnon.’ It is on the very model of a Greek *senarius*, but it seems to our ear mere prose. Now, just as the twelve-syllabled iambic verse must in English fall into two equal parts, as in—

‘And Sorrow’s faded form and Solitude behind,’

so the verse which Sir Charles has chosen is either no metre at all, or it is the metre which Swinburne has used so grandly in the ‘Song in Time of Revolution’ :—

‘The heart of the rulers is sick, and the High Priest covers his head,
For this is the song of the quick which is heard in the ears of the dead.’

Each line falls into two parts, and Swinburne has emphasized this essential quality in the metre by marking the end of the first part as well as the second with a rhyme. This metrical refinement

refinement (though not the internal rhyme) is observed by Sir Charles Bowen, whether it be by chance or design, in many, perhaps most, of his lines, but it ought never to be neglected. His poem would then be written in anapæstic measure, and would not attempt, as it vainly does in its present form, to remind the reader of the measure of the *Æneid*. Here are some verses which we are wholly unable to scan. We can only exclaim with Touchstone: 'This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?'

'Thither crossed the Achæans and hidden on its desolate beach.'

'Slowly at last by the Ithacan's thunders driven to divine.'

'Blindly to enter the havens that appear so nigh on the main.'

Very disagreeable, too, are the frequent introduction of the triple assonance, and the alternation of the rhyme when the ear is accustomed to the couplet. Sometimes* we meet the distant rhyme-recurrences of the sonnet.

To return for a moment to the rendering of the Latin.

'Imperio læti parent et iussa facessunt'†

is not a very striking verse, but it ought to find a place in the translation. On the other hand, Sir Charles is not justified in importing into a passage a sentiment not to be found there.

'Nor shall I ever tire of remembering Dido the sweet,'

is far more loving than

'Nec me meminisse pigebit Elissæ.'‡

We should have welcomed such a symptom of tenderness in the Man of Destiny, but no such soft word ever passed his cold lips. Still less did he say, when he appealed to his deserted mistress in the Shades §—

'Tarry, and turn not away from a face that on thine would dwell;

'Tis thy lover thou fliest, and this is our last farewell!'

What he said was—

'Siste gradum, teque adspectu ne subtrahe nostro;

Quem fugis? Extremum fatio quod te alloquor hoc est.'

Proicere animas is rendered 'strewed their lives on the sands;' but this is only the tribute exacted by rhyme, and must be classed with 'the mazy lev'ret,' 'earth's soft arms,' and the

* As in vi. 607-613.

† iv. 295.

‡ iv. 335.

§ vi. 463.

'stars

'stars of the blue Ægean,' which Messrs. Butcher and Lang resent in the metrical versions of Homer. As we are dealing with matters of detail, we may add that 'Ascan' seems to us a dangerous experiment. Robert Andrews (1766) gave us Daphny Philly, Thyrese, Lyke (for Lycus), and Jutna (for Juturna), but his precedent has not been followed. To estimate broadly the work of Lord Justice Bowen, we would say that he has produced in his translation a work of high literary art, and that his finished scholarship, sound judgment, and perfect taste would have achieved an ideal translation if he had chosen a better metre and been more uniformly careful in the handling of it.

Of recent critical and exegetical labours on Virgil by far the most important work is Dr. Henry's '*Æneidea*.' Dr. James Henry was elected a Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, in the year 1817, and graduated in 1819. For some years he practised as a physician in Dublin, but before he reached middle life he abandoned the practice of his profession, and devoted all his leisure and most of his ample means to the prosecution of Virgilian inquiry. Like Varro, 'the most learned of the Romans,' he pursued the footsteps of Æneas whithersoever his fated wanderings had led him. Styx only with nine-fold coil set a bound to the feet of this enthusiastic follower of the Trojan hero. The first-fruit of his labours was a translation of the first two books of the *Æneid* into blank verse, published in Dublin in 1845. This was followed by a rather *bizarre* transcript of the sense of the first six books in highly diversified measures under the quaint title of '*Six Photographs of the Heroic Times*' (Dresden, 1853). The inquiries requisite for the execution of that task produced '*Notes of a Twelve Years' Voyage of Discovery in the First Six Books of the Æneis*' (Dresden, 1853). This volume was produced in German in an abridged form in the Göttingen '*Philologus*' in 1857, under the title '*Adversaria Virgiliana*.' Probably Dr. Henry would have continued to use that medium of publication if the Editor of the '*Philologus*' had not protested against his omission of all accents and breathings in his Greek quotations. The Editor offered to supply the accents and breathings himself, but Dr. Henry was obdurate, he would have none of 'those schoolboy scratchings, those grotesque and disfiguring *additamenta* of the grammarians.' Fleckeisen on his side was inflexible, and the '*Adversaria*' ceased to appear. Dr. Henry, in his Preface to the '*Æneidea*,' thus describes the subsequent course of his studies:—

'My

'My love for the subject, instead of diminishing, increased with years: how much owing to the mere influence of habit; how much to the approbation with which my labours, imperfect as they were, had been received by competent judges both in England and on the continent of Europe, and especially in Germany; how much owing to a consciousness of the daily increasing facility with which I brushed away, or imagined I brushed away, from my author's golden letters some of the dust accumulated on them during the lapse of nearly twenty centuries, I shall not take it on me to say. But certain it is that it is only with increasing love and zeal I have since 1857 not merely re-wrought the whole of the old ground, but taken in the entirely new ground of the last six books, and increased the previously very imperfect collection of *variae lectiones*, by the insertion in their proper places of those of all the first-class MSS. carefully collated by myself and daughter in two journeys made to Italy for the express purpose, and of ten, being all that were of any importance, of the Paris MSS.'

The first volume of the '*Æneidea*' was published in 1873, the second in 1878, under the editorship of the late John F. Davies, M.A., of Trinity College, Dublin, and Professor of Latin in Queen's College, Galway. It is a monumental work. Disfigured as it is by much eccentricity of typography and style, by many more or less irrelevant (though generally eloquently and brilliantly written) digressions, by exaggerated acerbity of tone, and some undue obtrusion of the writer's personality, it forms, nevertheless, perhaps the most valuable body of original comment and subtle analysis which has ever been brought together for the illustration of a Latin poet. All the MSS. of Virgil written in capitals he has collated from beginning to end; some of them—the Vatican fragment, the Roman, the Palatine, and the Medicean—twice over. Of the second class of MSS., those not written in capitals, he has collated the Laurentian, Vatican, Paris, and Dublin, from beginning to end, the others only after the end of the sixth book. But it is in interpretation and illustration that he has done such inestimable work. Having command of an extremely vigorous and affluent style of English, he is able to put in the most forcible and attractive form the discoveries achieved by his keen insight and cultivated taste; but he is unfortunately a revolutionary by constitution, and too often steps out of his path to have a tilt with some usage or belief, which seems to offend him chiefly because it is long established and generally respected. His commentary on the first verse of the *Æneid*, which he strenuously maintains to be

'Ille ego, qui quondam gracili modulatus avena,'

runs

runs to 104 pages, being interrupted by a *parergon* of 28 pages in smaller type, in which he assails the first thirteen lines of Conington's version. This rather ponderous *jeu d'esprit*, with its cumbrous dramatic machinery, whereby Priscian, Zumpt, Bopp, and Lindley Murray are introduced as interlocutors, would go far to induce a reader of taste to close the volume, especially when he found Dr. Henry railing at Conington in a dozen doggerel verses, such as,

‘I do not like thee, Juno fell,
The reason why I know full well,’

for using *fell* to render *sævæ* in the fourth verse of the *Æneid*, and then seriously giving *vixen* as a more suitable epithet. But the reader would have reason to regret it if he allowed this buffoonery to drive him away from such a treasure-house of learning. The first volume (864 pp.) finishes the first book; the second (861 pp.) takes us to the end of the fourth. The third, which has just been completed, contains the commentary to the end of the ninth book, and a fourth will conclude the work. The concluding volumes could not be in better hands than those of Professor A. Palmer and Mr. L. Purser, Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, to whom the trustees of the author have committed his MS. The work is not for sale, but we understand that it will be given to any adequately recommended person who applies to the trustees.

The criticism of Virgil has, as a rule, flowed in an easy channel with little alteration of the text, and the originality of editors has rather shown itself in refinement of exegesis. The edition of Ribbeck, however, affords a notable exception to this rule, and is not adapted to inspire us with a respect for German taste and judgment, however much we may admire German erudition. Perhaps his most demonstrably absurd conjecture is on *cumulatam morte remittam*,* a passage of recognized difficulty, where reading *monte* for *morte*, and quoting the proverbial *magnum promittere montes* in its defence, he puts into the mouth of Dido an expression, which, if justifiable at all, would be worthy only of some swaggering Palæstrius or Geta of the comic stage. ‘To promise huge mountains’ is, indeed, an intelligible, though rather vulgar, proverbial expression, meaning to make promises as ‘big as mountains;’ but ‘to send one away crowned with the reward of a mountain,’ would probably be ludicrous in the highest degree to the ear of a contemporary of Virgil. Conington remarks that there is nothing so hazardous as to try to manipu-

* *Æneid*, iv. 436.

late a familiar proverb by varying the expression, and that half the blunders made by foreigners in essaying a strange tongue turn on experiments of that kind. An Indian Baboo,* describing the sorrow felt by the family at the death of the subject of his memoir, wrote, 'The house presented a second Babel, or a pretty kettle of fish.' Ribbeck's *cumulatam monte remittam* would probably have appeared as ludicrous to an Augustan Roman as the English of Mookerjee seems to us. Still more amusing is his conjecture on *Æneid*, xii. 55,—

'At regina, nova pugnae conterrita sorte,
Flebat, et ardentem generum moritura tenebat,'

where, by changing *moritura* to *monitura*, he makes the Queen-mother Amata cling to Turnus, not full of the presage of impending death, but primed with a lecture! On certain others of Ribbeck's textual corrections, *capsos* for *captas*,† and *aliam* for *illam*,‡ we will quote the criticism of Dr. Henry, as it quite coincides with our own judgment, and gives withal a characteristic sample of his manner:—

'But what's this? The waste and barren syrtis of Ribbeck's orthographical varieties is passed, and yonder before us opens the splendid mirage of his conjectural emendations. I see island-dotted seas and lakes . . . and Ribbeck gigantic in the midst, building, no, not temples, not castles, but, *capsi* for those twelve wild swans you see, wheeling round and round high above him in the air, and not minding either him or his *capsi*. Is he deaf, and doesn't hear their singing? Or is it possible he doesn't know that singing swans never live in *capsi*? And now the *capsi* are finished, and the swans have flown away, and Ribbeck, nothing daunted, is as intent on a search for *Æneas's* twentieth ship, as he was just now on building *capsi* for twelve wild swans. . . . No matter how the MSS. cry out *uno ore*, "you lie, you lie," and "shame! shame!" it is the twentieth not the

* 'Memoir of the late Honourable Justice Onoocool Chunder Mookerjee,' by Mohindro Nauth Mookerjee, his nephew; Calcutta, 1876. This delightful specimen of Baboo English was largely noticed by the London press on its appearance. Here are a few more choice specimens of his style: 'His first business on making an income was to extricate his family from the difficulties in which it had been lately enwarpd, and to restore happiness and sunshine to those sweet and well-beloved faces on which he had not seen the soft and fascinating beams of a simper for many a grim-visaged year.' 'This was the first time that we see a Pleader taking a seat in the Bengal Legislative Council solely by dint of his own legal weapon; and he was an *au fait*, and therefore undoubtedly a transcendental lucre to the Council.' 'Justice Mookerjee very well understood the boot of his client, for which he would carry a logomachy as if his wheel of fortune depended upon it, or even more than that.' 'His elevation created a catholic ravishment throughout the domain.' 'When a boy he was filamentous, but gradually in the course of time he became plump as a partridge.' Let editors think of Mookerjee when they propose to introduce the language of everyday life into an epic in a foreign tongue.

† *Æneid*, l. 396.

‡ *Ibid.* l. 116.

nineteenth ship of Æneas which is devoured by the vortex, and Virgil wrote not *illam* but *aliam*.*

Nothing is more distinctive and peculiar in the history of Virgil's work, than the fact that the Middle Ages both glorified him into a saint and degraded him into a wizard. Virgil was placed among the prophets in the Cathedral of Zamora; he was invoked as the Prophet of the Gentiles in Limoges and Rheims; and the rubric of Rouen directed that on Christmas Day the Priest should say,

‘Maro, Maro, Vates Gentilium,
Da Christo testimonium,’

to which Virgilius was to reply,

‘Ecce polo
Demissa solo
Nova progenies est.’

We have already quoted the passage from ‘Reynard the Fox,’ in which Virgil and Aristotle are coupled as magicians. Gower, in his ‘Confessio Amantis,’ tells how Virgil

‘A mirrour made of his clergie,*
And set it in the townes eyes
Of marbre on a pillar without,’

that the Romans might behold if there were any enemies within thirty miles. But by far the most interesting account of Virgil as a magician is to be found in a very rare romance, of which an English version was printed at Antwerp in 1510, under the title:—‘This boke treateth of the lyfe of Virgilius, and of his deth, and many marvayles that he did in his lyfe tyme by whychcraft and nygromancie thorowgh the helpe of the devylls of hell.’† We read in the second chapter of this romance how ‘the son of Remus, that was also named Remus, slewe his unkell Romulus, and was made emperoure, and so reyned emperoure.’ In his reign Virgil was born. His mother was ‘one of the greatest senyatours dawghters of Rome, and hyghest of lynage.’ When Virgil was at school in Toledo, he was initiated into the secrets of necromancy in a way which reminds us of a well-known tale in the ‘Arabian Nights.’ One day ‘when the schollers had lycence to go play and sporte them in the fylde after the usaunce of the olde tyme, he spyed a great hole in the

* Learning, skill.

† Sir Walter Scott made copious extracts from this romance in the notes to the ‘Lay of the Last Minstrel.’ It seemed to us, however, that the passages quoted in the text might be new to many of our readers.

syde of a great hylle.' Going into this hole, he wandered on till he saw 'a lytell bourde marked with a word,' and heard a voice calling him, which said, 'I am a devyll conjured out of the bodye of a certayne man, and banysshed till the day of judemend, without that I be delivered by the handes of men.' Virgil agreed to release the devil if he would show him how to get the 'bokes of nygromancy' that he possessed. The devil consented, whereupon

'Virgilius pulled open the bourde, and there was a lytell hole, and thereat wrange the devyll out like a yeel, and cam and stood byfore Virgilius lyke a bygge man. Thereof Virgilius was a stoned, and merveyled greatly thereof that so great a man myght come out at so lytell a hole. Than sayd Virgilius, Shulde ye well passe into the hole that ye cam out of? Yea, I shall well, sayd the devyll. Than said Virgilius, I hold ye the best plegge I have that ye shall not do it. Well, sayd the devyll, thereto I consenta. And than the devyll wrange hymselfe into the lytell hole ageyn; and as he was there in, Virgilius kyvered the hole ageyn with the bourde close, and so was the devyll begyled, and myght nat there com out ageyn, but there abydeyth shutte styll therin. Than called the devyll dredfully to Virgilius, and sayd, What have ye done? Virgilius answered, Abyde there styll to your day apoynted. And fro thensforth abydeyth he there. And so Virgilius becam very connyng in the practyse of the black scyence.'

When he came to be old, Virgil resolved to renew his youth by his magic arts. So he took with him a trusted man to a 'castell that was without the towne,' the entrance to which was guarded by 'coper men with flayles in their handes sore smytinge.' Then he ordered his man to slay him, and hew him in pieces, and salt his body in a barrel under 'a lampe, that nyghte and day therin may droppe and leke, and thou shalt ix days longe fylle the lampe and fayl not; and when this is all done, than shall I be renued and made yonge ageyn.' After much persuasion the trusty servant is prevailed on to execute his master's will. When seven days had elapsed, the emperor missed his counsellor, and finally frightened the trusty man into guiding him to the place where the body of Virgil was:—

'And whan they cam afore the castell and wold enter they myght nat, because the flayles smyt so faste. Than sayd the emperoure, Mak cease this flayles that we may cum in. Than answered the man, I know nat the way. Than sayd the emperoure, Than shalt thou die. And than thorough the fere of dethe he turned the vyce and made the flayles stande styll, and than the emperoure entered into the castell with all his folke, and sowghte about in every corner after Virgilius; and at the laste they sowghte so longe that they cam into the seller, where they saw the lampe hang over the barrill where

Virgilius lay in, deed. Than asked the emperoure the man, Who had made him so herdy to put his mayster Virgilius so to dethe; and the man answered no word to the emperoure. And than the emperoure with great anger drew out his swerde and slewe he than Virgilius's man. And whan all this was done than sawe the emperoure and all his folke a naked chylde iij tymes rennyng about the barrill, saying the words: Cursed be the tyme that ye cam ever here. And with these words vanyshe the chylde away, and was never sene ageyn: and thus abyde Virgilius in the barril deed.'

The great Latin poets are all profoundly sad. Catullus, Lucretius, and Virgil look on life as a place

'where men sit and hear each other groan.'

Lord Tennyson affords a new proof of that marvellous insight into the genius of Latin poetry which his 'Lucretius' displayed, when he apostrophizes Virgil as

'Thou majestic in thy sadness at the doubtful doom of human kind.'

The Greek epic now and then strikes a chord in a minor key with that exquisite truth and fulness which it achieves without an effort, as in

οἷη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοιήδε καὶ ἐνδρῶν.*

Or—

τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν.†

Or—

οὐ γὰρ τις πρῆξις πέλεται κρνεροῖο γόοιο.
ὥς γὰρ ἐπεκλώσαντο θεοὶ δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσι
ζῶειν ἀχνυμένοις, αὐτοὶ δέ τ' ἀκηδέες εἰσίν.‡

But the melancholy is but for a moment, and gives way at once to the joy of life, of triumph, even of revenge; if there is a bitterness, it arises from a fountain of mirth: but the sadness of the Latin poets is abiding. Virgil marvels why the dead should desire to live again:—

'O my father! and are there, and must we believe it, he said,
Spirits that fly once more to the sunlight back from the dead?
Souls that anew to the body return and the fetters of clay?
Can there be any who long for the light thus blindly as they?'§

But when Odysseus seeks to console the dead Achilles with the

* Il. vi. 146.

† xxiv. 49.
§ Æn. vi. 721.

‡ xxiv. 524-6.

thought that he is a great prince among the dead, Achilles answers him and says:—

‘Nay, speak not comfortably to me of death, great Odysseus. Rather would I live upon the soil as the hireling of another, with a landless man who had no great livelihood, than bear sway among all the dead that are no more.’*

All the great Latin poets died young; neither Catullus nor Lucretius even reached middle age, and Virgil had barely passed it. He had attained the age at which two other great poets died, who perhaps might best be linked with Virgil, at least as regards the immediate and enduring dominion which they acquired over the highest minds in their own and subsequent ages—the Athenian Menander and our own Shakspeare. To the Englishman especially, who, following a precedent already well established in the time of Seneca, Petronius, and Juvenal, has made Virgil a text-book in every school, his poetry comes apparelled in the ‘celestial light’ which illumines the morning of life. Like ‘the smell of violets hidden in the green,’ it

‘Pours back into his empty soul and frame
The times when he remembers to have been
Joyful and free from blame.’

A graceful eulogist of Virgil has spoken of

‘the silent spells
Held in those haunted syllables.’

It is by the ghost of our childhood that they are haunted, and the echoes of the old school quadrangle and the class-room, where with praise sometimes, with stripes often, we conned our daily task. At a verse from the *Æneid*, the sun goes back for us on the dial; our boyhood is recreated, and returns to us for a moment like a visitant from a happy Dreamland.

* Odys. xi. 488, Butcher and Lang’s translation.

- ART. VI.—1. *The Life of Sir William Siemens, F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D.* By William Pole, F.R.S. London, 1888.
 2. *Iron and Steel.* By John Percy, M.D., F.R.S. London, 1864.
 3. *Principles of the Manufacture of Iron and Steel.* By I. Lowthian Bell, F.R.S. London, 1884.
 4. *The Testing of Materials of Construction.* By William Cawthorne Unwin, F.R.S., M. Inst. C.E. London, 1888.
 5. *The Journal of the Iron and Steel Institute.* Nos. 1 and 2. London, 1888.
 6. *Encyclopædia Britannica.* Ninth Edition. Vol. XIII. Art. 'Iron.' Edinburgh, 1881.

THE recent publication of Dr. Pole's interesting 'Life of Sir W. Siemens' suggests that the present is a fitting opportunity for passing in review the wonderful advances in the manufacture of steel made during the lifetime of the present generation. We propose, therefore, after giving some description of steel manufacture in its earlier stages, to relate the story of its rapid subsequent development by Bessemer and Siemens.

The use of steel began at a comparatively recent period of human history. The sequence of materials employed, both for weapons of war and for the arts of peace, has almost invariably been stone, copper, bronze, and iron. And though the respective ages in which these materials severally predominated are found to overlap, yet, regarded simply as indicating consecutive periods of material culture, the terms 'stone,' 'bronze,' and 'iron' ages may be safely employed. The rude Palæolithic, or old stone age, was succeeded by the Neolithic period, when men ground and polished their stone weapons; this new stone age in time was transfigured by the advent of copper and bronze; and bronze fell into disuse on the introduction of iron and steel. Yet, as men are tenacious of use and wont, the bronze chisels, axes, and swords were retained, often for hundreds of years, after the discovery and use of iron; just as stone knives were employed in religious rites and ceremonial long after they had been discarded in every-day life.

Of the nature, chemical composition, and qualities of the iron and steel in use in those dim ages, we have no certain knowledge; but, in the light afforded by sundry crude and primitive methods which are still in use for the extraction of iron and the preparation of steel, we may argue the probability that similar methods prevailed in the earlier periods.

Many references to iron (Heb. *barzel*) occur in the Hebrew Scriptures. The original of the word 'steel' in the Authorized Version

Version is copper.* We must not expect, however, to find accurate metallurgical technology in the sacred and classical writings, but rather draw our conclusions from analogy and by inference. Thus iron (or steel) was *hardened* for cutting instruments. The practice is alluded to by Homer, 'As the smith plunges the loud hissing axe into cold water to temper it, for hence is the strength of iron' ('Odyssey,' ix. 393), and appears to prove that steel was the material alluded to, because simply plunging wrought iron into water will not sensibly harden it; but however this may be, steel is probably intended by Hesiod under the name of *Adamas*, as the hardest metal. (Hes. 'Op.' 147; 'Sc. Herc.' 231; 'Theog.' 161.)

Modern writers, especially Dr. John Evans, the President of the Society of Antiquaries, have collected much interesting information relating to the succession of iron to bronze.† From these and other researches it appears that at an early period, though the use of iron was comparatively restricted in Egypt, it was in general use in the seventh century B.C. On the tomb of Rameses III. the sword-blades are *blue* and *red*, representing, as is supposed, steel and bronze respectively.‡ Mr. Fergusson is of opinion that iron was certainly known in the Eighteenth Dynasty, fifteen centuries B.C.; and generally in the Mediterranean shortly afterwards.§

There are numerous relics of iron in the British Museum, gathered during the explorations of Sir Henry Layard; which prove that the employment of iron or steel was common in Assyria about nine hundred years B.C. Though iron and steel are occasionally mentioned in the Homeric poems, yet weapons of bronze were far more common, and remained in use long afterwards. Hesiod ('Op.' 150) and Lucretius (v. 1282 *seq.*) each speak of a time when bronze had not been superseded by iron. In Greece, in the Homeric period, the use of iron was in its infancy. The value of the metal, and the estimation in which it was held, may be inferred from the fact that 'a rudely molten mass of iron,' and also 'iron fit for making arrows,' formed two of the prizes at the funeral games of Patroclus. But in the days of Hesiod, iron had become cheaper than bronze.

The Chalybes, on the shores of the Euxine, had practised the manufacture of iron on an extensive scale in early times.

* See Dr. Smith, 'Dict. of the Bible,' art. Iron and Steel.

† See the introductory chapters in 'Ancient Bronze Implements' and in 'The Ancient Stone Implements.'

‡ Wilkinson, 'Ancient Egyptians,' vol. ii. pp. 247, 248.

§ 'Rude Stone Monuments,' p. 37.

They are mentioned by Æschylus as *σιδηροτέκτονες Χάλυβες* ('Prom.' 714), and Xenophon ('Anab.' v. 5, 1) says that most of them lived by ironwork. Their tract of country was full of iron-ore, and covered with forests, whence charcoal was obtained. It has been conjectured that the Greek word for steel, *χάλυψ*, was derived from these people. Different qualities of steel were produced in different localities. 'That of Sinope was used for smiths and carpenters' tools; that of Laconia for files, drills for iron, stamps, and masons' tools; and the Lydian steel for files, swords, razors, and knives.'*

The spear of the age of Homer was 'fitted with bronze,' or 'made heavy with bronze;' but for bronze, iron was afterwards substituted, and by the time of Herodotus the use of iron and steel was universal among the Greeks. Dr. Schliemann found knives and keys at Mycenæ, which he thought might date even from the beginning of the fifth century B.C.† He discovered remarkably few objects of iron on the site of Troy, these consisting of a key and a few arrows and nails, close to the surface. Of the material translated steel (*χάλυψ*) he could find no trace, and accounts for its absence by corrosion.‡

Dr. Evans is of opinion that iron was known as a rare metal in Greece some ten or twelve centuries before our era; but that some 500 or 600 years B.C. iron or steel was in common use.§

As we come near the Christian era, the evidences of the use of iron become abundant. In B.C. 224, the Insubrian Gauls, who fought with Flaminius, were discomfited by reason of the softness of their iron swords, which caused them to bend. The iron swords of Noricum were in great repute in the Augustan age. Tacitus mentions the use of iron in Germany for spears and swords. Strabo includes iron among the products of Britain. When Cæsar warred against the Veneti in the Morbihan, he found their galleys fastened with iron nails, and moored with chain cables of iron.

The question wherein lay the difference between the iron and the steel of those early times, can be best answered after a study of the crude methods which are in remote countries still employed for the extraction of iron and for the preparation of steel.

The extraction of iron from its ores is a simple process. Indeed, it is the simplicity of the operation, in contrast with that of smelting and casting copper and tin, which induced

* 'Ancient Bronze Implements,' p. 17.

† 'Troy and its Remains,' p. 31.

§ 'Ancient Bronze Implements,' p. 17.

† 'Mycenæ,' p. 75.

Dr. Percy and others to suppose, by *à priori* reasoning, that the Age of Iron should have preceded the Age of Bronze.*

To understand the nature and qualities of primitive iron and steel, we must dismiss from memory the towering blast furnaces and reverberatory furnaces of our own and other countries. We must go to India, Burmah, Africa, and Spain; and in the primitive methods still practised in those countries we doubtless witness operations similar to, or identical with, those which prevailed more than two thousand years ago. The products of these furnaces are, according to certain modifying circumstances, malleable iron, steel, or steely iron, and sometimes cast iron. Within a limited extent, each of these materials can be obtained at the will of the smelter; but they also frequently result contrary to his desire. The reason of this will be apparent directly.

The Hindoo furnaces, which are extremely rude in their construction, may be regarded as typical of the most primitive forms. Among the hill tribes of the Ghats they are made of clay, from 2 feet to 4 feet only in height, by from 10 inches to 18 inches in diameter at the base; and they yield from 5 or 6 to 30 lbs. of iron at a charge. There are two openings near the lower part of the furnace. Into one of these, earthen tuyères are inserted for the conduct of the blast necessary for combustion; from the other the slag and the molten iron are tapped. The Hindoo bellows are made of goat or buffalo skins, and one man sits between a pair of these, working them alternately, to produce a continuous blast. The furnace is nearly half filled with charcoal, in lumps of about the size of walnuts; the fire is lit thereon, and the furnace is then filled to the top with charcoal. When this sinks, alternate charges of charcoal and ore are added, and the blast pressure is increased. In from four to six hours a charge of malleable iron is removed, together with the cinder or slag. The *bloom*, or lump of iron, is hammered while white-hot, in order to expel the cinder, which occurs in a condition of mechanical admixture with the iron; and if the iron is too cold to permit of the completion of the process, it has to be re-heated in a charcoal fire.

Iron has been produced in Spain from time immemorial by the 'Catalan process,' from the hæmatites and the magnetic ores of the Pyrenees; and the product of the furnaces is

* 'Metallurgy: Iron and Steel,' p. 873. The death of Dr. Percy, which occurred while these sheets were passing through the press, is a great loss to science, and a matter of deep regret to all who knew him personally, or through his writings.

invariably

invariably a mixture of soft iron, of hard or steely iron, and steel.

We must refer those who desire an exhaustive account of these and other primitive methods, as practised in Burmah, Borneo, Africa, &c., to Dr. Percy's excellent and exhaustive work.* For our present purpose, the fact upon which we desire to lay emphasis is the uncertain and variable character of the resulting products of these methods.

The essential difference between malleable (or 'soft') iron and steely iron, or, as it would be loosely termed, 'steel,' is that the latter contains a trifle more carbon than the former. But in cast iron there is much more carbon than in either malleable iron or steel. Malleable iron seldom contains more than 0·2 per cent. of carbon, steel may have a percentage ranging from 0·3 to 1·5, and cast iron from 3·0 to 4·7 per cent. The amount of carbon which the metal will take up or retain varies in the same furnace under different conditions of temperature, and with different relative proportions of fuel, iron, and slag.

To produce the degree of carbonization required for steel, there must be an excess of charcoal in the presence of a high temperature; and the slag must be tapped frequently to prevent prolonged contact of its oxide of iron with the reduced and highly carbonized metal. To produce malleable iron, the charcoal must not be in excess, the temperature must be low, and the slag must remain sufficiently long in contact with the reduced iron to abstract from it nearly all the carbon.

If, however, the temperature of the furnace is allowed to become too high, the metal takes up a great excess of carbon, becoming cast iron. Owing to the difficulty of maintaining, with the rude hand-operated bellows of skins commonly employed, an equable temperature throughout the furnace, both malleable iron and steel may result from a single smelting, and the practice is to break up and sort the several products according to their various grades of quality. The resulting products of the primitive smelting furnaces being so variable, the inference may be drawn that the knowledge of steel was contemporaneous with that of iron.

At a very early period it must have been observed, that prolonged contact with carbon at a high temperature results in that degree of carbonization of malleable iron which is necessary for the production of steel; and consequently steel has, from time immemorial, been produced in India by the obvious method of the carbonization of malleable iron. This native

* 'Iron and Steel,' pp. 254-330.

steel, known as 'wootz,' is obtained by the prolonged heating and fusion in closed crucibles, of malleable iron, along with the chopped stems and the leaves of certain plants. The fuel is charcoal, blast is used, and the resultant product contains roughly 1.64 per cent. of carbon.*

Until the early part of the present century all steel appears to have been prepared by the simple application of the ancient principles. The original method of making Sheffield steel, and one that is still followed, consists in heating, without fusion, the purest wrought iron in contact with charcoal. This is known as the 'converting' or 'cementation' process, and the charcoal employed as the recarbonizing agent is termed 'cement.'† What happens is that the carbon (charcoal), in the form of gaseous oxide, penetrates into and amalgamates with the iron, converting the tough fibrous metal into a highly brittle and crystalline alloy of iron and carbon,‡ to which the term 'blister steel' is applied.

Steel made by this process lacks the perfect homogeneity required for sharp tools, and for much forged work besides. But it is used for certain purposes when 'piled' and 'tilted'; that is, when cut up into short lengths, laid in bundles, reheated, welded, and consolidated into a solid mass under the tilt hammer or the steam hammer. Steel treated in this fashion once is called 'spring' or 'shear' steel; if the operation is repeated, it is called 'double shear' steel.

Although this hammering or tilting tends to greater uniformity of texture, it is still evident that the resulting material cannot be truly homogeneous; partly because of the presence of laminæ of scale and cinder, derived from the slag, in the original bars of malleable iron, and partly by reason of the uncertain and variable quantities of carbon which unite with the iron: hence the need of fusion.

The process of fusion for the purpose of obtaining homogeneity was not resorted to in England until about the middle of the last century. Its inventor, Benjamin Huntsman, perfected the method so thoroughly as to leave very little scope for improvement in the quality of the steel thus produced. The story of his life, and the dastardly manner in which he was robbed of his invention, has been so well told by Dr. Smiles§ that we need not repeat it here.

* 'Iron and Steel,' pp. 774, 775.

† For details of the process see 'Iron and Steel,' pp. 768-773.

‡ Steel is said to have been made, for the purpose of experiment, by the heating of malleable iron in contact with the *diamond*, which is well known to be an allotropic form of carbon. See Mushet, 'Papers,' p. 437.

§ 'Industrial Biography,' chap. vi.

The operation is performed in crucibles of various sizes, the fires for which are ranged in rows in a building termed the 'steel melting house.' The fires are contained in rectangular chambers, each sufficiently large to hold two crucibles, and their ash-pits all communicate with a single subterranean culvert or 'cave' through which the attendant can watch the fires. The flues from each fire lead into a common stack. The crucibles may each, according to size, contain a charge of from 28 to 50 lbs. of blister steel. Omitting all note of the technical details involved in the melting process, the result is a homogeneous material, which is poured or 'teemed' into suitable ingot moulds. As an alternative method, bar iron or puddled steel is sometimes fused in crucibles along with charcoal or spiegel-eisen, the latter being a highly manganiferous and richly carboniferous kind of iron, thus saving the cost of conversion; and in recent years short ends of Bessemer and Siemens steel have been remelted for the same purpose.

We have now arrived at that period in the chronology of steel making at which commenced the vast modern development of the manufacture, and the wide use of the material in construction. This development has been so extensive in comparison with that of all previous periods as to justify us in regarding the present time as the period of expansion of 'The Age of Steel.' The credit of this vast growth is due almost entirely to Henry Bessemer and William Siemens.

The process which Bessemer patented is the forcing of atmospheric air, through molten pig iron, until the iron is rendered more or less malleable, and has acquired properties common to cast steel. The fundamental difference, as we have already remarked, between pig iron on the one hand, and malleable iron and steel on the other, is that the former contains more carbon than the latter. In the Bessemer process, the purpose of forcing air through the molten pig is to oxidize, or burn out the excess of carbon and other foreign matters. This therefore, in its first conception, was a process precisely the reverse of that which constitutes the cementation method, in which carbon is *added* to malleable iron.

But the percentage of carbon present in the milder steels is so slight that the manufacture of these, according to the strict letter of Bessemer's patent, would have been a matter of very great practical difficulty. The invariable method therefore now adopted is first to oxidize *all* the carbon, and then *add* the measured quantity required. In this particular, Bessemer's process owes much of its success to a lapsed patent of Robert Mushet's, bearing date September 22, 1856 (No. 2219), the patent

patent consisting in the addition of spiegeleisen to the molten and decarbonized iron. By adding a measured quantity of 'spiegel' having a definite chemical composition, to the decarbonized pig, a steel of any precise grade can be obtained.

The original idea of producing steel by the partial decarbonization of cast iron is by no means due to Bessemer. Since in their percentages of carbon all steels occupy a position intermediate between cast and wrought iron, nothing appears more natural, in countries where cast iron is extracted cheaply, than to abstract a portion of the carbon, and arrest the process at the necessary stage. The costly and intermediate production of malleable iron by puddling, a process in which the prolonged heating, 'balling,' squeezing, and hammering of the semi-fused metal are accomplished at an extravagant expenditure of fuel and labour, would then be avoided. The scope of this article will not permit of more than this passing allusion to these earlier processes, but the subject may be studied in 'Iron and Steel,' pp. 778-804.

James Nasmyth had, in a certain sense, anticipated the invention of Bessemer for the decarbonization of iron. A patent of his, dated May 4, 1854 (No. 1001), specified the employment of a current of steam, discharged from the nozzle of a pipe bent downwards to the bottom of a bath of molten iron. The decomposition of the steam would supply oxygen for the oxidation of the carbon in the iron, and the agitation produced by the rush of steam through the metal would supersede the mechanical labour of the puddler. The process was adopted by several iron manufacturers with success.

But on the 17th of October, 1855, Mr. Bessemer took out his patent, which claimed the employment of a blast of air as a decarbonizing agent. Mr. Nasmyth heard Henry Bessemer expound the nature of his invention at the Cheltenham meeting of the British Association in 1856. Nasmyth confesses to a very natural feeling of regret at having been excelled in his invention, which he felt at once was superseded. Mr. Bessemer was, however, so much impressed with the value of, and the similarity of Nasmyth's invention to his own, and with Nasmyth's unselfish abandonment of his own method in favour of Bessemer's, that he generously offered him one-third share in the value of his patent. This, however, was gratefully declined.*

Mr. Nasmyth tells an anecdote that illustrates the scepticism with which Mr. Bessemer's method was regarded:—

* 'James Nasmyth, an Autobiography,' pp. 365-370.

'On the morning of the day on which the paper was to be read at the Cheltenham meeting, Mr. Bessemer was sitting at breakfast at his hotel, when an ironmaster (to whom he was unknown) said, laughing to a friend, within his hearing, "Do you know that there is somebody come down from London to read us a paper on *making steel from cast iron without fuel*? Did you ever hear of such nonsense?"'

Of course fuel is used in melting the pig; but the title of the paper referred to the substitution of a blast of air for the fuel that is employed in the reverberatory or puddling furnaces, and in this sense it was correct. It is a little singular that the paper read at the Cheltenham meeting descriptive of an invention by which, in 1887, no less than 7,500,918 tons of steel were manufactured throughout the world,† was not printed in the Report of the Association. Probably, as Nasmyth thinks, 'because it was thought of so little importance.'

But another reason, doubtless, was that at that time the process bore no promise of ultimate success. It is true that three days after the reading of the paper, one firm offered Mr. Bessemer 50,000*l.* for the English patent, and that within one month 28,000*l.* had been received for licenses to use the invention in Great Britain alone. But though the principle was sound, the practical difficulties which were encountered at the beginning were such, that the process was to all appearance a delusion and a failure. Bessemer was derided as an enthusiast, and the British Association only tacitly coincided with the general verdict in omitting the paper from its 'Transactions.' Bessemer, buoyed up with faith in the principle, worked sedulously at his converters during about two years and a half, spending many thousands of pounds. He met with opposition and ridicule from the steel-makers of Sheffield, and at length in sheer self-defence set up in business on his own account in their midst to undersell his incredulous opponents, and there the great firm of which he is the venerable head remains to this day.

In the Bessemer process the atmospheric air, which is blown through the molten metal, in the course of a few minutes almost completely oxidizes the carbon, as well as the other foreign elements present in the pig. The operation is performed in a pear-shaped vessel, holding several tons, termed a converter. This is made of plates of wrought iron, riveted together, and lined to a thickness of about 9 inches with fire-bricks, and a refractory sand or clay. The nature of this lining, as we shall see presently, has an important influence on the resulting

* 'James Nasmyth,' p. 367.

† 'Journal of the Iron and Steel Institute,' 1888, No. 1, p. 390.

product. The dimensions of converters vary with the quantities of iron which are treated at a single charge. Their capacities may range from 6 to 15 tons. Ample space is given, in order to allow of the ebullition of the metal without permitting its escape from the mouth of the vessel. The diameter of an 8-ton converter is about 8 feet 4 inches inside the plates, and 6 feet 10 inches inside the lining, the dimensions being taken at the zone of the trunnions. The converters are worked in pairs.*

The pig iron is melted either in cupola furnaces or in blast furnaces, and is then poured into the mouth of the converter, which is lowered into a horizontal direction. A strong blast of atmospheric air, at a pressure of from 20 to 25 lbs. per square inch, is then turned on, being brought into one of the trunnions and thence through numerous tuyère holes in the bottom lining; and the converter is turned mouth upwards. The result is that the silicon and manganese in the pig are rapidly burnt out by the oxygen of the blast, and their oxides, being solid, pass into the slag. Then the carbon is attacked, and its monoxide, which is that produced at the period of the most intense action, being gaseous, burns with a rushing noise and dense yellow flame. This is the period of the 'boil,' a most characteristic, impressive, and picturesque sight. When the carbon is nearly all oxidized out, the flame drops. In the basic † lined converter there is a well-defined final stage, termed the 'after-blow,' during which the phosphorus is burned out. During the fifteen or twenty minutes in which these oxidations are proceeding, the temperature of the metal is increased by the chemical reactions which occur.

When the oxidation is complete, as evidenced by the dropping of the flame, the converter is turned down, and a certain percentage of molten spiegeleisen or of ferro-manganese, whose proportion varies with the precise composition of the 'spiegel' or the 'ferro,' and with the grade of steel required, is added to the metal in the converter. A jet of flame, the result of chemical action, immediately follows, and then the whole of the re-carbonized metal, after being allowed to stand for a few minutes, is emptied into the ladle for casting, and thence into the ingot moulds. In less than half-an-hour from the emptying of the crude metal into the converter, the ingots are cast.

Unfortunately, as it seemed in the early days of the process, though the carbon and silicon were readily burnt out, the whole

* One of the great American firms has produced as much as 2830 tons of steel in one week from a pair of 8-ton converters.

† The terms 'basic' and 'acid' relate respectively to the metallic or non-metallic character of the converter linings.

of the phosphorus originally present in the pig remained in the finished steel; and since a very small proportion of this element is a source of weakness, rendering the steel useless, it was feared that the Bessemer process would prove a failure because nearly all the ordinary English commercial irons contain phosphorus in proportions which are incompatible with the manufacture of good steel.

The original Bessemer process was conducted in an 'acid' lined converter. The lining used was Sheffield ganister, a highly refractory and silicious sand, containing about 90 per cent. of pure silica. Now it is the silica present in the converter which prevents the removal of the phosphorus. First there is the silicon originally present in the pig, which is oxidized, and there is also an enormous excess of silica in the ganister lining. Silicon is a much stronger acid than phosphoric acid, and it enters into immediate combination with the ferrous oxide formed in the converter. The phosphoric acid produced by the oxidation of the phosphorus is in consequence unable to enter into chemical union with the ferrous oxide, for which, in the absence of silica, it has a natural affinity; and it is thus reduced and re-absorbed in the metal. It is therefore absolutely necessary in the original 'acid process,' as it has been named by Professor Tunner, to select a pig almost entirely free from phosphorus.

The impossibility of making ductile steel from phosphoric iron in the acid-lined converter exercised the minds of metallurgists during many years, and various causes other than the correct one were at first assigned in explanation of the fact. M. Gruner appears to have been the first to show that the presence of silica was one of the causes of the non-elimination of phosphoric acid. Mr. Lowthian Bell experimented by adding oxide of iron to the charge, hoping to attract the phosphoric acid thereto; but the resulting chemical action was too violent, and the lining of the converter became corroded. In 1872, Mr. G. J. Snelus tried a lining of lime, and observed its beneficial effect in reducing silica, but from some cause or another did not pursue what might have proved a prolific idea. At last, in 1878, a modest paper was read before the Iron and Steel Institute, detailing certain experiments which the authors, Sydney Thomas and Percy Gilchrist, had been making during the three previous years on the effect of 'basic' linings, and basic additions to the converter. The basic lining was composed of lime* and oxide of iron, comprising two parts of the former and one part of the latter—technically known

* Lime is metallic (basic), being the oxide of the metal calcium.

by puddlers as 'Blue Billy;' while the basic addition to the charge consisted simply of lime. The issues proved highly satisfactory, the resulting basic slag attracting the phosphoric acid immediately on its formation, and holding it securely in the bonds of chemical union. Another satisfactory result followed, inasmuch as from 30 to 90 per cent. of the sulphur was also removed.

The basic Bessemer process of Messrs. Thomas and Gilchrist is now carried out in a dolomitic (magnesian limestone) lined converter, with lime added to the charge. The conduct of the operation varies little from that of the acid process. The commercial advantage is that the most impure phosphoric pigs are readily employed. Actually an excess of phosphorus becomes a decided advantage, because by its oxidation it adds to the calorific intensity of the 'blow.'

The large importation of pure Spanish ores during the last few years has somewhat modified the relative value of the basic process; and hence, though this process is employed to a considerable extent, the older or acid process, working mainly on foreign ores, remains in more extensive operation. The importation of these ores, chiefly from Spain, dates from about the year 1866, when the Bessemer method was fairly established. The total quantity of ore imported into the United Kingdom in 1868 was only 114,435 tons, the home production being 10,169,000 tons. In 1880 the imports were 2,634,000 tons. In 1887 they had risen to 3,762,000 tons. In 1888 the quantity of basic Bessemer steel made in the United Kingdom was 364,000 tons only, as compared with 2,941,000 tons made by the ordinary acid Bessemer, and open hearth processes, to be presently noted. The basic method is therefore of relatively much less value than it promised to become. But depending so largely as we do upon these cheap foreign ores, the question of how long the supply will last is already becoming one of serious concern. There is also very much prejudice existing against the use of basic steel. It was not until 1886-7 that the Admiralty instituted a series of elaborate tests to determine the relative values of steel made by the two processes, and the basic steel plates of a limited number of firms only are even now admitted by Lloyd's registry for ship-building.

We now come to the inventions of Siemens, whose life is another instance of persevering energy crowned with success. Carl Wilhelm Siemens was the son of a farmer who resided a few miles from Hanover. In 1842, when nineteen years of age, he began the practical training of his life, and it was during the period of his engagement in Count Stollberg's engineering

engineering factory at Magdeburg that he achieved his first great success. His brother, Werner Siemens, had been devoting a good deal of attention to the subject of the electro deposition of silver and gold, and had taken out a Prussian patent for the process. Desiring to introduce it into England, and being unable, by reason of his military position, to leave his duties, he conceived the idea of entrusting William with the important commission. Leave of absence from the factory was obtained, and William left in February 1843. On his arrival in England, he obtained an introduction to Messrs. Elkington, who regarded the Siemens' process with so much favour that they authorised him to take out a patent at their expense, for which they paid him 1600*l.*, less 110*l.*, the cost of the patent. When the business was settled, William returned, and resumed his duties at the factory. But he and his brother Werner were brimful of new inventions; and only a year after his first visit, William was again in England with the chronometric governor, and the method of copying termed 'anastatic printing.' There followed, however, a period of vexatious disappointments, due to the unremunerative character of these schemes, in which not only the brothers, but also their friends, had sunk capital.

In 1847 he removed to Manchester, and, while there, engaged in studies connected with heat—studies which were destined to bear much practical fruit at a later period. But the immediate results as applied to the steam-engine were not equal to his sanguine expectations, and at this time he seriously proposed going to the Californian gold diggings. From this wild scheme he was dissuaded by his brother Werner, who advised that it was better to *make* gold than to *seek* it. Shortly afterwards he obtained an engagement in Messrs. Fox and Henderson's factory at Birmingham, a firm who had undertaken the manufacture of the Siemens' *regenerative** steam-engine. This becoming a commercial failure, the engagement was terminated.

Meanwhile his brother Werner had been devoting his attention to telegraphic work. The now famous firm of Siemens and Halske had been established in 1847, and William had consented to act as English agent for the firm. After leaving Fox and Henderson's, he went to London in March 1852, and took an

* What is known as the regenerative principle, though the term is not well selected, is this:—The giving up of heat, which would otherwise be wasted by dissipation, to a suitable material, akin in function to a respirator; which heat is yielded up again to cold air and combustible gas for subsequent utilization. The initial temperature of the air and gas being therefore raised, a corresponding economy in fuel results.

office, intending to practise as a civil engineer. But he still clung tenaciously to the regenerative engine, and again returned to Birmingham, to try and induce manufacturers to take the matter up. A Continental company was also formed to work the patents, but ultimate failure resulted both in England and abroad.

Brighter days were near for this undaunted man. The regenerative principle was sound, and though two of its methods of application had proved unsuccessful, the third—that to furnaces—became a mine of wealth to William. The credit of this particular application is due to another brother, Frederick, and the patent was accordingly taken out in his name, but the practical details were worked out in concert. This patent bears date December 2, 1856, and received practical application in 1857. The invention, together with that of the substitution of *gaseous* for solid fuel—patented on January 22, 1861, in the names of the two brothers—has been productive of very economical results in the manufacture of steel, as well as in other metallurgical operations.

Success attended these inventions almost from the beginning. Faraday's last lecture at the Royal Institution, June 20, 1862, was on the regenerative furnace. Messrs. Chance, of Birmingham, had several of these furnaces erected for glass melting, and before the end of 1862 about one hundred had been applied for in England and on the Continent.

The time was now ripe for a better system of steel making than had hitherto been found practicable on a large scale. The contingency of melting steel had been provided for in the patent of January 1861. Mr. Siemens saw that the intense heat of the regenerative furnace, and the superiority of the *gaseous* over the solid fuel, offered advantages for steel melting as great as those in glass making, or in other operations where high temperatures were required. He therefore, in conjunction with others, instituted experiments with a view to the melting of steel of high quality without crucibles. These were not at first successful, chiefly by reason of the damage inflicted on the furnaces by the intense heat, and the disinclination of his coadjutors to persevere. The first marked success was due to a French firm—Messrs. Pierre and Émile Martin—at Sireuil, in the department of the Charente, working under a license from Messrs. Siemens. They not only melted, but *produced* steel successfully by the fusion together of cast and of wrought iron.

This method had already been suggested by Réaumur and others ('Iron and Steel,' pp. 805–810), without resulting in any commercial gain. The success attained at Sireuil exceeded

the anticipations of Siemens himself, who had contemplated nothing more than the *fusion* of steel in large quantities without the use of crucibles.

William Siemens about this time took a furnace at Birmingham solely for experiments, and being thus independent of the impatient manufacturers, he also succeeded in making steel. His first patent for the steel manufacture proper was taken out on August 21, 1867. Substantially, this method consists in making cast steel in the reverberatory furnace, employing the regenerative principle and gaseous fuel for the purpose. The details of the process—omitting mention of the action of the regenerators and of the gaseous fuel—are as follows:—The basis of the steel is pig iron, which is first melted on the hearth of the furnace—a rectangular structure lined with suitable refractory materials. In the Siemens' process proper, *iron ore* is added to the bath of molten pig until the carbon and silicon in the latter are consumed by the oxygen present in the ferric oxide of the ore. *Spiegeleisen* is then added for the double purpose of recarbonization, and the imparting of the definite grade of manganese, which is a necessary constituent of all mild steels. The original method of adding iron ore is not always adhered to, but malleable iron and scrap steel are, from motives of economy or convenience, frequently substituted.

The steel which is produced by the Siemens' and Siemens-Martin processes is commercially designated 'open hearth,' to distinguish it from that made in closed crucibles and in the Bessemer converter. There is also a basic open hearth, as well as a basic Bessemer process, in common use, in which the furnace is lined with magnesian limestone, and lime is added to the charge, and the effect is also that the acids of phosphorus are retained in the lime.

We omit all details of the various types of furnaces used, and of the operations involved in the making of Siemens' and Siemens-Martin steels. An excellent description of the more important of these will be found in the article 'Iron' in the thirteenth volume of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' from the pen of Dr. C. R. Alder Wright.

The time occupied in working off a single charge in the open-hearth methods will vary entirely with the nature of the material employed and the dimensions of the furnace. It may range from six to twelve hours, and the yield from a single charge may be from 6 to 20 tons. Furnaces having a capacity of 30 tons and more are now in use, but those melting from 15 to 20 tons are large. A furnace measuring about 16 feet by 10 feet will yield about 9 tons of steel per charge. The
point

point worthy of note, however, is the large amount of metal which can be treated at once. But since the period during which the metal is under treatment is much more protracted than in the Bessemer, it follows that the former process is under better control than the latter. In the Bessemer method the whole time occupied, from emptying the metal into the converter to pouring it into the ingot moulds, does not exceed half an hour. In the open hearth, six or eight hours will be required, thus giving ample time for careful investigation of the changes which it undergoes; and the process can be prolonged almost indefinitely, or until the metal is found by chemical and mechanical tests to be in the proper condition. But each product has special uses for which it is better fitted than the other; and though the use of Siemens steel grows more rapidly than that of its rival, each has its own great future in the history of industry.

The sequel to our subject will show how great has been the success of the new invention. If Mr. Siemens had done nothing more, his place in the first rank of inventors would have been assured. Though his other labours are not directly connected with our present subject, we must digress a little to give a brief account of the electrical and other inventions of this many-sided man which are recorded in Dr. Pole's pleasant volume.

His brother Werner was one of the pioneers in the field of practical telegraphy, his partnership with Mr. Halske dating from 1847. William early became associated with the new firm as its English agent, and shortly afterwards left the service of Messrs. Fox and Henderson to enter into business in London, dividing his energies between the telegraphic work and private business. Fortunately he achieved a success about this period which rendered him practically independent. This was the invention of a water-meter, the royalties from which for many years brought him 1000*l.* a year. In 1853 he became a partner in the firm of Siemens and Halske, and commenced an English business as a branch of the Berlin firm. The discovery of the method of electrical insulation by means of gutta-percha, made by Werner in 1846, brought the firm into prominence, and they were subsequently engaged by Messrs. Newall and Co., of Gateshead, the makers of submarine cables, as electrical and consulting engineers. Thus many of the early cables were laid under their superintendence. In 1858 William took a workshop in Westminster for the manufacture of the smaller descriptions of telegraph work, and this was merged in 1865 in the larger establishment of 'Siemens Brothers' at Charlton—works which now

occupy an area of over six acres, and have at times been capable of turning out sixty miles of submarine cable per day. The first great work of importance undertaken by Siemens Brothers—that of a cable from Oran in Algeria to Carthage—proved a disappointing failure. But another and vaster work—the Indo-European telegraph—undertaken jointly by the Berlin and the London firms, was a splendid success, and all the more so because of the immense difficulty of the task. The contract involved the making of a line 2750 miles in length from the Prussian frontier to Teheran, to connect the Prussian system already in existence with the lines of the Indian Government. The line was completed in December 1869. Most of the cable was laid overland, but there were three submarine sections. The Black Sea section, ninety-two nautical miles in length, gave great anxiety to the contractors in consequence of the vast and abrupt submarine depressions and precipices. In the laying of the land portion also difficulties equally great, but of another kind, were encountered. The workmen and inspectors were often obliged to perform their task under a guard of Russian soldiers, to afford them protection from the Circassians, who amused themselves with the destruction of the telegraphic apparatus. Quarrels were frequent; many also were invalidated by fever. Although the cable was successfully laid, the responsibility of its maintenance had been undertaken by the joint firms, and hence the severance of the Black Sea cable and the throwing down of the land lines by an earthquake soon after the opening was a heavy calamity. In the end it was decided to abandon the broken cable and carry another section over land, and this was completed and messages transmitted again in January 1871.

The first 'direct' Atlantic cable, that is, the first which did not pass through Canadian territory, was laid by Messrs. Siemens. The steamship 'Faraday,' constructed especially for laying this cable, was designed by William himself, and the satisfactory manner, in which the vessel performed the service for which she was designed, is a striking tribute to the many-sided genius of Siemens.

The Brazilian submarine cable, 1874, between Rio de Janeiro and the coast of Uruguay, was the occasion of a dreadful disaster in the wreck of the 'La Plate,' in the Bay of Biscay, with the loss of fifty-eight lives, among whom were several members of Mr. Siemens' electrical staff.

In 1879 the firm laid the second Atlantic cable, from Brest to Cape Cod, 2250 nautical miles long.

The brothers Siemens were pioneers in the work of electric lighting.

lighting. In 1866 they made the great and fruitful discovery that mechanical energy can be transformed into light and heat without the aid of permanent magnets, by taking advantage of the very small quantity of inherent (or 'residual') magnetism present in soft iron. This grand application of the law of the Conservation of energy was soon turned to practical account, as everybody knows. Because rapid movement of an armature was the mechanical agency employed for the work of induction, Werner proposed to apply the term '*dynamo-electric*' to machines of this class, to distinguish them from the '*magneto-electric*' machines.

Among the electric installations carried out by the Charlton firm may be mentioned the British Museum, the Royal Albert Dock, the Savoy Theatre, the town of Godalming, and the S.S. '*Austral*' of the Orient Company.

In 1883 Siemens received the honour of knighthood, as an acknowledgment of the important services he had rendered to science. The Universities of Oxford, Dublin, and Glasgow had previously conferred upon him honorary degrees. His last years, freed from harassing business cares, were occupied with intellectual and scientific research. Much of the work with which he was engaged during the later years of his life must be dismissed briefly. The gas fireplace, in which he proposed to direct jets of coal gas against the coke used in the domestic hearth, so deeply interested the Prince of Wales, that he commissioned Siemens to fit one up at Marlborough House. Siemens did much to develop the electric railways, particularly the one at Portrush. The electric furnace, in which the voltaic arc formed between terminals introduced into a crucible was employed for the fusion of refractory materials, was exhibited at Paris in 1881. Eight pounds of platinum were fused in it in a quarter of an hour. The experiments on vegetation under the electric light awakened much interest about this time. But perhaps the subject, which gave rise to more comment in the press than any other, was his bold speculations on the conservation of the solar energy. He could not entertain the idea involved in the common conception of the enormous waste of solar energy by dispersion into space. He conceived that the effect of the sun's rotation would be to draw to itself dissociated gaseous vapours of water and carbon compounds which might be present in space, and subject them to intense combustion, to be ejected again in the form of solar radiation.

Bold in speculation, yet of reverent spirit, crowning an industrious youth with an active and successful manhood, he won the respect and esteem of his fellow-workers in science. Honours and

and wealth crowded upon him; and though he died* at an age when men of good health are in their prime, his life-work was well accomplished. The memorial window on the north side of the nave of Westminster Abbey bears the motto, 'Laborare est orare,' the fitting keynote of so rich and varied a life.

We now return to the more immediate subject of this article. From the outlines given of the Bessemer and the Siemens' processes, it will be gathered that they have much in common. Thus, in each, the operation consists in first burning out the carbon and other foreign matters, and then adding a measured quantity of carbon and manganese. In this respect they are similar, in all working details they differ. But they have these points also in common—that by comparison with the older methods, immense quantities of metal, amounting to many tons, are operated on at once and in a very short space of time, and that the reactions in the furnaces are so fully under control as to ensure the most exact chemical results.

In our remarks we have hitherto laid much emphasis upon the essential action of carbon in the formation of steel. We have intentionally avoided complicating this leading fact by the discussion of the influence which certain other elements exercise upon the nature of steel, neither have we space to give to so technical a matter. Omitting some of the rarer elements, those which are found united in sensible proportions in all steels are carbon, manganese, silicon, phosphorus, and sulphur. The manner in which the qualities of steel are affected by extremely minute differences in the relative proportions of these ever-present elements, renders the triumph of the manufacturers all the more praiseworthy. The hardest steels used for tools seldom contain more than 1·25 per cent. of carbon; while so small a proportion of phosphorus as 0·1 per cent. will render steel 'cold short,' *i.e.* unworkable when cold; and sulphur in even smaller proportion than this will produce 'red shortness,' *i.e.* unworkability when hot.

If we compare the relative merits of mild steel and wrought iron for building, the advantage is nearly if not altogether on the side of the former. Mild steel is stronger, more elastic, more homogeneous, and more easily obtained in mass than malleable iron.

In estimating the value of a material for use in engineering, it is necessary to take into account both its absolute strength or power to resist disruption and its elasticity, shown by the extension of which it is capable before fracture. Cast iron, which does not sensibly elongate before fracture, is unsuited

* Sir William Siemens died on November 19, 1883, in his sixty-first year.

for steam boilers, for lattice bridges, for rods and ties subject to tensile stresses, and for iron ships; while wrought iron, which stretches considerably before fracture, is admirably adapted for such purposes. Highly carbonised crucible steels, though vastly superior to cast iron in the capacity for resisting tensile stresses, resemble cast iron in not sensibly elongating before fracture. Bessemer and Siemens' steels which are only slightly carbonised, have a much lower tensile strength than crucible steel, but they elongate very considerably before fracture; in this respect resembling wrought iron. And inasmuch as their tensile strength, ductility, and elasticity are superior to those of the best wrought iron, they are even better adapted than that material for bridge, ship, and boiler work. Being stronger, the total scantlings or sectional dimensions, and weights of the structures in which they are used, may be diminished. In a bridge* the load due to the dead weight of the structure itself is a serious factor in calculation; in a ship diminution of weight means corresponding increase in carrying capacity, and these weights can be diminished by the use of steel; while in a boiler the use of lighter and therefore thinner plates permits of the better transmission of heat. The increased strength of steel compared with iron in boiler plates permits the safe use of high steam pressures, amounting frequently to 150 or 160 lbs. per square inch; and the capacity of steel for elongation before fracture permits the stretching of the plates in bridges, ships, and boilers; which, when excessive in amount, causes opening and leaking at the rivet holes, thus giving timely warning of the over-stress which, if continued, may produce fracture.

Steel is a practically homogeneous material, because it has been melted and cast. Wrought iron, even when subjected to a prolonged series of hammerings and rollings, can never be perfectly homogeneous; layers of cinder and scale will often remain in it. These impurities are not only a hidden source of weakness, but a cause of subsequent internal corrosion. There is consequently a want of uniformity in the tests of wrought iron plates, from which steel is almost free. Again, the fibre of wrought iron being developed by rolling, it follows that there is a very considerable difference in the strength of a plate taken with, or across the direction in which it was rolled—the proportion being in the ratio of about 21 tons with the grain to

* The Forth Bridge is being built entirely of steel, and it is estimated that 50,000 tons will be used in its construction, 39,000 tons of which are already erected.

18 tons across the grain. But in steel there is little difference—practically none in the strength of strips cut in either direction of the plate. The testimony of surveyors and experimentalists who are entrusted with the testing of steels, bears witness to the uniformity of materials supplied to specifications; so that, of hundreds of tons tested, every bar or plate will fulfil the requirements demanded.

With these developments the nomenclature is changing. Formerly, the term 'steel' denoted a compound of iron with carbon, which, on being heated and quenched in water, would become hardened. That definition is now incorrect, because most of the steel made by the Bessemer and Siemens' processes will not harden, not being sufficiently carbonized. Hence the best general definition is this:—*An alloy of iron which has been cast, and is malleable.* This covers the ground completely, because, though foundry iron is cast, it is not malleable; and though wrought iron is malleable, it has not been cast. This definition leaves the precise chemical composition of any class of steel untouched.

We will lastly consider the uses to which mild steel has been successfully applied, and it will be convenient to classify our remarks under the several heads:—(1) Ships and Armour; (2) Guns; (3) Railway work; (4) Miscellaneous uses.

(1) The extreme rapidity with which steel has superseded iron for shipbuilding is the more remarkable when we remember that it is the development of scarcely more than a single decade. Between 1866 and 1876 only three small ships were built of steel in the United Kingdom, and the decision to build the Cunarder 'Servia,' launched in 1881, of steel, was, even at that recent period, considered a very bold one. The 'Iris' (1875) was the first war vessel constructed entirely of steel, and her history is as follows:—

In consequence of a challenge to the steel makers given by Mr. (now Sir) Nathaniel Barnaby, C.B., in 1875, Mr. Siemens instituted a series of experiments at the Landore Works; and the result was that the Admiralty, after devoting several months to the testing of specimens supplied by the Landore Company and other eminent firms, entered into a contract for the supply of Siemens steel for the building of the 'Iris' and 'Mercury,' two swift despatch vessels of 300 feet in length.

From that period the use of iron for ships has gradually declined. All new ships of war, and the greater number of ships for the merchant service, are now built of steel. Mr. Parker, chief engineer to Lloyds' Registry, states that in

1878

1878 the quantity of steel used for steamships was only 2682 tons against 243,717 tons of iron; but in 1887, 195,907 tons of steel were used for steamships, 14,333 tons for sailing vessels, and only 24,052 tons of iron for steamers and 28,150 tons for sailing ships. Thus, the percentage of steel to iron for steamers in 1878 was 1.09, while in 1887 the percentage of iron to steel was 10.93. That is, in 1878, there was ninety times as much iron as steel used for steamers, but in 1887 there was more than eight times the quantity of steel used, as compared with iron, for the same purpose; and as regards sailing ships, the quantity of steel used in 1887 amounted to practically one-half that of iron.* Though these statistics of shipbuilding refer only to Lloyds' Registry, they afford a true indication of the rapid general advance in the use of mild steels. Mr. Parker states that, by the introduction of steel, superior ships have been built, capable of carrying 4 per cent. more cargo, on a consumption of 25 per cent. less coal.

The cost of steel ships compared with iron ships of the same dimensions is not more, their strength is greater, their liability to accident through collision or stranding is less, while their carrying capacity is greater. Many instances are on record of steam vessels having collided or struck on hidden rocks or sandbanks with far less injury than they would have suffered if they had been built of iron. There are at present 528 vessels under construction in the United Kingdom, of 920,989 gross tonnage. Roughly speaking, half a ton of iron or steel is required per ton of gross tonnage of ships; and as most of these are built of steel, we may estimate that nearly half a million tons of this material are now being used in the United Kingdom for shipbuilding alone.

The introduction of steel-faced armour-plates is a direct consequence of the rifling of modern ordnance, by which the penetrative power of projectiles has been so enormously increased. The open-hearth processes are admirably adapted for the manufacture of such massive plates, one of which, recently rolled by Messrs. Cammell of Sheffield, weighs 65 tons. Our earliest armoured ships were wooden three-deckers, protected with plates of wrought iron. The 'Warrior,' launched in December 1860, was a distinct departure from previous practice. It was the first warship built of iron, and was protected with 4½-inch iron armour. From that time forward, as the penetrative power of projectiles has increased, so the armour has been thickened, and the soft wrought iron has been faced with

* 'Journal of the Iron and Steel Institute,' No. 1, p. 17.

hard steel. Passing from 1860 to 1872, we find the 'Dreadnought' carrying the enormous load of 3260 tons of armour, of a maximum thickness of 14 inches. In the 'Inflexible' (1874) the armour in the central citadel sides is 24 inches thick, the greatest thickness yet put upon a warship. The 'Trafalgar' (1887) has a belt of compound armour 20 inches thick at the centre, backed with 18 inches of teak, and behind that a steel 'skin' of 2 inches in thickness. Armoured steel decks of 3 inches in thickness cover the upper citadel and the ends below the water-line. This vessel, with her sister ship, the 'Nile,' is built of the finest steel, the estimate for each being 920,000*l*. The 'Victoria,' launched last year from the Elswick yard, has her sides protected with 18 inches of steel-faced armour, and the turret with 17 inches. The design for the turret and barbette ships of the recent Estimates includes a belt of armour 8½ feet broad, extending over two-thirds of the length of the vessels, 3 feet being above water and 5½ feet below, and having a maximum thickness of 18 inches. Transverse armoured bulkheads complete the belt; a 3-inch steel deck is fitted above it, and a strong protective under-water deck completes the protection before and abaft the belt. The broadside above the belt is protected to a height of about 9½ feet above water, over a considerable portion of the length, by 5-inch steel armour. The protection for the heavy guns consists of 18-inch armour on the turrets, and 17 inches on the redoubts protecting the turret bases. Each of the eight battle-ships of this new design, namely, one 'turret' and seven 'barbettes,' will carry 4550 tons' weight of armour. Steel-faced armour averages about 480 lbs. per cubic foot.

The difference between wrought iron and steel armour is this: wrought iron is soft, and easily penetrated; steel is hard, and offers much resistance. But a shell that will penetrate a plate of iron, making a clean hole, will crack a plate of steel in all directions. Hence the use of the 'compound' plates—that is, plates of iron steel-faced. The steel being welded to the iron turns the projectile aside, and the wrought-iron backing prevents the breaking-up of the steel. Roughly speaking, about two-thirds of the thickness will consist of wrought iron and one-third of steel. But even now experiments are being made with steel shells, the result of which may be that the compound armour will not suffice for protection. Probably the next advance will be to use armour made altogether of mild steel—in fact, the Admiralty have been recently conducting experiments in that direction. On the Continent and in America, steel is taking the place of compound plates. Though the shattering of a steel plate is a
serious

serious matter, it is not so serious as the passing of a hollow projectile containing explosives through a soft plate into the interior of a ship. And Lord Armstrong reminds us (*The New Naval Programme: 'Nineteenth Century,' May*) that our ships are not armour-clad, in the sense of being completely protected, because the extent of the covering is limited by the necessity of concentrating the armour of great thickness upon the most vulnerable parts. Will the problem be finally solved by a change in the weapons of offence, as was the case when the knightly armour of the Middle Ages became a burden too great to be borne? We seem to be nearing that stage when no more armour-plate can be borne safely, and there is apparently no corresponding limit to the power of steel projectiles or the destructive effects of torpedoes.

(2) The earliest cannon resembled those of the present day in being hooped, and loaded at the breech. Tubes of wrought iron were strengthened with wrought-iron rings. These gave place to bronze and to cast-iron cannon. The muzzle-loading smooth-bores remained in use until about 1860, when a return was made to built-up guns. These were at first of a composite character, the existing cast-iron barrels being hooped with wrought iron. Afterwards steel-rifled tubes were hooped with iron. Now, both tubes and coils are of steel, and steel projectiles also are largely used.

Krupp produced a cast-steel gun as long ago as 1847. It was the search for metal suitable for guns that drew Sir Henry Bessemer's attention to the manufacture of iron and steel, and he made 92 steel guns at his works at Sheffield between 1858 and 1862. At about this period also Whitworth made several guns of fluid compressed steel for the Brazilian Government. In 1877 the built-up breech-loading guns of the Elswick pattern were accepted by our artillery authorities. The use of steel for the coils of guns, which had hitherto been made of wrought iron, was established about the year 1883. The absolute control which can be exercised over the Siemens' processes especially fits them for the production of the best material for guns, and all other steels have been abandoned in this country for that purpose.

Guns have been increased during the last thirty years from 68-pounders, weighing $4\frac{3}{4}$ tons, whose projectiles could not penetrate the 'Warrior's' $4\frac{1}{2}$ -inch iron armour at close range, to the 110-ton gun, whose projectile will penetrate 35 inches of iron at 1000 yards' range. The 111-ton guns of the 'Benbow,' 'Sanspareil,' and 'Victoria' are the heaviest in our Navy. Each of the vessels of the new design will have four 67-ton guns of $13\frac{1}{2}$ -inch

13 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch calibre, firing a shot of 1250 lbs. weight, with a charge of 630 lbs. of powder. Besides these, there are the quick-firing guns of the secondary armament, which Lord Armstrong says can pierce the armour of most of the warships now afloat.

The subject of ordnance calls to mind the name of Alfred Krupp—the greatest founder of crucible steel in the world. It is singular that, though the making of cast steel had been practised in England since the middle of the eighteenth century, the process was not understood in Germany and Prussia until about 1810. Imported English steel was used in those countries until Napoleon closed the Continent to English manufactures, and then, very literally, necessity became the mother of invention. One F. Nicolai, of Essen, secured a Prussian patent in 1815 for the manufacture of cast steel, and with him Friedrich Krupp, the father of Alfred, became associated for a while, but the partnership was not permanent. The elder Krupp died in 1826, leaving to the management of his son Alfred, then a lad of fourteen, dilapidated works and a heritage of poverty. For fifteen years Alfred struggled on, earning only sufficient to pay his few workpeople their wages, and to keep the place open. But about 1845–1849 he engaged in experiments on steel as a material for ordnance, and in 1847 made a 3-pounder gun, followed shortly after by several 6-pounders. Then in 1854 he made a 12-pounder for the Brunswick Government, and this brought him official notice. The Crimean War had the effect of directing attention to the new Krupp cast-steel guns, and substantial orders presently came in from Egypt, Brunswick, Prussia, Belgium, Russia, Italy, and other countries, and so the works began to grow and prosper. The Danish War in the year 1864 saw the good qualities of the guns established, and brought an immense accession of business to the firm. In that year orders were received for 817 cannons, and 54,000,000 lbs. of steel were used. The Austrian War of 1866, and the Franco-German War of 1870–1, brought still more business to Essen. In 1871, 919 guns were ordered; in 1872, 985; in 1873, 1845; and in 1874, 2931. Up to the beginning of 1875, Krupp had manufactured 13,299 cannons, and during the next twelve years he made 10,000 more—a total at the time of his death of over 23,000. As late as 1848, after having been thirty-two years in business, he employed but seventy-two men. At the time of his death, which occurred in July 1887, 12,600 men and officials were employed in the Essen and affiliated works, while the number of those engaged in mining and other operations connected with the firm completed a grand total of 20,000, making the establishment the largest in the world.

Beyond

Beyond the fact that Krupp used crucible cast steel, little is known of his methods. The metal for a single big casting would be supplied from several hundreds of separate crucibles, and the men were drilled in their evolutions with strict military precision, so that each should contribute his quota at the precise instant when required. Occasionally a Krupp gun has burst, but so have those made by all other systems. In every country of Europe, with the exception of England and France, the Krupp guns are used, and for seventeen years past not one has burst. Certainly no other manufacturer in the world has ever used crucible steel as it was employed by the great Steel King of Essen. And guns were not the only product of his firm, but only his greatest speciality, for thousands of other articles—crank-shafts, locomotive tyres, axles, springs, rails, and such like—were and are still made at Essen.

(3) There is in one respect a marked analogy between the relations of the locomotive and the permanent way, and between the armour-clad vessels and big guns. As the increasing power of the big guns has rendered necessary a corresponding increase in the thickness and strength of armour, so the increase in weight of the locomotive has necessitated heavier permanent way. The rapid development of each during the last twenty-five years would have been impossible without the potentialities of the modern steel-making processes. The early engines had four wheels, and weighed from 6 to 10 tons; the modern engines have six or eight wheels, and weigh 40 or 50 tons. The power of an engine to draw a load depends, other things being equal, upon the amount of dead weight resting upon the driving wheels. As the weight of the traffic increased, the weight of the engine increased in proportion, with the result that the wheels and the rails wore away very rapidly. When neither cast nor wrought iron would endure the traffic, steel came into service; the wrought-iron bodies of the wheels are now encircled with hard steel tyres, and these run on rails of hard steel. The old iron rails were formed by 'piling,' that is, by welding together superimposed bars of iron, which were afterwards rolled into the section required. But the iron was of various qualities, the welds were not always perfect, and so the rails were destitute of homogeneity as well as of hard-wearing surfaces. The first steel rails were made by John Brown & Co., of Sheffield, and laid on the Taff Vale Railway in 1860, at a cost of about 22*l.* 10*s.* a ton. In the decade 1861–1871, iron rails varied in price between 5*l.* and 7*l.* per ton. Steel rails fell during the same period to 10*l.* a ton. By 1879 both steel and iron rails fell to between 4*l.* and 5*l.*, at which

which period the manufacture of iron rails practically ceased. At present steel rails cost about 4*l.* a ton.

Rails are quoted at so much weight per yard of length. Those first employed on the Liverpool and Manchester line weighed only 35 lbs. per yard. At present the rails on the English lines mostly weigh at least 80 lbs. per yard. On the Continent 60-lb. rails are chiefly used, and that is the chief reason why it is not safe to run the Continental trains so rapidly as ours. But the Northern Railway of France has recently commenced the use of an 86½-lb. rail in place of the 60-lb. already laid down. In 1885, Mr. Sandberg suggested the employment of rails of 100 lbs. weight to the yard, and about 11,000 tons of these 'Goliath' rails have been laid on the Belgian lines. Actually the Belgian State engineers have made them of 105 lbs. weight.

Many hundreds of thousands of steel sleepers are in use on Continental lines. To a limited extent they are employed in England. There are about 60,000 on the London and North-Western Railway. If we consider the quantity of material required for sleepers, we may form some conception of the issues involved in the substitution of steel for wood. Mr. Acworth states, as the result of a rough calculation, that to replace wooden sleepers with steel on the railways of Great Britain would require 4,000,000 tons of steel.* And these railways represent one-sixteenth only of the mileage of the world.

Krupp first produced wheel tyres of crucible steel in 1852. They were so vastly superior to the welded wrought-iron tyres previously in use, that a great demand for them arose at once, and they sold for the high price of 120*l.* a ton. Steel tyres made of Bessemer metal have long superseded those of wrought iron, and they last from two to two and a half times as long. The wheel bodies are still mostly of wrought iron; but the making of these has been entirely discontinued on one line, the London and North-Western, in favour of cast-steel bodies. Three thousand of these whole-steel wheels are now running.

(4) Mr. Daniel Adamson, Past-President of the Iron and Steel Institute, has been a pioneer in the construction of steel boilers. Six steel boilers made by his firm in 1860 are still at work in their old settings. They are 30 feet in length, and 7 feet 6 inches in diameter. About 1863 the use of Bessemer steel for boiler plates became fairly established, but for many years its use was confined to a few manufacturers of first-class reputation in the Manchester district. The London

* 'The Railways of England,' p. 65.

and North-Western Railway have used Bessemer steel for their locomotive boiler shells for more than twenty years. Mr. Parker, chief engineer to Lloyds' Registry, states that while in 1878 there was but one steel marine boiler being made, during the last four years, 1884-7, they (Lloyds) have scarcely had an iron boiler submitted for approval, but during each of those years there have been made under the supervision of the surveyors some 600 boilers, representing about 24,000 tons of material. The use of steel for boilers has admitted of steam pressures being increased by nearly 100 per cent. Mr. Parker stated, before the Institute of Naval Architects in 1886, that 800 tons of boilers of open-hearth basic steel had been made in St. Petersburg, and that there had not been a single fracture. Abundant testimony from many other boiler makers and steam users bears witness to the security of steel boilers when used with proper care.

Among the lesser-known uses of steel is its employment for railway axles. Following the recommendation of Major Marindin, after the Penistone accident in 1884, a Board of Trade return of engine axles for the year 1883 was prepared. From this we gather that of a total of 14,848 locomotive driving-axles in the kingdom, 7422 were of steel.

So tough and trustworthy are steel castings, that massive rudder-frames and rudders, usually made of wrought iron welded, have recently been made by casting. Cast steel is also being employed for anchors. In the report of a Board of Trade Committee on the subject in 1887 it was stated that nearly a thousand cast-steel anchors were in use in the mercantile service. At the Manchester Exhibition, Messrs. Jessop & Sons exhibited a cast-steel crank shaft 16 inches in diameter and weighing 8 tons.

One of the latest uses to which steel is being put is that of replacing cast iron as a material for water pipes. Messrs. Pigott, of Birmingham, commenced making steel pipes in 1880. It is not long since the first pipes of this material used in Great Britain were made for carrying water over the Tay Bridge. Steel pipes convey the water under the rivers Vyrnwy and Mersey for the new Liverpool water supply. Such pipes are particularly valuable in the colonies. In 1880 the Kimberley Waterworks laid down about ten miles of steel pipes, using this material to diminish the weight of ox-waggon carriage through hundreds of miles of uneven country. One of the steel works of Scotland recently completed an order for twenty miles of mains for Mexico. In these the sheets were only one-tenth of an inch in thickness. There are steel water mains of eight feet in diameter, crossing wide creeks for the Sydney water supply.

Torpedo

Torpedo boats furnish another illustration of the utility of thin sheets of steel. In these extreme lightness is desirable, and the plates vary from one-sixteenth to three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness. Mr. Thornycroft told the members of the Institute of Civil Engineers, in 1881, that he had built a torpedo boat of steel plates only one-fortieth of an inch in thickness, and that they had lasted for twelve years.

Steel laths for ceilings are largely used in America. Recently a company has been formed at West Hartlepool to manufacture these articles. Steel plates are used in America for the foundations of buildings.

The bucolic mind would scarcely trace the connection between steel and crops. Yet it is a fact that in 1888 there were 300,000 tons of slag from the basic process used for manure in Germany, two-thirds of which represented the total annual production of Germany, while the remainder was imported from Austria and England. The value of the slag of course consists in its phosphate of lime, the phosphorus present ranging from 10 to 30 per cent. The slag is ground to powder, and applied in that condition. The soils for which it is most suitable are those of a peaty nature, poor in lime, but rich in organic matter.

The gigantic character of the plant employed in the consolidation, rolling, and shearing, of the enormous ingots and plates required for the guns and armour of the present day, can be best appreciated by a visit to some of the steel firms of Sheffield. Visitors to Woolwich, who have noticed the steam hammer there, may be surprised to learn that it is not by any means the largest in existence. It is a 35-ton hammer. But there is a 100-ton hammer at Creusot, and another at Terni Steel Works. There is a 50-ton hammer at Krupp's, besides two of 50 tons in Russia, one of 50 and another of 80 tons in France, and a 30-ton at Elswick. But for the heaviest work of all, the days of the Titanic hammers are numbered; they are being driven from the field by the silent presses which depend for their action upon the incompressibility of water. For pressure is less injurious than percussion, and the force of a blow fails to penetrate to the central portions of very massive forgings. Haswell, of Vienna, was the originator of the forging press. The first press used in this country was erected at the works of Whitworth & Co. Its power was equal to 250 tons, and it was designed especially for the compression of the metal for steel shells. This was followed by a 2000-ton press, and by another capable of producing a pressure of 8000 tons. This is the most powerful in the world save one, which is in Russia. This will exert a maximum pressure of 10,000 tons. Its range
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of pressure per square inch is from 4 to 12 tons, and these pressures are maintained for from forty-five minutes to three or four hours, according to the size of ingot and condition of the metal. The density of the steel so treated is from 8 to 12 per cent. greater than that of an unpressed ingot. At Elswick there is a press capable of exerting a force of about 3000 tons, worked by a pair of hydraulic engines of about 2000 horse-power. The plant at these works is capable of casting and forging ingots up to about 80 tons in weight and about 40 feet in length, suitable for the barrel of a 110-ton gun. Messrs. John Brown & Co., of Sheffield, have a press capable of exerting a pressure of 4000 tons, and Cammell & Co. have one of 5000 tons. It would be easy to multiply examples of the massive machinery used in rolling armour and other plates, rails, and bars, and in shearing the uneven edges with as much apparent ease as a lady's scissors sever a bit of silk, but we conclude by giving a few statistics.

In 1876 the make of Bessemer steel in the United Kingdom was 400,000 tons; that of open-hearth steel, 128,000 tons. In 1882 Bessemer stood at 1,235,785, open-hearth at 436,000 tons. In 1884 the total production of Bessemer steel ingots in the kingdom was 1,299,000 tons; in 1887 it had risen to 2,064,000 tons, an increase of 59·13 per cent. in three years. Of this amount no less than 1,021,847 tons were used for rails. Of open-hearth steel ingots, the production in 1884 was 475,250 tons; in 1887 it was 981,104 tons, an increase of 106·43 per cent. In 1888 the United Kingdom produced 2,012,794 tons of Bessemer steel ingots, and 1,292,742 tons of open-hearth ingots. The production of Bessemer steel in the eight chief iron and steel-producing countries of the world, in 1887, amounted to 7,269,767 tons. The yield of open-hearth steel in the same countries in 1887 was 1,672,340 tons, against 1,221,921 tons in the previous year.

We do not monopolize the steel trade of the world. The annual production of Bessemer steel in the United States already exceeds our own, amounting to 2,936,033 tons. Germany, France, Belgium, and other continental nations are our rivals in the manufacture of steel by the acid and basic Bessemer and open-hearth processes. So great a development of a special industry, whose creation is chiefly due to the labours of two eminent men, is unparalleled in the history of manufacture. The facts and the figures embodied in this article are our justification for calling the present period emphatically the Age of Steel.

- ART. VII.—1. *Reports of the Archæological Survey of India.* By Major-General Sir Alexander Cunningham, K.C.I.E., etc., Director-General of the Archæological Survey of India, and his assistants. Vols. I.–XXIII., 8vo. Simla and Calcutta, A.D. 1871–1887.
2. *General Index to the above.* By Vincent Arthur Smith, Bengal Civil Service. Calcutta: Printed by the Superintendent of Government Printing. 8vo. India, 1887.
3. *Reports of the Archæological Survey of Western India.* By James Burgess, C.I.E., etc. Vols. I.–V. 4to. Printed by order of H.M. Secretary of State for India in Council. London, 1874–1883.
4. *Cave Temples of India.* By James Fergusson, D.C.L., etc., and James Burgess, C.I.E., etc. Printed by order of H.M. Secretary of State for India in Council. 4to. London, 1880.
5. *Reports of the Archæological Survey of Southern India.*
 Vol. I. *Lists of Antiquarian Remains in the Presidency of Madras.* By R. Sewell, Madras Civil Service. 4to. Madras, 1882.
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7. *Corpus Inscriptionum Indicarum.*
 Vol. I. *The Inscriptions of Asoka.* By Major-General Sir A. Cunningham, K.C.I.E., etc. 4to. Calcutta, 1877.
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8. *Archæology in India.* By James Fergusson, D.C.L., etc. 8vo. London, 1884.
9. *Les Inscriptions de Piyadasi.* Par E. Senart. Paris, Imprimerie Nationale. 8vo. Vol. I., 1881; Vol. II., 1886.

IN the early days of British rule in India the energies of the best officers in the service of the East India Company were fully employed in making and consolidating the conquests which a strange overruling destiny had forced upon them. The claims of the present were too urgent to allow them much time to think of the forgotten past. The gentlemen, who formed the rank and file of the Company's officials, and conducted the affairs of their masters in the older settlements, had for the most part left England in boyhood, carrying with them a very light equipment of education and culture, and were better qualified to understand the merits of investigations than those of antiquarian investigations. The tourist and non-official European had not yet come into existence, and the intellect of native India still lay buried in slumber, the result of the combined action of despotism, servitude, and anarchy. It is plain, therefore, that, at the close of the eighteenth century, the number of possible students of the history of ancient India was necessarily very small, and it is not surprising that the number of actual students was still smaller.

Warren Hastings, though trained in the same school as his brother officers, was raised, by natural gifts, far above their intellectual level, and found time to combine, with the successful conduct of war and commerce, a keen interest in the literature and history of the wide territories committed to his care. In 1784, a year before Hastings resigned the reins of government, Sir William Jones, aided by the sympathy and active co-operation of the Governor-General, brought together a small band of kindred spirits, and made a beginning in the work of research by the foundation of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, the honoured parent of all Asiatic Societies.

The pages of the early volumes of the Society's publications were enriched by valuable contributions from the pens of the founder and other eminent scholars, among whom Colebrooke and Horace Hayman Wilson are, perhaps, the best known in Europe. These learned writers disclosed to the astonished eyes of European scholars a New World of literature and philosophy. Epic poems, dramas, and systems of law and metaphysics, written in a language which is itself one of the most marvellous products of the human intellect, were exhibited in rapid succession before the admiring gaze of the scholars of the West. When men had time to count and take stock of their newly discovered treasures, a notable deficiency in the vast mass of Sanskrit literature was perceived. Not a single history could be found. Not only was there no Indian Herodotus or

Thucydides, but even the most meagre annals were wanting. To this day the Sanskrit libraries have failed to yield a single work that deserves the name of Indian history, unless we admit as an exception a compilation of the twelfth century which contains chronicles of the outlying frontier state of Cashmere.

We propose to explain briefly the manner in which the modern science of archæology has essayed to supply for India the place left vacant by history.

For the first fifty years of its existence the Asiatic Society of Bengal devoted itself chiefly to the exploration of Sanskrit literature and philosophy, and the investigation of various branches of natural science. Fragmentary efforts were made by Wilford and other writers to fill up the blank pages of the unwritten history of India, but these efforts were attended with little success; and the invasion of the Panjâb by Alexander the Great in B.C. 326 remained the only event in early Indian history to which a positive date could be assigned. Within the short space of five years the veil was lifted, and the touch of the hand of genius compelled stones and coins to yield up the secrets which literature had disdained to preserve.

James Prinsep, Secretary to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, was, like most Anglo-Indian workers in the field of knowledge, a busy official, and the hours during which he won his laurels were stolen from repose earned by long and monotonous drudgery in the Assay Master's office at the Calcutta Mint. 'My whole day,' he writes in 1837, 'is consumed at the scales. What a waste of precious moments!' In 1839, his overworked brain refused to answer the unsparing demands made upon it, and in the following year it ceased to throb. His short life comprised in all but forty years, and five of these sufficed for all his splendid discoveries, and to lay the firm foundations on which all succeeding Indian archæologists have built. In 1834, working on hints supplied by Masson, he succeeded in deciphering half of the Ariô-Pâli, or Bactrian alphabet, and in the four following years, by a marvellous series of brilliant but singularly modest papers, he completed his first discovery, deciphered a second alphabet, the Indo-Pâli, founded the sciences of Indian numismatics and chronology, and rescued from the deep oblivion of two thousand years the name and history of the great Buddhist Emperor Asoka, the Constantine of the far East. His researches also brought to light the equally forgotten Gupta dynasty, which, in the fourth and fifth centuries of our era, swayed the destinies of Northern India from the forests of Nepâl to the shores of the Gulf of Kachh (Cutch).

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These are, in brief, the main results of Prinsep's work, and fairly entitle him to rank with the men who unlocked the mysteries of the hieroglyphic and cuneiform writings, and so revealed the long-lost histories of Egypt and Babylonia. But Prinsep has not received his due meed of fame. No one would willingly confess to absolute ignorance of the names and achievements of Champollion and Rawlinson, but few educated men, outside the narrow circle of Indian specialists, would be ashamed to admit that they had never heard of the name or work of James Prinsep. We trust that the growing interest felt by England in India will speedily remedy the injustice which the memory of James Prinsep has suffered, and that, before many more years elapse, his merits will be recognized as fully and widely as those of his compeers, with whom fame has hitherto dealt more kindly.

Before we proceed to the consideration in a little more detail of what Prinsep achieved, and what he left for his successors to perform, we shall give our readers and ourselves the pleasure of quoting an eloquent and discriminating criticism on his work by a friend who knew him well.

'Of his intellectual character,' wrote Dr. Falconer, 'the most prominent feature was enthusiasm, one of the prime elements of genius; a beaming, irrepressible enthusiasm, to which nothing could set bounds, and which communicated itself to whatever came before him. The very strength of his mental constitution in this respect was, perhaps, opposed to his attaining the excellence of a profound thinker; it led him to be carried away frequently by first impressions, and to apply his mind to a greater range of subjects than any human mind can master or excel in. To this enthusiasm was fortunately united a habitude of order and power of generalization, which enabled him to grasp and comprehend the greatest variety of details. His powers of perception were impressed with genius; they were clear, vigorous, and instantaneous.'

The long inscriptions engraved on rocks and monolithic pillars which are found at many places in Northern India, from the borders of Afghânistân to the shores of the Bay of Bengal and the Indian Ocean, had excited and baffled the curiosity of all travellers who beheld them. We now know that the character in which all these inscriptions, with one notable exception, are recorded, is only an ancient form of the Devanâgarî, or Sanskrit, alphabet still in daily use in India, and we can readily perceive the relation between the ancient and the modern forms of writing. But the changes in the shape of the letters which had come to pass in the lapse of ages were sufficient to hide the truth from all ordinary eyes, and even the
most

most learned pundits failed to read a single letter of the inscriptions, which were regarded as beyond the power of man to decipher.

The genius of Prinsep solved the riddle. Guided, in part, by hints supplied by Lassen, the great German archæologist, he succeeded in deciphering the legends on the coins of the Gupta kings, and on those of the satraps of Saurâshtra, as well as the short dedicatory inscriptions from the *stûpa*, or relic-tower, at Sânci, and, with the key thus obtained, unlocked the long-hidden secrets of the great inscriptions. The earliest inscription, among the various records incised on the so-called 'Golden Pillar' at Delhi, was the first examined, and proved to consist of a series of eight edicts issued by a sovereign named Piyadasi. The principal inscription on the rock at Gîrnâr, in Kathiâwâr on the western coast of India, was found to be a record of no less than fourteen edicts of the same sovereign; and all the other long inscriptions elsewhere in the same character were shown to be duplicates, more or less exact, of the same edicts. Study of the Buddhist records of Ceylon soon established the fact that king Piyadasi of the edicts was no other than the Emperor Asoka of the Singhalese books, under whose influence and guidance the religion of the Buddha was adopted as the State creed, and was carried from its birth-place on the banks of the Ganges to distant Ceylon and all parts of India.

The edicts happily contain a passage which, within very narrow limits, establishes their date, and that of their author, with absolute certainty, by mentioning as contemporaries of Asoka, the kings Antiochus II. Theos of Syria, Ptolemy II. Philadelphos of Egypt, Antigonus Gonatas of Macedonia, Magas of Cyrene, and Alexander II. of Epirus. It is easy to show that the only possible date for the synchronism of all these princes is the year B.C. 259, or a time very little earlier or later.

The most complete texts of the longer series of the edicts of Asoka are found at Shâhbâzgarhi or Kapurdagiri on the Afghan frontier, at Kâlsi near the hill-station of Mussoorie, and at Gîrnâr, in the peninsula of Kathiâwâr or Saurâshtra. The Shâhbâzgarhi version alone is written in the Ariô-Pâli, or Bactrian alphabet, which is read, like Hebrew, from right to left. All the other inscriptions are written in the old form of the Sanskrit alphabet, which is generally known as the Indo-Pâli. Texts which vary from the above-named in many particulars exist at Dhauli in the Katâk (Cuttack) district of the province of Orissa, and at Jaugada in Ganjâm, the most northern district of the Presidency of Madras. The recent
discovery

discovery of a fragment of the eighth edict proves that a set of the edicts formerly existed at Supâra, north of Bombay. Separate edicts of great interest are found at Rûpnâth in the Central Provinces, at Bairât and Bhabra in Râjputâna, and at Sahsarâm in the Shâhâbâd district of Bengal. All these inscriptions are incised on the face of rocks. The pillar inscriptions, which consist of the shorter series of Asoka's edicts, are known to exist, in a more or less complete form, on six monuments,—namely, two at Delhi (one of which was brought from the Meerut, and the other from the Umballa district), three in the Champâran district of Bengal, and one in the fort at Allahabad.

Much has been done by Prinsep, Wilson, Burnouf, Cunningham, Bühler, Kern, Senart, and other scholars, to establish the text and elucidate the meaning of these priceless edicts, but neither of the two editions of the complete collection which have yet appeared can claim to be final. The general meaning of nearly all the inscriptions is fairly well ascertained, but to this day the critical recension of the texts is very imperfect, and few of the translations have been confirmed as correct beyond dispute.

The edicts of Asoka are unlike any other known monumental records, and are rather sermons in stone than political manifestoes. They were published at four distinct periods,—namely, in the thirteenth, fourteenth, twenty-seventh, and twenty-eighth years of his reign,—and record the personal progress of the imperial author in the knowledge of religion, and inculcate on his subjects the practice of the virtues to which its precepts should guide them. We shall cite, as fair samples of the style of the whole scripture, two edicts,—namely, the tenth of the earlier rock-cut series, and the first of the later pillar series, translated from the French version of M. Senart, their most recent interpreter.

Tablet X. of Rock Series.—'King Piyadasi, dear to the Devas, does not deem that glory and renown bring great profit, except when the people, in the present and in the future, practise obedience to my religion, and observe the duties of my religion.

'Therein lie the glory and renown which King Piyadasi, dear to the Devas, seeks for.

'All the efforts which King Piyadasi, dear to the Devas, makes, all are in view of fruits for the future life, with the aim of escaping from all hindrance. Now the hindrance is Evil.

'But, assuredly, the thing is difficult, whether for the little or for the mighty, except by a mighty effort of self-detachment from all. But this is, indeed, infinitely difficult for the mighty.'

Tablet I.

Tablet I. of Pillar Series.—‘King Piyadasi, dear to the Devas, speaketh thus. In the twenty-seventh year since my consecration, I have caused this edict to be engraved.

‘Happiness in this world and in the other is difficult to procure, unless by extreme zeal for religion, by extreme watchfulness, by extreme obedience, by extreme loyalty, by extreme activity [*scil.* on the part of my officials].

‘But, thanks to my instructions, this care for religion and zeal for religion grow, and will grow, from day to day.

‘And let my officers—superior, subordinate, and of middle rank—conform thereto, and direct the people in the good way, so as to strengthen fickle spirits. Likewise let the wardens of the marches behave.

‘For the rule is this—government by religion, law by religion, progress by religion, safety by religion.’

The concluding tablet of the rock-cut series explains the benevolent motives which led the emperor thus to place on record his conception of the whole duty of man, and warns readers that clerical errors, omissions of words, or mistakes in the sense, are to be ascribed to the engraver only.

The most careless reader of the edicts can hardly fail to be impressed by the earnestness of the preacher, and the loftiness of his teaching, which the ruggedness and awkwardness of the style cannot conceal. Asoka’s sermons are (except the *Jâtakas*, or *Birth Stories*) the oldest documents of the Buddhist religion, and as such throw, perhaps, more light on the real nature of the teaching of Gautama than all the Buddhist doctrinal books, which describe a religion very different from that of the edicts. But a discussion of the historical results deducible from the edicts of Asoka would require a volume, and, tempting though the subject is, we must here leave it.

Sir William Jones took the first step in the recovery of the ancient history of India when he identified the Indian king Sandracottus, mentioned by Greek writers as the ally of Seleucus Nikator, with Chandra Gupta Maurya, grandfather of Asoka. This synchronism, combined with the information derivable from the edicts and the Singhalese books, and some minor evidences, enables the historian to establish with certainty the chronology of India from B.C. 325 to B.C. 215. Refined calculations may require the shifting of some of the dates in this period two or three years in either direction, but no more considerable error is possible. This determination of a well-ascertained series of early dates extending over more than a complete century is the chief and fundamental achievement of Indian archæology, on which all other discoveries rest.

Mr. J. F. Fleet’s

Mr. J. F. Fleet's recent demonstration of the true initial date of the so-called Gupta era, which we shall discuss presently, is of almost equal importance, and enables us to trace, with little interruption, the general course of history in Northern India, or Hindustan Proper, from the reign of Asoka to the irruption of the Muhammadan invaders at the beginning of the eleventh century.

We have seen that, prior to Prinsep's discoveries, the only accurately ascertained date in early Indian history was that of the invasion of the Panjâb by Alexander the Great in B.C. 326. Modern scholars have devoted much research and ingenuity to the problem of determining a still earlier era, that of the Nirvâna, or death of Gautama Buddha, Sâkyâ Muni, the founder of the Buddhist religion. The dates assigned to this memorable event by ancient and modern Buddhist traditions range over a period of many centuries, and the contradictory beliefs on the subject held by Buddhists in various countries at various times prove only that the true date was long ago forgotten. We cannot here enter on a discussion of the many conflicting theories concerning the fundamental date in question, which have been propounded by European scholars of repute, but must content ourselves with the statement that the choice now lies between the doctrine held by Sir A. Cunningham and Professor Max Müller that the death of Buddha occurred either in B.C. 479 or 478, and the opinion of Mr. Rhys-Davids that this event took place in 412 B.C. We incline to accept the latter date.

The traditions recorded in the Jain books reveal an intimate connection between Gautama Buddha and Nirgrantha Jnâtiputra, surnamed Mahâvîra, the last of the Jain hierarchs, who is stated to have died in 527 B.C. The recognition of this connection has disclosed the interesting fact that the Jain religion existed before the Buddhist. We see no reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of the date B.C. 527 recorded in the Jain books as the year of the death of Mahâvîra. It is the *terminus a quo* of Indian chronology, beyond which the 'eye of history' cannot hope to penetrate. All events before that date are, in the strictest sense, pre-historic. We can see, as in a glass darkly, a few events of that earlier time, and can even, in some cases, discern their sequence and mutual relations, but cannot bind one of them down to a definite position measured by years, or even by centuries. Pre-historic India has fascinated the minds and attracted the attention of several careful observers, who have shown that its phenomena display many curious and interesting relations with those of pre-historic Europe. If space permitted

permitted, we should be glad to bring before our readers the chief results obtained from the study of the pre-historic antiquities of India, but it would be impossible within the limits of a single article to do justice to the archæology of both historic and pre-historic times.

The mighty Asoka, Emperor of India, was gathered to his fathers in or about the year B.C. 223. His grandson, Dasaratha, has bequeathed to us some unimportant inscriptions, but we know very little of the events of his reign, or of the reigns of the other proximate successors of Asoka, whose empire doubtless shared the common fate of Oriental monarchies, and crumbled to pieces when the strong restraining hand was withdrawn. Coins, combined with other evidence of a fragmentary character, enable the diligent antiquary to put together parts of the skeleton of the history of various local dynasties who ruled in India Proper during the two centuries following the death of Asoka, but the technical labours of the archæologist are not yet sufficiently advanced to enable the historian to take his place, and to present as an organic whole the purely Indian history of that period.

The countries on the north-west frontier of India were then governed by rulers with Greek names, and probably of Greek descent, the successors of the generals of Alexander the Great. The existence of most of these princes is known only from their coins, and the mutual relations of the various rulers are still very imperfectly understood, in spite of the efforts made by Cunningham, Von Sallet, and Gardner to arrange and interpret the series of coins. Few of these Græco-Bactrian princes appear to have been directly concerned with India, but Eukratides, who reigned about B.C. 200, penetrated into the country, and apparently conquered the Panjâb; and, after an interval of some seventy years, the Bactrian king, Menander, certainly held the land of the five rivers, and pushed his arms as far as the banks of the Ganges. But so very little evidence besides that of coins is available for the reconstruction of the history of the Græco-Bactrian kings, that we can make few positive statements respecting their political relations with India. We shall refer subsequently to the influence exercised by Greek culture on Indian art and architecture.

In the first century of the Christian era, numismatic, monumental, and epigraphic evidence is met with in sufficient abundance to furnish a definite outline of the Indian history of the time. We are able to affirm with certainty that during the first and second centuries, and the greater part of the third century A.D., dynasties of foreign conquerors from the highlands
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of Western Asia ruled over Northern India. These conquerors have been called by various names, but, without dogmatizing as to their exact ethnic affinities, we shall be content to follow the majority of writers and call them Indo-Scythians.

Mr. James Fergusson's suggestion that the well-known Saka Era, commonly called in later times the Era of Sâlivâhana, which began in A.D. 78, marks the date of the coronation or consecration of Kanishka, or Kanerkê, the greatest of the Indo-Scythian kings, is now generally approved, and may provisionally be accepted as a working hypothesis. Kanishka, like his prototype Asoka, was a convert to Buddhism, and showed the proverbial zeal of a convert in promoting the interests of his adopted religion. His place in the history of the development of Buddhism is second only to that of Asoka himself.

The religion of Gautama in its early form, as revealed to us by Asoka's edicts, and the sculptures of the oldest caves and *stûpas*, was of a simple character, and free from all taint of idolatry. It gradually underwent a change, which offers in many respects most interesting analogies to the development of Catholicism from primitive Christianity, and its early simplicity became overlaid by elaborate ritual and image-worship.

The reign of Kanishka marks the turning point of this religious revolution, which was regulated and affirmed by the acts of a General Council held in Cashmere under his personal superintendence. He erected a vast number of *stûpas*, or relic towers, and other magnificent religious edifices throughout the Kâbul Valley and North-Western India, which excited the admiration of the Chinese pilgrims in the fourth and seventh centuries, and some of which exist to this day, though in ruins. His mints poured forth enormous issues of gold and copper money bearing Greek legends, specimens of which are still found in abundance as far east as Benares. His successor, Huvishka, or Ooerkê, appears to have retained equal, or almost equal, power; and the dynasty was prolonged for a considerable period, the exact limits of which cannot at present be determined. It is certain that in the third century of the Christian era the Indo-Scythian dominion melted away, lingering only in the Panjâb, and that early in the fourth century the Hindu Gupta dynasty rose upon its ruins.

This dynasty used an era of which A.D. 320-21 was the year 1, and which was probably borrowed from Nepâl. The determination of the initial date of this era has been for many years past the most knotty problem engaging the attention of Indian antiquaries. Mr. Edward Thomas, Sir E. C. Bayley, Sir A. Cunningham, and other scholars had grappled with it, and had
proposed

proposed various solutions, none of which satisfied all the conditions. The fortunate discovery during the year 1884 of a certain inscription at a place called Mandasor, in Sindia's dominions, combined with the results of Professor Cecil Bhandall's tour in Nepâl, has enabled Mr. J. F. Fleet, of the Bombay Civil Service, to determine beyond all reasonable doubt the long-disputed date. It is not too much to say that this discovery removes the principal obstacle to the right understanding of early Indian history, and for the first time renders possible even a sketch of the history of Northern India during the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries of the Christian era. Attempts at such sketches have not been wanting, and are to be found, disfigured by more or less glaring errors, in many recent books, but they all suffer from the incurable defect of the absence of a sound chronological basis. The sequence of several dynasties who ruled during this period had long been known, but unluckily they all dated their records in eras of which the initial points were unknown, and the result was that no real history was possible. Names in abundance floated before our eyes, but none could be attached to any fixed anchorage in the sea of time. The desired fixed point having been determined, we now know the dates, not only of the Gupta sovereigns, but also of the satraps of Saurâshtra, their predecessors in the West, of the kings of Valabhi, their successors in the same region, and of other principalities and powers, whose relations to the Gupta empire were already roughly ascertained. The relations of the whole group of dynasties to the general course of history, as well as to one another, can now be accurately expressed.

The Gupta inscriptions are numerous, and especially rich in historical information. The most famous of the series is that engraved on Asoka's pillar in the fort at Allahabad, which records with much detail the accomplishments and conquests of the paramount sovereign, Samudra Gupta, and throws a strong and welcome light on the political condition of the various states of Northern India in the middle of the fourth century A.D.

Mr. Fleet's scholarly and critical edition of all the known inscriptions of the Gupta period marks the attainment of a great step of progress in Indian archæology, and presents to the student in a thoroughly trustworthy shape all the extant documentary authorities for the history of Northern India during the fourth and fifth centuries A.D.

The coinage of the Gupta kings is of exceptional historic and artistic interest, and exhibits a variety of type unequalled by the mintages of any other Indian dynasty.

The gold coins alone, which have recently attracted considerable

able attention, present more than twenty distinct types of obverse, and a large, though less, variety of reverse designs, and the silver and copper issues of the dynasty occur each in several widely different forms, which suggest many interesting inferences. It is remarkable that, even at so late a date as A.D. 400, traces of the influence of Greece and Rome can still be plainly discerned, both in the devices and weights of the Gupta coins. In weight the silver coins are all Attic hemidrachmæ, and the gold, for the most part, are Roman *aurei* of the early empire. These numismatic facts are beyond all possibility of dispute, and afford valuable confirmation to Mr. Fergusson's pregnant remarks, based on a different class of observations. He writes:—

'We do not know how long the classical influence prevailed, and how much it may have been nourished by intercommunication with the West. Down at least to the age of Constantine, probably to that of Justinian, Rome seems to have maintained its intercourse with India, and we must pause before we draw a line as to the time when classical feeling may have ceased to exert an influence on Indian art. . . . There seems no reason to suppose that the classical influence may not have endured till the breakdown of the Roman Empire, or rather the Byzantine, in the sixth century, though at that time it practically ceased.'

The Gupta empire broke up in the latter part of the fifth century, and the year A.D. 480 may be taken as a close approximation to the date of this event. A considerable mass of material for the history of the heirs of the Gupta dynasty is in existence, but this department of archæological research has been as yet very imperfectly explored, and we are not in a position to give any readily intelligible account of Indian history during the sixth century of our era.

With the opening of the seventh century light dawns, and another conspicuous historical landmark comes into view. In the time of Asoka, the city of Pâtaliputra, the modern Patna, where his grandfather had received Megasthenes as ambassador from Seleucus Nikator, was the capital of the lord paramount of India, and it probably continued to hold the same position in the time of the Gupta dynasty. In the period to which our rapid survey has brought us, we find the seat of government shifted more than three hundred miles towards the north-west, and established at Kanauj, a famous city, the ghost of which still lingers in the Farrukhâbâd district of the North-Western Provinces. How or when Kanauj rose to be queen of Indian cities is not known with certainty, but we know that she retained her pre-eminence from the beginning of the seventh century

century until she was laid low for ever, by the fierce hosts of the Ghaznavite conqueror in A.D. 1022. For forty-two years, from A.D. 607 to 648, King Harsha Vardhana reigned at Kanauj, holding in his grasp the broad territories extending from the foot of the Kâshmîr hills to Assam, and from Nepâl to the Narbadâ River. We derive our knowledge of the events of his reign from various sources, including two inscriptions recently discovered, but chiefly from the invaluable record of the travels of Hiuen Tsiang, a learned and pious Chinese Buddhist, who braved a thousand perils by land and sea in order to visit the Holy Land of his religion, and to study at their fountain head the doctrines of its founder.

This intrepid pilgrim and devoted student left his native land in A.D. 629, and did not return to it till A.D. 645. The journey to and fro, between India and China, occupied him about three years; the period from A.D. 631 to 644 was spent by him in visiting the Buddhist holy places, and in studying the sacred writings of the fathers of his church. In A.D. 643 Hiuen Tsiang attended the court of Harsha Vardhana, and took part in the solemn quinquennial religious procession which marched a distance of two hundred miles from Sankisa to Prayâg, the modern Allâhâbâd, headed by the king, 'with a train of no less than eighteen tributary kings, besides many thousands of Buddhist monks, and all the crowd of an Indian camp.'

Harsha Vardhana, not content with the sovereignty of Hindustan Proper, sought to extend his empire over the regions of the Peninsula, but, after a severe struggle, was beaten back by Râjâ Vikramâditya of the Châlukyan dynasty of Kalyân, who boasts in inscriptions of his victory over Harsha Vardhana, 'famous in the north countries.' This event marks one of the rare occasions on which a connection between the histories of Northern and Southern India in early times can be perceived.

The death of Harsha Vardhana, in A.D. 648, shattered his empire, the fragments of which shaped themselves into many separate kingdoms and principalities, whose chiefs owned the authority of no overlord. Inscriptions and coins have enabled antiquaries to trace in considerable detail the history of several of these kingdoms, during the interval between the death of Harsha Vardhana and the Muhammadan raids of Mahmûd of Ghaznî in the early years of the eleventh century. The researches of James Prinsep laid the foundations of this branch of archæology, as of others, but the five years of his active career as an antiquarian were too short to admit of his making much progress in elucidating the history of local dynasties.

His

His successors, Sir A. Cunningham and numerous other writers, have accumulated large stores of materials for history which were unknown to Prinsep, and have gradually been able to reconstruct at least the skeleton of the story of the Pâla kings of Bengal, the Chandel Râjâs of Bundelkhand, the Tomara rulers of Kanauj, and of many other reigning families. These separate dynastic histories can rarely be connected with one another by any common bond of union, and it is, consequently, almost impossible to treat them so as to arouse interest in the minds of readers who are not drawn to the study by local associations. We feel confident that our readers will excuse us from dwelling at length on this part of our subject, and will be content with the assurance that much has been done to elucidate the mediæval history of India. In the east, as in the west, that history is a tangled skein, and few and weary are those who unravel its threads.

From the beginning of the eleventh century onwards, archæology no longer usurps the place of the historic muse, but takes due rank as her handmaid. Dynasties no longer hover unattached in space, waiting for the chance discovery of a coin or an inscription, to bring them to anchor. The Muhammadan chronicles, faulty and prejudiced though they are, supply at least the annalistic groundwork, into which the philosophical historian may weave the more delicate threads of his design. The political history of India, from the time of Mahmûd of Ghaznî to the present day, is a part of universal history, and does not depend, like that of pre-Muhammadan India, for its very existence upon the labours of the archæologist.

The efforts of James Prinsep were chiefly directed to the recovery of the lost political history of Northern India, in the times anterior to the Muhammadan conquests, by means of the decipherment and interpretation of coin legends, and inscriptions on stone and copper. We have endeavoured to give an intelligible account of the manner in which those efforts have been rewarded by un hoped-for success, and must now ask our readers to follow us into other fields which were not ready for the harvest in the days of Prinsep.

Nature has divided the vast territories, to which we give the collective name of India, into two sections. The northern section consists, in the main, of the alluvial plains formed by the mighty rivers Indus and Ganges, with their affluents. The southern section, the Peninsula, also known as the Deccan, is separated from the northern by the rocky jungles of the Vindhyan mountains. This range is the real barrier between the two regions, but itself covers a wide expanse of country, and it
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is convenient to assume as the boundary line the river *Narbadâ*, which passes through the territory now known as the Central Provinces, and reaches the western coast at *Baroch*. The *Vindhyān* jungles have always been, and still are, the abode of many rude and wild tribes, whose haunts formed, under all successive native governments, a *No Man's Land*, interposed between the kingdoms of the north and those of the south. The energy of British administration and the irresistible forces of European civilization have now invaded, and in part subdued, these wilds, but enough of primitive savagery still remains to constitute the Central Provinces and neighbouring territories a living museum of anthropology and social archæology. But the investigation of the antiquities of the aboriginal races is akin to the labours of the student of prehistoric rather than of ancient India, and its results lie too far apart from the path which we are now following, to warrant more than this passing reference.

India south of the *Narbadâ* is now divided, for the most part, between the Presidencies of *Madras* and *Bombay*, and a multitude of Native States, of which *Hyderabad*, or the *Nizâm's Dominions*, is the most important. The early history of the territories comprised in the *Madras Presidency* is very imperfectly known, and, even if the facts were more certain than they are, the names of the isolated countries and dynasties of the south are so utterly unfamiliar to European readers, that it would be useless to attempt an outline of the salient facts of the ancient history of the Peninsula, such as we have ventured to give for Northern India. Materials for the chronicles of the *Pândiyan*, *Chera*, *Chola*, and other dynasties of the south, exist, it is true, in bewildering abundance, but they lie in dire confusion, and their orderly arrangement will be the work of many years. At the present time it has hardly begun.

Colonel *Mackenzie*, at the close of the last and in the early years of the present century, formed a collection of no less than 8,076 inscriptions, gathered chiefly in the *Tamil-speaking* countries south of the *Krishna* (*Kistna*) river. These inscriptions have been catalogued, but very few of them have been edited. Sir *Walter Elliot* collected 595 inscriptions in the western districts, situated partly in the *Madras* and partly in the *Bombay Presidencies*, which are also, for the most part, unpublished. These collections, enormous though they are, seem to include only a fraction of the inscriptions that exist in Southern India in astonishing quantity.

Notwithstanding this wealth of material, archæology did not receive systematic official encouragement from the *Madras government*

government in any considerable measure until 1881, when Mr. R. Sewell of the Civil Service was placed on special duty, with instructions to prepare lists of all the known inscriptions and monumental antiquities in the Madras Presidency in order to pave the way for a detailed survey. In compliance with these instructions Mr. Sewell has prepared a rough list of all the inscriptions known to exist in the territories subject to the Governor of Madras, which he has supplemented by a tentative chronological arrangement of the documents, and a sketch of the history of the dynasties of Southern India, so far as it is known.

The result of Mr. Sewell's diligent labours has been published as Volumes I. and II. of the Reports of the Archaeological Survey of Southern India, and in 1886 the work was continued by the publication, under the superintendence of Mr. Burgess, of a small volume of Tamil and Sânskrit inscriptions translated by Pandit S M. Natésa Sâstrî. Mr. Burgess, as we shall presently see, has been fully occupied with work on the Bombay side, and cannot be held responsible for the deplorably backward condition of archæological research in the Presidency known to Anglo-Indians as the Benighted. He has recently issued an admirable monograph on the Buddhist *stûpas* at Amarâvatî and Jaggayapeta, supplementary to the late Mr. J. Fergusson's 'Tree and Serpent Worship,' and has thus, to some extent, wiped away the reproach of the Southern Presidency, but the small amount of other work as yet done in Madras is merely preparatory and tentative, and cannot be compared with the successful researches in the other Presidencies.

In Northern India, we have seen that coins have yielded information as valuable to the historian as that derived from inscriptions. In the south, owing to the extreme minuteness of many of the pieces, the frequent absence of legends, and the multitude of private and local mints, numismatic science gives much less help. The veteran archæologist, Sir Walter Elliot, shortly before his recent lamented death, contributed a volume to the International Numismatica Orientalia series, which contains all that is known at present on the thorny subject of South Indian numismatics, to which we must refer the curious reader, who can examine the coins themselves in the British Museum.

Our knowledge of the ancient history of the south would indeed be scanty if we depended solely for it on the efforts of the Madras government, but fortunately the sister Presidency has shown much greater energy in antiquarian research, and the government of Bombay, though in some respects it might have done more, has done much to rescue from oblivion the past

history of the provinces under its rule. So far back as 1848, in consequence of representations made by Mr. James Fergusson, a Commission was formed at Bombay to direct investigations into the architectural character and age of the ancient monuments which abound in the Presidency. The Bombay districts and the neighbouring territories of Hyderabad are especially rich in rock-cut temples, which include some that may fairly claim a place among the wonders of the world. The efforts of the Commission, presided over by Dr. James Wilson, were primarily directed to the study of these remarkable monuments, and cleared the ground for the elaborate work on the Cave Temples of India which Messrs. Fergusson and Burgess gave to the world in 1880.

Mr. Burgess, in his official capacity as Archæological Surveyor for Western India, has also compiled five sumptuous and richly illustrated volumes dealing with the antiquities of Belgâm, Kaladgi, Kathiâwâr (Kattywar) and Kachh (Cutch) in the Bombay Presidency, and with those of the Bidar and Aurangâbâd Districts in the Hyderabad territories of his Highness the Nizâm, and completing the description of the Cave Temples.

These volumes were prepared in pursuance of instructions given by the Secretary of State for India in 1871; and Mr. Burgess, aided by Messrs. Fleet, Thomas, and other scholars, in the execution of the pleasant, though laborious, duty confided to him, has left little to be desired. But the published volumes of reports contain only a portion of the historical treasures gathered by the Survey, many of which remain buried in the sepulchres of the India Office, where the Mackenzie collections so long lay, and still in great part lie, entombed.

Mr. Fergusson observed that the publications already issued, if supplemented by the unpublished drawings collected by the Survey, with the addition of the celebrated frescoes of the Ajantâ caves, and the similar but less known paintings at Bâgh, and perhaps a few other contributions, would form 'a very complete illustration of Buddhist art in sculpture, architecture, and painting from the third century before our era to the eighth century after it.' He also expressed the confident expectation that 'if the survey is carried on for another couple of years with the same success which has hitherto attended its operations, there will not be a single cave in Western India whose date and destination may not be ascertained with all the requisite certainty, nor any antiquities of importance in the Bombay Presidency that will not have been investigated and described.'

A few

A few cave temples of much historic interest exist on the east coast at various places in Orissa and near Madras, and some occur in Mâlhwâ or Central India, but the great majority, and by far the finest examples, of the monuments of this class are to be found within a radius of two hundred miles from Bombay. The grim images of Elephanta, the pillared nave of Kârlê, the frescoes of Ajantâ, and the monolithic temples of Elûra have been known to Englishmen for many years past, and now form part of the regular round of sight-seeing for the tourists who crowd into India each cold season.

Mr. James Fergusson devoted a large share of his long life and powerful intellect to the decipherment of the story of Indian architecture, to which the cave temples contribute the longest and most interesting chapter. Before the rays of his genius illuminated the subject all was darkness and confusion, and the great works of the ancients could excite no feeling higher than unintelligent and barren admiration. Under the searching light of Mr. Fergusson's skilled and scientific criticism the darkness has been dispelled, and chaos has been reduced to order. A glance now suffices to show the instructed visitor whether a given cave or temple is Jain, Buddhist, or Brahmanical, and to place it, at least approximately, in its proper position in relation to political history and the development of religion and the arts. Succeeding enquirers have much to do in filling in the details of the canvas, but the firm outline drawn by the master's hand can never be departed from, and the main features of the successive stages in the growth of Indian art and religion have been so clearly delineated that they can never again be mistaken.

The origin of the arts of sculpture and architecture in India has been the subject of an animated controversy between Mr. Fergusson and Mr. Burgess on the one side, and Sir Alexander Cunningham and Dr. Râjendralâla Mitra on the other. Mr. Fergusson has insisted with unwearied perseverance that Indian architecture and sculpture *in stone* had their beginnings in the age of Asoka, and were then developed in consequence of an impulse received from the Græco-Bactrian kingdoms of the North-West, with which the Mauryan kings of Pâtaliputra are known to have maintained close relations. The pre-Mauryan sculpture and architecture of India were, according to Mr. Fergusson, executed in wood, and, though all examples of the early wooden buildings have necessarily perished, there is no reason to suppose that the halls and palaces erected by princes prior to Asoka were mean or contemptible; it is, on the contrary, he urges, quite possible that they equalled or surpassed in splendour many famous buildings

constructed of more permanent material. Mr. Fergusson's opponents have been unwilling to admit the derivation of Indian art from any foreign source, and maintain that the natives of India were acquainted with the art of stone-cutting two centuries before the time of Asoka. But the controversy has been in great part due to misunderstanding of Mr. Fergusson's views, which, as explained and guarded in his later works, appear to us unassailable.

It is absolutely certain that no building is known to exist in India, expressing any artistic architectural conception, which can possibly be referred to an age earlier than that of Asoka. Earlier buildings in stone have been diligently sought for, and the complete failure of the search justifies the conclusion that they do not exist. If they had ever existed, it is scarcely possible that all trace of them should have disappeared.

The proofs are, in our opinion, equally conclusive that the earliest forms of Buddhist architecture, excepting possibly the *stûpa* or relic-mound, are copies of wooden originals, and would never have appeared as we now see them if originally designed in stone.

The architectural ideas of the Buddhists, with whose works the history of Indian art begins, were expressed in three leading forms: namely, the *Stûpa* or *Tope*—a domed mound or tower, either enclosing relics, or commemorating a famous religious event, and commonly surrounded by a railing, which was frequently sculptured; the *Chaitya* or church; and the *Vihâra* or monastery.

The *Stûpa* cannot apparently be referred to a wooden prototype, but seems rather to be a development of the primitive mound of earth raised over the corpse or ashes of a hero. A few examples of this kind of mound are known in India, and apparently date from very early times; but it would be ridiculous to class an earthen barrow as an architectural work, and the fact is beyond doubt that the earliest known masonry *stûpa* is that at Sânci, erected by Asoka. The rail, which surrounded all early *stûpas*, and served as a fence to the path along which pilgrims made the prescribed circuit round the central monument, is obviously, as affirmed by Mr. Fergusson, copied from a wooden exemplar, and it is inconceivable that the Buddhist rails, as we know them, should have been originally modelled in stone.

The *Chaitya* was an apsidal hall, closely resembling in form the choir of a Christian cathedral, and used for congregational worship in very much the same way. Its roof was ribbed, and shaped like the hull of a ship inverted. No perfect structural

structural *chaitya* is known, but the remains of one exist at Sânci and of another at Bejwârâ, and a miniature rock-cut model of late date, one of the famous Seven Pagodas near Madras, gives us a good idea of the external design of this class of buildings. All other extant examples are in caves, and display interiors only. But, even in the rock, the details of the construction afford unmistakable proofs that the earliest *chaityas* must have been wooden throughout. In some of the cave *chaityas* wood was employed to complete the ribbing of the roof, and a singular good fortune has preserved to us, in more than one instance, portions of the original woodwork so used, and erected seventeen or eighteen hundred years ago.

The Vihâra or monastery was built in the form of a storeyed pyramid. The remains of buildings of this class, both rock-cut and structural, are sufficiently numerous to render possible an accurate knowledge of their structure, and, in our judgment, fully warrant Mr. Fergusson's contention that all the architectural features of the early *vihâras* were wooden.

We therefore accept his conclusion that, excepting the Stûpa, all the earliest known forms of Indian architecture are derived from wooden prototypes. This proposition, it will be observed, concerns the *material* of the edifices only, and not the style. In all his later publications the historian of architecture earnestly impressed on his readers that he had no desire to depreciate the originality of the *styles* of architecture practised by the early Buddhists. On the contrary, he maintained that the special interest of the study of Indian architecture lay in this, that we could be present at its birth, and yet feel assured that it was in the main the creation of an original and independent school, and was not a mere foreign importation.

The West certainly influenced the art of the builder in India in various ways, but the principal effect on Indian architecture of the impulse derived from intercourse with the Greek kingdoms was the change of material from wood to stone. India continued to use her own architectural forms. The Buddhist rail, the *chaitya*, and the *vihâra* are, so far as is known, Indian designs, and beyond all doubt are quite unlike any Greek design.

'We now know of a certainty,' says Mr. Fergusson in his latest publication, 'that during the three centuries that elapsed from the time when Asoka commenced copying in stone the wooden rails of his ancestors, till the time at least that the gateways of the Sânci tope were finished, in the first century after Christ, the Indians had an art of architecture of their own, and practised it partly in stone, but mostly in wood, with consummate skill and beauty, and great originality

originality. It is true nevertheless that the ornamental details of Asoka's *Lâts* (*scil.* monolithic pillars) and some parts of the early rails were borrowed from Assyria, or rather Persia. The examples are too few for any very definite conclusions to be drawn from them; but where the constructive forms have also been copied, they go very far to prove that in the second and third centuries before Christ wood was the material used for architectural purposes in Central Asia, as essentially as it was in India. The subject deserves far more attention than has hitherto been bestowed upon it; for, if it can be shown that this was the case, it throws a flood of light upon many details of early Indian architecture, which, without this suggestion, would remain inexplicable enigmas. They (*scil.* the Indians) may have taken a hint as to material from the Greeks, but not one form or one detail of their (*scil.* the Greeks') architecture is to be found, at all events, till a much later period, on the Indian side of the Indus.'

The *chaitya* and *stûpa* could be effectively used only by Buddhists, and these forms of architectural expression consequently died out with Buddhism in the seventh or eighth century after Christ. It is true that in a few instances the Hindus of that time copied the *chaitya* in their rock-cut temples, but the form was unsuitable to their requirements, and was soon altogether abandoned. The Hindus of the Peninsula adopted as their model for temple building the storeyed pyramid of the *vihâra*, and gradually developed it until it assumed the form of lofty pagodas so well known from the famous examples at Madura and Trichinopoly. This is undoubtedly the history of the Southern or Dravidian style of temple-architecture, which is characterized by horizontal lines, marking the stories of the archetypal *vihâra*.

The Hindu northern style of temple-architecture is radically different. The Hindu temple of the north consists essentially of a small shrine, square in plan, intended to contain the idol, which the worshippers are not allowed to approach too closely. Over this dark shrine a tower or steeple is generally erected to give the structure dignity, and a porch and other exterior additions are frequently found, but for all practical purposes the shrine covered by the steeple is a complete temple. A recent writer has argued with considerable plausibility that the square or cubical shrine is a modification of the form of tomb used by the Hindu friars, but this suggestion is at present an unproved hypothesis. The steeple in the northern style shows no trace of any recollection of a storeyed form of building. On the contrary, the decorative lines are vertical without break of continuity, and the style is thus sharply distinguished from the southern, of which the characteristic lines are horizontal. The
vertical

vertical lines of the northern temples are not right lines, but have a peculiar curvature, the historical origin of which has not yet been ascertained. No extant example of the style is earlier in date than A.D. 500, if any be so early, and the earliest steeples have substantially the same form as the later ones. The bulging curvature of the outline of the steeple is an unnatural form for a stone building, and various attempts have been made to account for it. We prefer the solution of the problem proposed by Mr. Simpson, who sees in the curved lines of the northern steeple an unconscious survival of the olden time, when temple spires were built of bamboo framework, which naturally assumed the curvilinear outline that seems so unnatural and puzzling when perpetuated in stone. If this explanation be correct, the development of the Hindu style from bamboo buildings may be compared with that of the Buddhist style from wooden prototypes.

The fundamental distinction between the Southern, or Horizontal, and the Northern, or Vertical, styles has been used by Mr. Fergusson with great effect for the purpose of determining the long-disputed age of the great temple at Buddha Gayâ in Bihâr. We accept without reserve his conclusion that the temple, as it existed until recently, when it was 'restored' almost beyond recognition by Mr. Beglar, was an example of mediæval Burmese architecture, and received its form from the Burmese architects who were sent over by the King of Arakan, and completed their work of repair and restoration in A.D. 1305. The style of the temple cannot possibly be reconciled with the theories that attribute the existing building to a very early age.

The same evidence which proves that the art of architecture in stone arose in India during the reign of Asoka warrants a like conclusion regarding the allied art of lapidary sculpture. The earliest known specimens of Indian sculpture are the capitals of Asoka's monolithic pillars crowned with figures of lions or elephants. The form of these capitals is admittedly derived from the Assyrio-Persian style of the monuments at Persepolis. The sculptures at Bhâja, near Kârlê, in the Bombay Presidency, are probably of about the same age, and also afford indications of Assyrian influence. The sculptures of the tope or *stûpa* at Bhârhut, between Allahabad and Jubbulpore, discovered and described by Sir A. Cunningham, are about a century later in date, and are chiefly devoted to representations of the legends of the previous births of Buddha as recorded in the Jâtakas. These elaborate stone pictures are lively and spirited, though rude in execution, and show very little foreign influence. The history

history of Indian sculpture is continued by the wonderful bas-reliefs of the gateways of the great Sânci *stûpa* dating from the first century of our era, which can be studied in the east of the eastern gateway now at South Kensington. The winged lions which occur in these compositions are unmistakable evidences of Assyrian influence, but, taken as a whole, the sculptures at both Sânci and Bhârhut are Indian in character, and seem to be the work of a local and independent school of artists, who were indebted to foreign inspiration for nothing more than minor details. The representation of the monkey and elephant, both Indian animals, is especially life-like. Mr. Fergusson praises the 'distinctness and raciness of expression' of the Sânci sculptures, which, in his opinion, 'like everything else there, betray the influence of the freedom derived from wood-carving, which, there can be little doubt, immediately preceded these examples, and formed the school in which they were produced.'

At Sânci the rail surrounding the *stûpa* was plain, and the sculptures are confined to the gateways. At Amarâvatî, the railing, which dates from the latter part of the second century A.D., was very richly sculptured, and has been described as 'the richest and most elaborate piece of screen-work in the world.' The Chinese pilgrim, Hiuen Tsiang, visited the buildings of Amarâvatî, and expressly recorded that they were adorned with all the art of the palaces of Bactria. His statement is fully borne out by the testimony of the sculptures now exhibited on the staircase of the British Museum, which are characterized by an admixture of Græco-Bactrian style much greater than that traceable at Sânci.

The story of the Amarâvatî marbles is a curious one. The ruins were discovered by Colonel Mackenzie, and were roughly described by him in 1807. He was struck by their beauty and importance, and employed a special staff during the years 1816 and 1817 to make drawings of the remains then existing, which were sent to the India Office. Sir Walter Elliot subsequently visited the spot, and at his instance a cargo of marbles was sent down to Madras. They lay there for fourteen years, exposed to wind and weather, and were ultimately sent to England about the year 1856. But when they arrived no one cared for them, and they remained unheeded and neglected, hidden in a coach-house, till Mr. Fergusson in 1867 discovered them and made them known to the world.

Ten years later Mr. Sewell made some hurried explorations on the site, and unearthed a large number of marbles, but, not being supplied with funds to pay for their transport to England,

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was obliged to cover them up again with earth, in order to preserve them, so far as possible, from wanton injury. He writes in his official Report:—

‘It is earnestly to be desired that the marbles still in India belonging to this magnificent monument should be transmitted to England. The defaced and damaged specimens now in the British Museum are considered of such value by that great antiquary and architect, Mr. James Fergusson, that he has devoted half his splendid work on “Tree and Serpent Worship” to their consideration, but the exquisite specimens still existing in India are as superior to them as highly polished marble is to very inferior stucco. The stones in India have clear, polished, smooth surfaces, many of them with every line of carving as fresh as when they left the sculptor’s hands. Those in England are so defaced as to be almost unrecognizable, while the marble has so deteriorated by careless exposure that it looks like badly whitewashed limestone. If the slabs in England are so valuable, what would not be thought of those now in India? It is impossible to exaggerate the difference in their condition.’

We earnestly hope that this appeal will not remain unheeded. If the Amarâvatî marbles are left in India at the remote village where they now lie, they will certainly be dug up by the peasantry, and ‘carried away and burnt into lime,’ as many of their fellows have been. One hundred and seventy slabs have been, since Mr. Sewell wrote, removed to Madras, some of which are badly set up in the local museum, but many have been left at Amarâvatî; and are daily in danger of destruction.

The Indian Government has made during the last thirty years considerable efforts to secure the preservation and accurate description of the treasures of antiquity in the empire, and the world is indebted to the liberality of the Secretary of State for India for the publication of the splendid volumes descriptive of the *stûpas* of Bhârhut, Sâncî, and Amarâvatî, and of the cave temples to which we have so often referred.

But it is impossible that the State should do all that is necessary, and the Government is entitled to ask for the aid of private enterprise in the prosecution of archæological researches. No one will deny that it is very desirable to rescue the remaining Amarâvatî marbles from destruction. Experience proves that even the slabs at Madras cannot be regarded as safe from injury.

Is it too much to hope that some individual possessed of the moderate funds needful will emulate the example of Lord Elgin, and enrich the national collection with a series of marbles which cannot, indeed, vie in artistic merit with the masterpieces of
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Attic genius, but may, nevertheless, claim to be possessed of equal value as documents for the illustration and elucidation of the history of an independent school of art, and of the development of the most widely diffused religion in the world?'

The relative value of the works of the best Indian school of sculpture and of the productions of Western art is thus expressed by Mr. Fergusson :—

'The mode of treatment is so original and so local that it is difficult to assign it any exact position in comparison with the arts of the Western world. It certainly, as a sculptural art, is superior to that of Egypt, but as far inferior to the art as practised in Greece. The sculptures at Amarâvatî are perhaps as near in scale of excellence to the contemporary art of the Roman empire under Constantine as to any other that could be named* ; or rather, they should be compared with the sculptures of the early Italian renaissance as it culminated in the hands of Ghiberti, and before the true limits between the provinces of sculpture and painting were properly understood.'

The same critic holds that the siege scenes at Sânci 'certainly are superior to any of the Assyrian sculptures depicting similar scenes, and can hardly be said to be inferior to contemporary sculptures on Trajan's Column or other similar subjects at Rome.' Concerning some examples of ornamentation composed of a floral design with birds on the pillars of the northern gateway at Sânci, Mr. Fergusson is bold enough to pronounce that 'in beauty of design these will bear comparison with almost anything of their class, not excepting those of the wonderful loggie of the Vatican, though their execution may fall short of what we see there.'

It is possible that other critics may not be able to accept implicitly so favourable a judgment, but the great merit and beauty of many of the early Indian sculptures cannot be denied, and it seems to us that these works deserve more attention and respectful consideration from students of art than they have hitherto received.

The art of painting, except miniature painting, has long been extinct in India, but it appears to have been cultivated with considerable success during the Buddhist period. Almost all the works of the early Indian painters have perished, but some very remarkable frescoes still survive in the caves at Bâgh in Mâlwa, and at Ajantâ in the Nizâm's dominions. No detailed account of the paintings at Bâgh has yet appeared, and the preparation of such an account, accompanied by adequate illustrations, is one of the chief desiderata of Indian archæology.

* Recent discoveries prove that most of the Amarâvatî marbles are more than a century earlier than the reign of Constantine the Great.

Our knowledge of the Buddhist school of painting is practically limited by the few extant examples at Ajantâ, which mostly date from the fourth and fifth centuries after Christ, though some are perhaps earlier than the Christian era. Fifty years ago these compositions were almost perfect, but a policy of scandalous neglect has destroyed many of the originals and irreparably injured all. While they were still in good condition, Major Gill, a retired officer of the Madras army, executed in oil more than thirty excellent facsimiles of the frescoes. If these facsimiles were in existence and available for study, the loss of the originals would be of slight importance, but, unfortunately, Major Gill's copies, all or nearly all, perished in the fires at the Crystal Palace and South Kensington before they had been subjected to any thorough examination.

A set of copies of the frescoes in their more recent damaged state has been prepared under the superintendence of Mr. Griffiths, of the Bombay School of Art, and is now exhibited on the walls of the Indian Museum in London.

A painting in the hall of Cave No. XVI., representing the death of a princess, has elicited from Mr. Griffiths very high praise. 'For pathos and sentiment,' he writes, 'and the unmistakable way of telling its story, this picture, I consider, cannot be surpassed in the history of art. The Florentines could have put better drawing, and the Venetians better colour, but neither could have thrown greater expression into it.' So far as we can judge from the copies exhibited, the frescoes do not deserve such extravagant praise, but some of them undoubtedly possess considerable artistic merit, and all are worthy of careful study. They would form the subject of a most interesting volume, and we hope that some qualified critic and scholar will be found to undertake the task of a detailed examination of these very curious paintings.

We must now bring to a conclusion our cursory survey of the vast field of Indian archæology. We have selected for notice a few topics which seemed to us likely to awaken the interest of readers in Europe to whom Indian subjects are notoriously repulsive, but have been compelled to pass by unnoticed many topics of equal importance, and perhaps not of inferior interest. It has been impossible for us to indulge in the luxury of detailed description of any of the wonderful early works to which reference has been made, and we have not said a word concerning the rich and varied remains of mediæval Hindu and Jain architecture, or the Tâj, the Kutb Minâr, the great mosques of Delhi, Ajmer, and Jaunpur, and the many other magnificent buildings which attest the ambition and splendour

splendour of the Muhammadan rulers of India. The story of these works is free from mystery, and the history of the times of their creators is part of the literary heritage of the world. We have preferred to dwell on the relics of those times, celebrated by no historian, which were all mystery until the genius of James Prinsep and James Fergusson rent the veil which screened the past from the present, and wrung from reluctant stones the answers to the linguistic, chronological, and artistic enigmas that had defied the skill of all less gifted enquirers.

Our estimate of the value of most of the works, the titles of which stand at the head of this article, is sufficiently apparent from the foregoing pages, but we have said nothing concerning the series of twenty-three volumes of Reports of the Archæological Survey of India, written by Major-General Sir Alexander Cunningham, late Director-General of the Survey, and his assistants, which has been closed by the addition of a twenty-fourth volume containing a general index and glossary, the work of a volunteer contributor, Mr. Vincent Smith, of the Bengal Civil Service.

Sir A. Cunningham retired in 1886, after a long and honourable official career extending over more than half a century, and no good purpose would now be served by dwelling on the obvious faults of his Reports, or reproducing the severe criticisms which they elicited from the late Mr. James Fergusson and the Indian press.

We feel too grateful to the late head of the Archæological Department for the many signal services rendered by him to the student of ancient India, especially in numismatic science and the identification of ancient sites, to be inclined to criticize severely the imperfections of the Reports which record his brilliant discoveries. We trust that all future Reports issued by the Archæological Department of the Government of India will be free from the defects which mar the usefulness and impair the authority of Sir Alexander Cunningham's series.

- ART. VIII.—1. *The History of Duels.* By John Cockburn, D.D. London, 1720. Privately reprinted, Edinburgh, 1888.
2. *The History of Duelling.* By J. G. Millingen, M.D., F.R.S. London, 1841.
3. *The Works of John Selden.* London, 1726.
4. *Personal Sketches of his own Times.* By Sir Jonah Barrington, Member of the Irish Parliament. Third Edition. London, 1869.

IT would be an interesting task, but somewhat foreign to our present purpose, to trace the strength and effect of the limitations, which in all times have qualified the arbitrament of force. If, as some critics hold, Cain was the first duellist, he was also the first example of the principle that the world must be governed by something more than strength. In all times there has been a perpetual conflict between the idea which may well be called divine, that might is not right, and the disposition to treat war as justly and properly the *ultima ratio regum*. How far distant is the time when

‘There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law,’

the enormous armaments of Europe are a sad proof. But certain checks on their employment testify to the feeling, that the sword is neither the only nor the best means of settling the quarrels of nations, while the tendency of individual disputants to appeal to it, fast dying in all civilized countries, is quite dead in our own.

As an ordeal recognized by law single combat had a less early origin, and was of less general prevalence than is often supposed. The Jews do not seem to have in any way adopted it. The strife of one man with another is in one passage* referred to, and the interference of the wives of the combatants is prohibited, but the allusion seems to be to a sudden and unorganized strife rather than to a deliberate combat. The object of the Levitical law seems to have been to set up properly constituted tribunals for the settlement of every quarrel, and the punishment of every offence. The performances of the mighty Samson were rather proofs of the prowess of an individual in a national war than instances of what we usually understand as a duel. When David accepted the challenge of Goliath he did so to champion the cause of his nation, not of himself, and his victory did not decide the issue, but gave his kinsmen the

* Deut. xxv. 11.

courage which enabled them to triumph in the general conflict which ensued.

Neither in Greece nor in Rome was duelling in the modern sense of the word known. In the Homeric battles single combat was frequent enough, and much turned upon their results. The poet loves to dwell upon the emulation and rivalry of the chief warriors, and to extol their courage and their skill. But they were warriors, not duellists. Their notion was rather the success of their clan than the overthrow of a private foe. Achilles, indeed, is represented as influenced in his chastisement of Hector by wrath for the death of Patroclus; but even so, the fight between these two great champions was rather an incident in the war than the outcome of a private quarrel. And so the fight between the Horatii and Curiatii was to determine whether the Romans or the Albans should have the supremacy, not to determine which of the two families was to prevail.

The only word for duel in Greek is *μονομαχία*,* which means single-handed fight. And in Latin *duellum*, from which duel is taken, though probably derived from *duo*, means rather a conflict between two parties than a conflict between two men. In Rome, duelling, except in so far as the single-handed combats in the amphitheatre can come under that term, did not exist. When Scipio ruled in New Carthage, the gladiatorial shows which he introduced were made the occasion of private combats voluntarily conducted, and men 'decided by the sword controversies which they could not or would not decide by arbitration.' Such a dispute between two cousins, Corbis and Ossua, about the sovereignty of a city called Ibis, was, in spite of Scipio's opposition, determined by fight.† But, in the quaint words which Selden applies to the episode, 'It were too Arcadian-like to fetch hence, or out of these times, the infancy or beginnings of the Duello-tryal by course judicial.'‡

It is difficult to say with certainty to what race or nation the origin of the duel is to be ascribed. Among the Scandinavians the Holmganga was a recognized ordeal, in which the right was supposed to be supernaturally shown. It was carried on under strict laws and regulations. Others attribute its introduction to the North Germans. Doctor Cockburn, in the curious little volume the title of which we have placed at the

* In Herodotus ix. 27, the Athenians are represented as *μόνοι Ἕλληων*. *μονομαχούντες τῷ Πέρσῃ*.

† See Liv. xxviii. 21. The criticism of the historian is remarkable: 'They afforded an extraordinary spectacle to the army, and a striking example of the evils occasioned by ambition.'

‡ Selden, 'The Duello or Single Combat,' ch. 5.

head of this article, says, 'The custom and superstition of these combats, as well as of the other ordeal tryals, came into Europe with the Goths and Vandals, and obtained where they spread.' Selden says, 'The common judgment of writers, and clearly the truest, derives the fountain thereof from the ancient Lombards, a people that . . . out of those northern parts of Europe . . . overran some of the chief countries of this fourth part of the world;' quotes Tacitus * as to their habits in this respect; and adds that, 'after the Gothick irruptions into the Empire, and the Lombard's power and customs enlarged, the rest (not without the allowance of one of the pope Johns) of Germany, France, and Spain, not in criminal only, but also in civil causes have admittance of it.'†

The system was naturally attacked by the Roman Church. Its tendency was distinctly lay. It operated against the influence of the priesthood. The clever clerics preferred other ordeals, such as hot iron and hot oil, which the judicious use of devices not then generally known enabled them to control. It is therefore with no wonder that we find the Council of Trent hurling a fierce anathema at the ordeal of battle, and threatening with excommunication all potentates who allowed it. Neither do we wonder that for much the same reason it found favour in England.

Whence duelling, whether judicial or purely combative, came into this country, and when, is not quite clear. The Saxon laws are silent on the subject. William of Malmesbury mentions a duel to vindicate the chastity of Gunhild, daughter of Hardknut, and wife of Henry III. of Germany. But of this only one of the parties was English, nor was the scene in England. And as the earliest reference is to be found in a decree of William the Conqueror, it is perhaps reasonably safe to say that the system, so far as England is concerned, has a Norman origin. At any rate such is the view of Blackstone.‡ There was much to encourage its development. It appealed to the principle of a fair field and no favour, which has always prevailed amongst Englishmen. It was free from the chicanery which in other ordeals attributed to divine interference what was really a trick of some astute ecclesiastic with a smattering of chemistry.

* 'Valentissimis nationibus cincti, non per obsequium sed præliis et periclitando tuti sunt. . . . Victoria hujus et illius pro præjudicio accipitur.'

† Blackstone says that the first written injunction of duels that we meet with is in the laws of Gundebald, A.D. 501, which are preserved in the Burgundian Code; but adds that it would seem from a passage in Paterculus (ii. 118) that the Germans, when they first became known to the Romans, were wont to decide all contests of right by the sword.

‡ See book iii. ch. 22, v.; and book iv. ch. 27, iii.

Neither kings nor civil nor military despots could exercise much influence on the result. And the consequence was that in times when our present methods of obtaining and sifting evidence were scarcely understood, 'ordeal by battel' came to be considered a just and constitutional method of settling intricate issues affecting not only persons but things.

It was surrounded with many safeguards. Used in three cases—courts-martial, or courts of chivalry and honour, appeals of felony, and issues joined on writ of right—it was endowed with a slightly different ceremony in each. In the last case, the civil action namely, if we may use a simple phrase, it was the privilege of disputants to provide champions; the reason being, as in Blackstone's opinion, that 'if any party to the suit dies, the suit must abate and be at an end for the present, and therefore no judgment could be given for the lands in question if either of the parties were slain in Battel.'* On the day appointed, a piece of ground sixty feet square was enclosed with lists, and on either side was set a court for the judges of the Common Pleas, who were present in their scarlet robes. The court sat at sunrise, and the combatants were bound to fight till the stars appeared in the evening. The champions were dressed in a coat of armour, barelegged from the knee, bareheaded, and with arms bared to the elbow. Their only weapons were a target or four-cornered shield of leather, and a baton or stave of an ell long. Each swore two oaths, first as to the right of the issue, and secondly against sorcery and enchantment. 'I have this day neither eat, drank, nor have upon me either bone, stone, ne gras, nor any enchantment, sorcery, or witchcraft, whereby the law of God may be abased, or the law of the Devil exalted.' Then they were let loose to belabour each other with their primitive and harmless weapons till the stars appeared. And the conditions were such that if the tenant's champion maintained his ground, and made it a drawn battle, judgment was given for him as being already in possession. On the other hand, if either combatant yielded, he became infamous, and ceased to be a 'liber et legalis homo.' When we consider the enormous penalty for positive defeat on the plaintiff's part, the interest of the defendant to act purely on the defensive, and the protective value of a four-cornered shield against a staff of wood, we have little difficulty in seeing that even a small amount of skill and endurance would suffice the tenant's champion for his

* See Blackstone, iii. 22, v. He quotes 'Coke upon Littleton,' 294. It would not, however, be difficult to set out other considerations which might have influenced the jurists of the time in allowing to civil suitors a privilege of employing a mercenary which was denied to parties in a criminal case.

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purpose. We do not wonder therefore that, as the sole method of deciding a writ of right, 'trial by battel' only lasted till the time of Henry II., when the grand assize, a peculiar species of trial by jury, was established, as being a more convenient and rapid way of arriving at justice, 'which, after many delays, is scarce attained by duel.' *

In criminal cases 'trial by battel' might be demanded by the appellee in either an appeal or an approvement; and each party was bound to fight in person. The ordeal could be refused by women, priests, infants, or persons over sixty or lame or blind: by peers of the realm on account of their dignity, and by citizens of London by charter; and also in certain cases of very strong *primâ facie* evidence. The form of battel was much the same in criminal as in civil cases, but the oaths of the combatants were more solemn. They were armed with the same weapons as in civil cases.† If the defendant maintained his ground till stars appearing, he was acquitted and his accuser punished. But if he yielded or was killed, he became attainted, and in either case was sentenced to death. The last trial by battel was in the County Palatine of Durham in 1638, and the last in Westminster was in 1571—both apparently on civil action. But the instances of such ordeals are not numerous. And as a judicial method of determining a dispute, single combat seems to have sunk into disfavour in England almost as rapidly as it rose. Perhaps the best-known combats were those between Sir John Anstey and Thomas Carrington, in the time of Edward III., upon a charge of treachery against the latter; and the well-known engagement—not fought out—between Henry, duke of Hereford, and Thomas Mowbray, of Norfolk, which, in the language of Selden, is 'in every man's mouth famous because of the great consequent of crown-conversion thence following.'

We have said that the ceremonial was surrounded by safeguards. In civil cases, the vanquished party not only forfeited his claim but paid a fine; and if he fought by proxy, the vanquished champion was liable to have his hand cut off—a regulation which Hallam thinks to have been necessary to obviate the corruption of hired defenders. And in criminal cases the appellant

* 'Jus enim quod post multas et longas dilationes vix evincitur per duellum per beneficium ejus constitutionis (magnæ assise) commodius et acceleratius expeditur.'—Glanville, lib. ii. c. 7, quoted by Blackstone, iii. 22.

† Blackstone states this boldly. Selden, on the contrary, examines with some doubt a note or gloss on a passage which he quotes, in which it is stated that the text only refers to the arms of persons not noble; a gloss which he appears to reject so far as England is concerned. Hallam says the nobleman fought on horseback with all his arms of attack and defence. ('Middle Ages,' i. ch. 2.)

suffered the penalty for the offence charged against the accused. But even so, the sound common-sense of Englishmen was not long in discovering that there were better modes of determining issues of public and private right than physical contest, however well-arranged. As early as Henry III. the superior advantages of jury began to be recognized, so far as regards matters affecting more than the personal feelings, or, if the phrase may be used, the honour of individuals; and, the power of obtaining and sifting evidence becoming developed, the perjury of witnesses was no longer feared as an impediment to justice for which wager of battle was the only remedy.

It is remarkable that the procedure was not abolished in 1818. In that year, one Thornton had been acquitted in Warwickshire of the murder of a girl named Ashford. Her brother, dissatisfied with the verdict, appealed him of murder. The case came before the King's Bench, Lord Ellenborough presiding. The appellee waged his battle, and threw down his glove. The Court were in a dilemma. They could scarcely condemn a man for an offence for which he had been already tried and acquitted; nor, on the other hand, could they complacently tolerate a duel in Westminster Hall. After much argument and deliberation, which it is unnecessary to repeat, the affair came to an end. But the state of things rendering possible a statutory fight under the eyes of the judges was too absurd to continue, and a Bill was introduced, which became law on the 22nd June, 1819, to put an end to the procedure.* After reciting, *inter alia*, that the trial of battel in any suit is a mode of trial unfit to be used, it enacted that all appeal of treason felony should be abolished, and that in any writ of right the tenant shall not be received to wage battel, nor shall issue be joined, nor trial be had by battel in any writ of right.

It was after all in matters chivalrous that single combat held the strongest position even in the earlier times, and obtained a hold on men's habits which not even the wisdom of the nineteenth century has been able entirely to overthrow. On the Continent it was held in high favour. St. Louis did his best to discourage it, not only as a means of ascertaining controverted facts, but as a method of ending purely personal quarrels. But he failed, and duelling thrived in spite of his large-minded attempts to put it down. The very efforts of those reformers who rebelled against the barbarity of general war encouraged it. Men formed themselves, with motives more or less laudable, into societies for the protection of innocence and calumniated

* 59 George III. c. 46.

virtue. Desiring to redress grievances, they knew of no method save the exercise of personal valour. More reliance was placed upon individual prowess to terminate injustice than on appeal to imperfectly-organized judicial tribunals. The objects of knight errantry were probably good; the tenets of chivalry, in many respects, upright and magnanimous. The result, however, was deplorable. The *raison d'être* of a knight was to fight, and fight he did in season and out of season, going a-field to seek a cause if one was not ready to his hand. Clever women encouraged the system, seeing in it a means of increasing their own influence. The wiser rulers could not stay it; the weaker did not try. The sword ruled great issues, and in lesser matters men knew of no better arbitrament. Ambition, religious fanaticism, honourable or dishonourable love, the lowest passions of men as well as their higher aspirations, combined to swell the lists of murders and maimings committed with the sanction of high authority, and under the eyes of gentle women and just kings.

At first, unquestionably, the utmost brutality prevailed in the combats of chivalry. Brantôme* tells us that the early laws of duelling were very cruel, and that the power of the conqueror over the conquered was absolute; he could either drag him round the lists, hang him, burn him, or use him as a slave. The earlier instances of combats which he gives appear to justify this contention. But gentler influences prevailed, and rules and regulations were adopted which modified the power of mere force. Nor was the good taste and temperate spirit of individuals without avail. Thus a well-known duel of Bayard undoubtedly tended to soften some of the coarseness of chivalry.

He was accused, when in Naples, by a Spanish leader, called Don Alonzo de Soto-Maior, who was Bayard's prisoner of war, of evil and unknighly treatment, as to which charge Brantôme remarks, 'C'estoit pourtant contre raison qu'il disoit cela, car au monde il n'y eut plus courtois que M. de Bayard.' The result was a duel. On the day appointed Bayard, who it will be observed was accused of discourtesy only, not of crime, appeared on a beautiful charger caparisoned in white in sign of humility. Don Alonzo, who had the selection of arms, declined to fight on horseback partly on the plea that he was not a good rider and partly because Bayard was ill.† The chevalier, 'sans peur et sans reproche,' was advised to decline a

* 'Mémoires touchant les Duels.' Œuvres complètes, nouvelle édition. Tome sixième. Paris, 1823.

† 'Ce jour là c'estoit son excès de fiebvre qu'it avoit gardé deux ans.'

combat on foot, and told it was open to him to do so. He refused, however, to take advantage of any such plea, and agreed to fight on the terms selected by his adversary. Bayard, who before the battle was demonstrative in his attitude of humility, overcame his opponent and slew him, but refused to exercise any of his rights over the body, and is hugely praised by Brantôme for his moderation.

Punctiliousness had a double effect. When men grew careful how they fought, they also grew careful for what they fought; but unhappily their care was in the wrong direction. As chivalry increased, honour became so sensitive that a very little would offend it. Occupation of a seat of precedence, the first use of a censer, the wearing of a lady's favour,—these, and less than these, were held amply sufficient to warrant an attempt to destroy not only the life of an opponent, but the welfare of those who depended on him. The Church seems to have occasionally made attempts to check the system. Occasionally some Edict was passed, such as the *Truga Dei* in 1041, enacting a close time for duels, which had some temporary effect. But, as a rule, the influence of the priesthood failed to discourage cruelty, and men preferred fighting out their own quarrels to entrusting their temporal destinies to a self-interested caste.

Francis I. probably did as much to encourage duels as any monarch. He challenged Charles V. of Germany after giving him the lie: and when the Emperor, as was natural, did not accept the challenge, the French king, in a solemn conclave of nobles, said that, 'whosoever received the lie and did not resent and repel it by duel, was not a good, but a base man'; a careless speech, which spread like a plague the vice of duelling. Indeed, we may reasonably surmise that Francis recognized his error; for though unable to check the practice, he was jealous of its exercise without his authority, which, towards the end of his reign at least, he was chary of giving. Thus he declined to sanction a fight between Jarnac and La Chasteneraye, in spite of repeated requests, and persisted in his refusal till his death. The quarrel was continued, a lady being involved, in the reign of his feeble successor; and, with the permission of the king, was put to the issue of a combat, which was terminated by the celebrated *coup de Jarnac*, apparently a very simple back-handed stroke, preceded by a feint, which the veriest tyro in modern single-stick play would know how to make and parry. Henry II. made an oath never to allow such a combat again; he was, however, unable to keep it, and many are the stories which we find in Brantôme and elsewhere of duels fought on all

sorts

sorts of pretexts and in all sorts of circumstances. Nor is it unworthy of remark that Brantôme, who does not seem to have been without some sense of the absurdity of the whole system, belauds as the paragon of France a quarrelsome death-dealer, called le Baron de Vitaux, whose chief merit seems to have been that he dealt in murder without much respect of persons, and who, after practising every stratagem and dodge, seems to have succumbed to the wiles of a youthful adversary who wore a flesh-coloured coat of mail, and thereby convinced his victim that he had no defensive armour.

In succeeding reigns various edicts were levelled against duelling. Henry IV. was peremptory on the point, but he might as well have endeavoured to control the winds. It is calculated, says Millingen,* that from the accession of Henry IV. in 1589 till 1607 no less than four thousand gentlemen were killed in affairs of honour. The Edict of Blois in 1602 condemned not only the challenger and the challenged, but also their seconds, to death. But as it appears from a statement of D'Audiquier quoted by Millingen, that Henry IV. gave fourteen thousand pardons for duelling, the efficacy of the edict was not great; and Sully, who seems to have done his best to mitigate the evil, was probably justified in saying that 'The facility with which the King forgave duels tended to multiply them.' In 1626 and 1679 further edicts were promulgated, but without much result, and, as we might expect, we find Louis XIV. far more severe on the quarrels of the lower orders than ready to discountenance the punctiliousness of nobles. Other efforts were made with the same object and with much the same result. A movement was started to forswear duelling, at the head of which Fénélon placed himself, and Rousseau at a later period poured the full flood of his invective on the system. Still men fought. Leaders such as Coligny and De Guise; nobles such as De Brionne and D'Hautefort; and meek men of peace such as La Fontaine, who in a groundless fit of jealousy challenged a sensible officer, who disarmed him at the first pass, and calmly pointed out the folly of his suspicions. In a word neither the King, the bishop, nor the satirist could prevent Frenchmen from risking their lives from those perverted ideas about honour which even in modern days lead to harm.

France was not unique in her experience. It would be easy, had we space, to trace throughout the Continent the mischievous effects of the same kind of pugnacity. In Italy, in Spain, and

* Vol. i. ch. viii.

in Russia, the fighting tendencies of the upper classes met with little check; and the records teem with accounts of duels fought on more or less insufficient grounds, and with varying degrees of brutality. In Italy vengeance was specially deadly, and the murderous instincts of her citizens were there perhaps less than elsewhere restrained, either by codes of honour or enactments of the state. 'The Italians,' says Brantôme, 'are a little more cool and advised in this business than we are, and somewhat more cruel.' And Millingen* gives instances to support his statement that the duels in Italy were remarkable for the treacherous acts of the combatants. The phlegmatic Germans were less petulant, and seem to have earlier begun to recognize the folly of death combats; though we shall see presently that her universities have kept up a habit of combat falling short of being mortal.

In England, as we have said, duelling came in with the Norman Conquest. The recognition of single combat as an ordeal to determine doubtful issues of civil and criminal procedure led to its recognition in private quarrel. But in earlier times it is doubtful if there were many cases of settling ordinary disputes between individuals by the sword. Selden's instances are all of appeals of some sort. Hallam says that duelling was unknown before the sixteenth century, and quotes the dispute between the Dukes of Lancaster and Brunswick, which it was agreed to settle by a duel before King John of France, but which the English Edward interfered to prevent, as illustrating its derivation from the judicial combat. The quarrel between the Duke of Hereford and Thomas Mowbray of Norfolk, to which we have already referred, was scarcely on a personal issue; nor was that between the Bishop and the Earl of Salisbury, which had to do with the right to the castle of Sarum; nor that in 1631 between Lord Reay of Scotland and James, Marquis of Hamilton, which Charles I. quashed. On the other hand, it appears that in 1609 a duel, resulting in the death of both combatants, was fought between Sir George Wharton and Sir James Steward.† And among the manuscripts preserved at Belvoir is a letter dated April 16, 1557, from Thomas Edwardes to the Earl of Rutland giving an account of a duel between 'young lusty Smythe,' nephew of the Duke of Somerset, and George Thomas Cobham. 'George hurt him in the arm and they were put asunder. By and by upon moltyplying of wordes Thomas Cobham and Smythe went to yt agayne . . . and in the end Thomas Cobham haste

* Vol. i. p. 319.

† Steinmetz, who in this case quotes his authority.

a pryke at hym and hyte hym in the flanke in the nether end of the bely, soo that no man can tell whether he will lyve or dy.* In the reign of James I. duelling seems to have increased to some extent in all classes of society. Bacon when Attorney-General made a celebrated speech before the Star Chamber Court in which he expressed a hope that the great would leave off the custom when they found it adopted by barber-surgeons and butchers; thus appealing to the one great influence—ridicule—which, as we shall see, eventually, so far as this country is concerned, did more to put an end to a baneful system than the thunders either of the Law or the Church. It was long, however, before this influence prevailed, and things became much worse before they grew better. Not indeed rapidly. Lord Dorset killed Lord Bruce on a purely personal quarrel at or near Antwerp, and Lord Sanquhar was hanged for a murder arising out of a duel with a fencing-master. But it was some time before duelling rose to the pitch which it attained at the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of this. The Civil War did not encourage it. Cromwell, who in 1654 approved an ordinance against it, found the religious zeal of his followers much opposed to it. And it was not until after the death of Charles II. that the influence of continental manners had their full effect.

During the last quarter of the seventeenth century we find the system in full swing. In 1662 Mr. (afterwards Lord) Jermyn was severely wounded in old Pall Mall by Colonel Howard. In 1667 Sir H. Bellasis fought a close friend, one Mr. Porter, and Pepys in recording the event says, 'It is pretty to see how the world talk of them as a couple of fools that killed one another out of love.' A worse duel took place between the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Shrewsbury (whose wife the Duke had debauched), the whole record of which is full of disgusting episodes, the least offensive being that Lady Shrewsbury, disguised as a page, was holding Buckingham's horse during the conflict in order to facilitate escape should he slay her husband. In 1712 a most murderous conflict occurred between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun, which is familiar to most readers from Thackeray's account in 'Esmond.' Fought with small swords in Hyde Park, it ended in the death of Lord Mohun on the ground, and of the Duke of Hamilton as he was being helped into his coach. It is a proof of the spirit which had sprung up that a Bill, brought into the House of Commons immediately after this duel, for the prevention of duelling, was

* 'Historical Manuscripts Commission, Twelfth Report,' p. 68.

lost after a second reading. The evil which had arisen was recognized by wise observers. Steele and Addison saw the harm and endeavoured to counteract it. Both the 'Tatler' and the 'Spectator' contain examples of argument and satire directed against the baneful habit. In No. 84 of the 'Spectator' (June 6, 1711) a duel which had occurred between Sir Cholmondeley Deering and Mr. Thornhill is made text for an imaginary appeal to the King:—

'A court can make fashion and duty walk together; it can never without the guilt of a court happen, that it shall not be unfashionable to do that which is unlawful. But, alas! in the dominions of Pharamond, by the force of a tyrant custom, which is misnamed a point of honour, the duellist kills his friend whom he loves; and the judge condemns the duellist while he approves his behaviour. Shame is the greatest of all evils: what avail laws, when death only attends the breach of them, and shame obedience to them?'

In an earlier number (9, March 10, 1711) Addison sneers at

'the club of duellists, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his man, . . . which did not continue long, most of its members being put to the sword or hanged a little after its institution.'

And again, in a later number (99, June 23, 1711), he says:—

'Death is not sufficient to deter men who make it their glory to despise it: but if every one that fought a duel were made to stand in the pillory, it would quickly lessen the number of these imaginary men of honour, and put an end to so absurd a practice.'

But their wit was of so slight service that Steele himself, in spite of his opinions, was drawn into a duel. Not without strenuous efforts to prevent it, he was compelled to fight a brother officer of the Coldstream Guards, whom, in an attempt to disarm him, he ran through the body, happily without fatal results. The state of public opinion respecting duels may be seen from a curious letter written in 1746 by Henry Fox, Secretary at War, to Lord Albemarle, complaining that an officer had not challenged another upon receiving a gross personal insult:—

'Mr. Ferguson,' says the Secretary at War, 'is justly acquitted of the charge against him; but his complaining to a court-martial instead of resenting in another manner the usage he had received from Campbell, it must be supposed, will necessarily prevent the officers of his regiment from rolling (*i.e.* answering the roll call) with him. H. M. particularly asked if they had not their swords on when this happened, and bids me tell your Lordship that as an officer, not as king, it is his opinion that if Campbell is pardon'd, a hint

hint should be given to Ferguson that he must fight him or be broke.*

And yet the law seems to have been tolerably clear, though, as Steele points out, not omnipotent. In 1726 Major Oneby was condemned to death for fighting a duel with much deliberation after a gambling quarrel, and only avoided the hangman by becoming his own executioner. And Blackstone, a half-century later, lays down that deliberate duelling is 'in direct contradiction to the laws both of God and man: and therefore the law has justly fixed the crime and punishment of murder on them and their seconds also,' but he goes on to add, in a remarkable paragraph showing a great jurist's view of the efficacy of law:—

'Yet it requires such a degree of passive valour, to combat the dread of even undeserved contempt, arising from the false notions of honour too generally received in Europe, that the strongest prohibitions and penalties of the law will never be entirely effectual to eradicate this unhappy custom, till a method be found out of compelling the original aggressor to make some other satisfaction to the affronted party, which the world shall esteem equally reputable, as that which is now given at the hazard of the life and fortune, as well of the person insulted, as of him who hath given the insult.' †

On the other hand, Dr. Johnson maintained that in the existing state of opinion a man who fought a duel to avoid a stigma on his honour was only exercising his legitimate right of self-defence; but he extended his sanction only to the man who receives the affront, adding, 'All mankind must condemn the aggressor.' The lieutenant in 'Tom Jones' probably gave expression to the general opinion of society at the time, when he says, 'My dear boy, be a good Christian as long as you live; but be a man of honour too, and never put up an affront; not all the books, nor all the parsons in the world, shall ever persuade me to that. I love my religion very well, but I love my honour more. There must be some mistake in the wording of the text, or in the translation, or in the understanding it, or somewhere or other. But however that be, a man must run the risk, for he must preserve his honour.' ‡

The law was easily evaded. In 1765 Lord Byron, grand-uncle of the poet, quarrelled with Mr. Chaworth as to certain manors which the latter alleged to belong to Sir Charles Sedley. After an altercation more or less heated, both left the room where the

* This letter is printed by the present Lord Albemarle in 'Fifty Years of my Life,' vol. i. p. 122.

† Blackstone's Commentaries, vol. iv. p. 199.

‡ Quoted by Dr. Hill in his edition of 'Boswell's Johnson,' vol. ii. pp. 179, 180.
dispute

dispute had begun. Byron, however, followed Mr. Chaworth into another apartment, and they both drew. Words passed, the exact nature of which is doubtful, but which led to a fight without witnesses between the two gentlemen. What seems to be clear is that Lord Byron was wounded, and that his sword passed entirely through his opponent. Lord Byron was tried by the House of Lords and found guilty, not of murder, but of manslaughter. He escaped on payment of fees.

The popular Wilkes was about this time twice concerned in a duel, once with Lord Talbot in 1762, and once with Mr. Martin in 1763. In the latter case he was wounded by his opponent, who was Secretary to the Treasury, and the House of Commons made an order 'that Dr. Heberden, physician, and Mr. Cæsar Hawkins, one of His Majesty's sergeant-surgeons, be desired to attend John Wilkes, Esquire, and . . . do attend this House to report their opinion upon his cure.' No attempt seems to have been made to punish either combatant, and the sole concern of the public seems to have been which of the two behaved the better.

The Law in vain struggled against the fashion, and wise and cool men in vain supported the Law. Dr. Cockburn, in the volume we have already cited, points out in a passage of delightful satire the mischievous influence of fashion among the upper classes:—

'When the meaner sort fall out, the pot which intoxicated them is thrown at one another's head, and they come to boxing and cuffing immediately; and very often by the intercession of a sober neighbour, and a new pot, the quarrel is ended and they part friends. But flinging about bottles does not content gentlemen, nor will they put up their differences without a duel. In the common opinion of the world at present duels are so proper to birth and quality, that they who decline them are censured as mean-spirited and cowardly. . . . Thus, purely for maintaining what they call honour, challenges to duels are given and received, and with them very often life itself is thrown away as of little or no concernment.'

What they call honour! The most trivial circumstances led to duels. Two doctors quarrelled early in the century as to which was the better physician. They fought under the gate of Gresham College. One slipped his foot and fell. 'Take your life,' exclaimed the other. 'Anything but your physic,' was the answer, and the *mot* seems to have ended the dispute. In 1779 Fox was challenged by Mr. Adam for having said in a debate that 'bad as the Ministry was, it was not certain that the nation would be bettered by taking their opponents,' and exchanged shots, Fox being slightly wounded. When, after a
second

second shot, it was all over, Fox said he would have been in a bad way if his opponent had not used Government powder. And even if no sting lay in the witticism, it is difficult to see where the honour of Mr. Adams was better for the pistolling. A deaf nobleman in 1765 was challenged by a French officer, the offence being that the former, like most deaf people, spoke too loud at a theatre. In 1780 a Mr. Donovan endeavoured to prevent Captain Hanson and another from fighting, with the result that he was challenged by the latter, whom he slew. He was tried for murder. The judge made some sensible observations in his charge. He must inform the jury that it was false honour in men to break the laws of God and their country; that going out to fight a duel was in both parties a deliberate resolution to commit murder, and that there could be no honour in so savage a custom. The jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter, and the man-slayer—who in this case undoubtedly had as much provocation as was possible for such a deed—was fined ten pounds.

As the slightest provocation was held to justify a fight, so no position was a warrant for refusing one. In 1780 Warren Hastings, then Governor-General of India, fought a duel with Mr. (afterwards Sir Philip) Francis, of which the latter has left an account in his Diary:—

'August 17th.—Arrive at the ground near Belvedere, near an hour before Mr. Hastings, who comes about 6, with Colonel Pearse. Watson [Francis's second] marks out a distance about fourteen common paces, the same, he said, at which Mr. Fox and Mr. Adam stood. My pistol missing fire, I changed it; we then fired together, and I was wounded, and fell.'

In the same year, Colonel Fullarton, Member for Plymouth, challenged Lord Shelburne, afterwards Prime Minister, for words used in the House of Commons. Lord Shelburne was hit on the second shot, and fired his own second pistol into the air, and a Committee of the Common Council of the City of London sent to inquire respectfully after Lord Shelburne's safety, 'highly endangered in consequence of his upright and spirited conduct in Parliament.' The Duke of York in 1789 considered himself obliged to give Colonel Lennox satisfaction for having said that Colonel Lennox had heard words spoken to him at a club to which no gentleman ought to have submitted. His Royal Highness received, but did not return his adversary's fire; in other words, he put himself in the position of risking his life for a criticism, which in these days a Colonel of a Regiment would be held entitled to make. In 1798 Mr. Pitt fought Mr. Tierney; and it is curious, considering the language

language used in Parliament in the present day, to observe the occasion of this duel. Mr. Pitt had brought in a Bill for the more effectual manning of the Navy, and was anxious that it should pass through all its stages in one day. This was opposed by Mr. Tierney as a precipitate course, whereupon Pitt said his opposition could only be accounted for by 'a desire to obstruct the defence of the country.' When Pitt refused to retract these words, Tierney challenged him on Saturday, the 26th of May, and the duel took place on the following Sunday on Putney Heath. The principals took their ground at the distance of twelve paces, and fired at the same time; each without effect. A second case of pistols was produced, and fired in the same manner, Mr. Pitt on this last occasion firing his pistol in the air. Then the seconds jointly interfered, and insisted that the matter should go no further, 'it being their decided opinion that sufficient satisfaction had been given, and that the business was ended with perfect honour to both parties.' Wilberforce was greatly distressed by this duel, and gave notice of a motion in the House of Commons against the practice of duels, which he only withdrew on Pitt's earnest remonstrance.*

In 1809 there was a duel between two of the King's Ministers. Lord Castlereagh, Secretary for War, challenged Mr. Canning, who presided at the Foreign Office, and on the second shot wounded him in the thigh. Mr. Croker writes in his Journal:—

'Lord Yarmouth, Castlereagh's first cousin and second, told me afterwards that Charles Ellis, who was Canning's second, was so nervous for his friend's safety that he could not load his pistols, and that Lord Yarmouth either loaded Mr. Canning's pistols for Mr. Ellis, or lent him one of his own, I forget which, but I think the latter. Nothing could exceed the coolness and propriety of the conduct of the principals, and Ellis's incapacity does him honour. Yarmouth drove Castlereagh to the ground (which was on Putney Heath, just beyond a cottage on the left of the road to Roehampton) in his curricule, and the conversation was chiefly relative to Catalani, who was then in high fashion, and Castlereagh hummed some of his songs as they went along.'—*The Croker Papers*, vol. i. p. 20.

In 1815 Peel, who was then Chief Secretary for Ireland, challenged O'Connell, and it was arranged that the duel should take place at Ostend. Peel reached his destination, but O'Connell and his second Mr. Lidwell were arrested in London, and bound over to keep the peace, in consequence of Mrs. O'Connell having given secret information to the

* Stanhope, *'Life of Pitt,'* vol. iii. p. 131; *'Life of Wilberforce,'* vol. ii. p. 286. police.*

police.* O'Connell had in the earlier part of the same year killed Mr. D'Esterre in a duel, to which we shall allude again presently. At a later period (1835) Disraeli challenged O'Connell, who refused to fight because he had once 'killed his man.'

Among American statesmen also duels were by no means uncommon. In 1804, Aaron Burr, Vice-President, killed the celebrated Alexander Hamilton in a duel, some particulars of which have been given in a previous article in the present number of this 'Review' (see p. 95). In 1806, Andrew Jackson, afterwards President, killed Charles Dickinson in a duel, and was himself dangerously wounded. In 1826, Henry Clay, the well-known statesman, fought with John Randolph. Clay had given his vote in favour of Quincy Adams for the Presidency, which was denounced by Randolph as a 'coalition of Puritan with blackleg,' for which language he was challenged by Clay. Two shots having been exchanged without effect, the duel was terminated by the seconds.

Even literary duels were not infrequent, and the Editors of Reviews were obliged, by the then code of honour, to risk their lives in consequence of their criticisms. In 1806, Jeffrey, Editor of the 'Edinburgh Review,' was challenged by Moore, and they met at Chalk Farm; but the duel was prevented by the interference of the magistrates, and it was reported that upon examination of the pistols 'the balls were found to have evaporated.' This, however, was subsequently denied by Moore; but it is alluded to by Byron in the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.'

'Hail to great Jeffrey! Heaven preserve his life,
To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,
And guard it sacred in its future wars,
Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars!
Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever-glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by.'

These lines led Moore to challenge Byron, but as the latter had left England, and did not return for a year and a half, the duel never took place, for reasons explained in Moore's *Life of his fellow-poet*.

Another duel, which arose out of a literary quarrel, had a fatal result. Lockhart, subsequently Editor of the 'Quarterly Review,' but then residing in Edinburgh, came to London in 1821. to demand satisfaction of Mr. Scott, on account of a

* On this affair see 'O'Connell's Correspondence,' vol. i. pp. 40-46, and 'The Croker Papers,' vol. i. pp. 76-79.

personal and violent attack upon him in the 'London Magazine,' of which Mr. Scott was the Editor. Mr. Scott refused to apologize or give him a meeting, unless under certain conditions which Lockhart considered inadmissible. In the negotiations which ensued Mr. Scott considered himself insulted by Lockhart's friend, Mr. Christie, the eminent conveyancer, whom he accordingly challenged. The meeting took place at Chalk Farm on the 16th of February. Two shots were exchanged, and on the second Mr. Scott was mortally wounded, and died a few days afterwards. Mr. Christie, who had never fired a pistol in his life, and his second surrendered to take their trial at the Old Bailey in the following April, and were both acquitted by the jury.

Sir Alexander Boswell, the eldest son of Johnson's biographer, was killed in a duel, which was also occasioned by a literary quarrel. James Stuart of Dunearn, who had been bitterly attacked in a paper with which Boswell was connected, sent a challenge to the latter. The duel was fought on the 26th of March, 1822; the ball shattered Boswell's collar-bone, and he died the next day. Some particulars of this duel are reproduced by Scott in the duel in 'St. Ronan's Well.' In the trial of Stuart much turned upon the peaceable character of the challenger, and the Lord Chief Justice Clerk congratulated him upon the verdict of not guilty which resulted.

Even Sir Walter Scott was quite ready to fight a duel with General Gourgaud on account of some reflections he had made on that officer in his 'Life of Napoleon.' Writing to William Clerk in 1827, asking him to be his second in case he is challenged, Scott says, 'If the quarrel should be thrust on me—why, *I will not baulk him, Jackie.* He shall not dishonour the country through my sides, I can assure him.'*

Juries seem to have been absolutely slaves of the fashion. Appeals to them to consider the provocation were almost universally accepted, provided the conditions of the duel had been such as seemed fair. Thus, in 1803, Captain Macnamara, who had killed Colonel Montgomery, the primary cause of the quarrel having been a threat to knock down a dog, was tried for murder. In his defence, which Millingen says was prepared by Erskine, he made a crafty appeal to the proper feelings of a gentleman, 'the existence of which has supported this country for many ages, and she might perish if they were lost,' and claimed that the jury would make allowances for his situation. The appeal was successful. In spite of the statement of the

* Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,' vol. ix. p. 143, ed. 1869.

judge, that the prisoner's own admission made him guilty of manslaughter, the verdict was an acquittal. Sometimes the majesty of the law was held to be sufficiently vindicated by the verdict of wilful murder returned by a coroner's jury against persons not known, and to identify whom no attempts were made, or meant to be made. Rarely was the slayer punished. In one case, indeed, in 1808, an officer was hanged for killing his opponent. But in this instance there seem to have been no witnesses to the duel, and the circumstances under which it was fought did not commend themselves to the jury. The general feeling was shown by the charge of a judge to the jury: 'It is my duty to tell you that by the law of the land the prisoner has been guilty of murder; but at the same time, I think it right to add, that I never knew a fairer duel.' It is even said, that 'Baron Hotham, in the closing decade of last century, told a jury that the acquittal of an officer who had slain another in a duel would be "lovely in the sight both of God and man," and Townshend, in "Modern State Trials," declared that "the long series of judicial annals has not been darkened with a single conviction for murder in the case of a duel fairly fought."'

Duels in England, even down to the time of Dr. Johnson,† were generally fought with swords, but they were soon afterwards superseded by pistols; partly because the advantages of a superior shot were probably far less than the advantages of a superior fencer, and partly because Englishmen as a rule knew little of fencing. When men gave up wearing swords in plain clothes, there was not the same temptation to regard the sword as the universal weapon; and the pistol rose into favour, as being the fairer and, to some extent, as being the less deadly instrument. There were several methods of fighting with pistols. The most common was that in which the combatants were placed at a fixed distance and fired at a given signal; the distance varied from thirty-five to twelve or even ten paces. The French code of duelling, promulgated in 1836 with the highest authority, prescribed that the nearest distance should be fifteen paces, and that the barrels should not be rifled. Byron refers to twelve yards—

'It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so;
A gentlemanly distance, not too near,
If you have got a former friend for foe.'

* Spencer Walpole, 'History of England,' vol. iv. p. 106.

† See note in 'Croker's Boswell,' p. 345, one volume edition.

and this would seem to have been the English distance. Another method was *à volonté*, when the combatants were placed at a distance of thirty-five to forty paces, and each allowed to advance to one of two lines drawn at an interval of fifteen paces. Another was called *à ligne parallèle*, the combatants advancing along parallels traced at a distance of fifteen paces. Occasionally other less orthodox methods were observed, such as *à la barrière*, in which the opponents were placed so many paces from a fixed line, to which they were compelled to advance, each firing when he chose. If one of the parties fired and missed, he was compelled to advance to the barrier and then receive his adversary's shot. A story is told of a duel of this kind, where a young officer was opposed by a notorious duellist, whom he missed. His opponent, marching up to the barrier, brutally said, 'I am sorry for your mother,' and shot the wretched youth through the brain. In another instance the combatant, who advanced as he imagined to his death, was unexpectedly reprieved by the miss-fire of his opponent's pistol. But this method of fighting, and the duel across the handkerchief with one pistol loaded and the other empty, were too brutal for even the spirit of those times, and seem to have been rarely adopted. Lever gives a description of a duel *à la barrière* in one of his works, and in the 'Diary of a late Physician' is an account, more or less founded on fact, of a fight across a handkerchief which the seconds endeavoured to prevent by loading neither pistol.

In Ireland, as may be expected, duelling thrived. But, paradoxical as it may seem, Ireland had as much to do with the decay of duelling as with its rise. Hot-headed, sensitive, and rash, Irish gentlemen fought on every provocation. And the people, delighting in a fight, and feeling that morbid pleasure in a death which is their characteristic still, supported them with their presence, and made matters easy for them in the jury box. Men of the highest dignity and most responsible position were ready to eat fire or taste steel. Sir Jonah Barrington, in his witty sketches of his own times, thought he might challenge any country in Europe to show such an assemblage of gallant, judicial, and official antagonists as is contained in the list he gives. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Clare, fought the Master of the Rolls, Curran. The Chief Justice, Lord Clonmell, fought Lord Tyrawley, and two others. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Isaac Corry, fought Henry Grattan. The Provost of Trinity College, Mr. Hely Hutchinson, fought the Master in Chancery, Mr. Doyle. O'Connell fought and killed Mr. d'Esterre, the

the champion of the Dublin Corporation, and Barrington says the duel was 'fatal to the champion of Protestant Ascendancy.'

But the very prevalence of the system worked its own cure, and the strong sense of humour of the Irish led to a recognition of its absurdity. Barrington quotes an answer given by a Cork wit to the question 'Is he a fire-eater?'—

'Is it a fire-eater? Why, he'd eat as much fire as fifty sweeps, but he can't get a second man from this to Londonderry to join him. You see he allows no blackguard to be beforehand with him, and so wisely gives the first insult. This secures him the choice of distance. He settles thus. Two chairs four yards apart, a basin of fine dry powder, another of bullets. The seconds count five, and the moment "five" is heard the blazing begins, *if ever*.'

In another passage Sir Jonah shows how the comic side of the Irish character came to the front even in their duels. The passage is too long to quote, too happy to pass over. In 1783 a Mr. Frank Skelton, a boisterous, joking, fat young fellow, was prevailed on, much against his grain, to challenge the exciseman of the town for running the butt-end of a horse-whip down his throat when he slept drunk with his mouth open. In vain did he remonstrate. The exciseman could snuff a candle with a pistol ball, and he was as big as a hundred dozen candles. He was forced to the combat. Hundreds of people came to see the fight on the green of Maryborough. The friends of each party pitched a ragged tent on the green, where whiskey and salt-beef were consumed in abundance. Skelton screwed up his courage with two heavy drams, and each party took two pistols. 'Blaze away, boys,' bellowed the seconds, and Skelton, minding his instructions to lose no time, let fly with one weapon. 'Halloa,' shouted the exciseman, 'I'm battered, by——.' 'The devil's cure to you,' said Skelton, firing his second pistol, and bringing the exciseman to his knee. Then, however, judging that if he gave the exciseman time to recover his legs he might have to stand two shots, he bolted as fast as his legs would carry him, followed by his second, who cursed him for a coward. 'Sure it's better to be a coward than a corpse.'* However, he was dragged to the ground; but, luckily, the exciseman was too much hurt to shoot. On his recovering, the latter insisted on challenging Skelton, who chose fists as the weapons, and the affair dropped—'*Solvuntur risu tabulæ*.'

In the same chapter Barrington describes a right-angled duel,

* This answer has latterly been improved into a bull—'It is better to be a coward once than a dead man all my life.' Barrington quotes the answer as we have given it.

where seconds as well as principals fought. They stood at right angles ten paces distant, and all began firing together on a signal from an umpire. At the first volley the two principals were touched. At the next, both seconds and one principal staggered out of their places. They were 'well hit,' but no lives lost. It was, according to custom, an election squabble. Barrington himself fought more than once. One of his duels was with a barrister named McNally, with an unwashed face and a short leg, who from his habit, when in a hurry, of taking two thumping steps with the short leg to bring up the space made by the long one, was nicknamed 'one pound two.' This hero could get no one of his bar to fight him, and challenged Barrington, who good-naturedly exchanged shots in the Phoenix. Barrington hit his opponent in the braces, then called 'gallows,' and feared he had killed him. When the result was made known, one of the seconds shouted, 'Mac! you are the only rogue I ever knew who was saved by the gallows!'

Barrington, who knew his world, could not have heaped his satire upon the habit of duelling, had not the recognition of its absurdity began to be general. Ridicule, more fatal in Ireland than elsewhere, had commenced its work. As a collateral instance we may mention a letter written by an Irish lady, in whose garden a duel was fought: 'Mrs. O'Connell presents her compliments to the two gentlemen, and hopes that the survivor will come to supper.' The petty nature of the stains to honour, which were submitted to the ordeal of a duel, was becoming understood, and, still more, the utter incapacity of a pistol-shot to wipe them out. Meanwhile on the other side of the Irish Channel many influences tended in the same direction. Trials for murder took place in which the verdict of the jury was not to be so clearly anticipated as in the cases we have examined. In 1821 three gentlemen were tried for murder after a duel in which Mr. William Cuddie had been slain. The jury considered for an hour and twenty minutes before returning a verdict of not guilty, and the prisoners were held to have had a narrow escape. The influence of the law, though not yet strong enough to overcome the fashion, was beginning to make itself felt. It was not a certainty that juries would acquit, and the idea was growing that a duellist would have to run the risk not only of his adversary's pistol, but also of a trial for felony. A general order of the Horse Guards had a somewhat similar tendency, though its effect perhaps was not entirely apparent to its authors. Colonel Lord Londonderry was in 1824 censured by the Commander-in-Chief for going out with an ex-cornet who had sneered at him for

for sheltering himself under his rank. The censure was probably based more on the relative rank of the disputants than on the pettiness of the dispute, and had more concern with the impertinence of the ex-cornet (whose name was erased from the half-pay list of the army) than with the feebleness of the Colonel in not disregarding it. But the effect was unquestionably to check the idea that honour was degraded by every piece of saucy impudence, whatever its source, and that the pistol alone could restore it.

But the heaviest blow that duelling received occurred five years later, from an event which needs more than a passing notice. In 1829 the world was astonished to learn that the Duke of Wellington, then First Minister of the English King, had fought a duel with Lord Winchilsea. The question of Catholic Emancipation was to the front, and the Duke was engaged in promoting the last stages of a measure which was violently resisted by many stalwart defenders of the Constitution. In a letter to the Duke of Buckingham,* written after the event, the Duke said that he had been living in an atmosphere of calumny, and that he could do nothing that was not misrepresented as having some base purpose in view.

'If my physician called upon me, it was for treasonable purposes. If I said a word, whether in Parliament or elsewhere, it was misrepresented for the purpose of fixing upon me some gross delusion or falsehood. The Courts of Justice were closed till the 15th of May, and I knew that the Bill must pass or be lost before the 15th of April.'

In this state of affairs a violent letter appeared in the 'Standard' newspaper, from Lord Winchilsea to Mr. Henry Nelson Coleridge, desiring that Lord Winchilsea's name might be withdrawn from the subscription list to the funds of the King's College, London, because late political events had convinced him

'that the endeavour to establish the College was intended as a blind to the Protestant and High Church party, that the noble Duke at the head of the Government . . . might the more effectually, under the cloak of some outward show of zeal for the Protestant religion, carry on his insidious designs for the infringement of our liberties and the introduction of Popery into every department of the State.'

The Duke considered that this letter gave him an opportunity. 'I immediately perceived,' he afterwards wrote, in the letter we have already quoted, to the Duke of Buckingham, 'the advantage it gave me; and I determined to act upon it in such a

* Despatches No. 1338. April 21, 1829.

tone * as would certainly put me right.' After having as a matter of caution ascertained the authenticity of the letter, he wrote to Lord Winchilsea to assert, 'that no man has a right, whether in public or private, by speech, in writing, or in print, to insult another by attributing to him motives for his conduct, public or private, which incriminate him. If a gentleman commits such an act indirectly in the heat of debate, or in a moment of party violence, he is always ready to make reparation to him whom he may thus have injured;' adding, that Lord Winchilsea would be anxious to relieve himself of the pain of having thus insulted a man who never injured or offended him. Lord Winchilsea was ready to allow that he was mistaken in his view of the Duke's conduct, as expressed in the letter, and to state his regret for having so expressed it. But he made it a condition that the Duke on his part should state, that when he presided at the meeting for the establishment of King's College, he did not contemplate the measures for Roman Catholic Emancipation, since introduced. This the Duke declined. Again stating his complaint that Lord Winchilsea 'should have published an opinion that I was actuated by disgraceful and criminal motives in a certain transaction which took place nearly a year ago,' he reiterated his belief that his Lordship would be anxious to give him reparation; and, in a subsequent letter, called upon Lord Winchilsea to 'give him that satisfaction which a gentleman has a right to require, and which a gentleman never refuses to give.' This demand, phrased as it was in such stilted terms as contributed no little to the contempt even then felt for such a method of settling a dispute, was not declined by Lord Winchilsea. It was arranged between Sir Henry Hardinge, who acted for the Duke, and Lord Falmouth, who acted for Lord Winchilsea, that a meeting should take place at eight o'clock on the morning of the 21st of March. Accordingly, at a point where two roads cross each other at the foot of a hill about half a mile over Battersea Bridge, the two noblemen met. What occurred is well described in a terse and ably-written memorandum, drawn up for the Duchess of Wellington by Dr. J. R. Hume, who had been called in by Sir Henry Hardinge to be present. The pistols were loaded, and the men placed. Lord Winchilsea was placed near a ditch, and it was said at the time, though the fact is not mentioned by Dr. Hume, that the Duke called out, 'Take care, the man will fall into the ditch.' Sir Henry Hardinge read a protest, couched in language little calculated to bring about a peaceable solution, and more marked by force than

* [*Sic.*] The Duke's metaphors were sometimes, as his actions were always, courageous.

by either amity or grammar:—‘If I do not now express my opinion to your Lordship (Lord Winchilsea) in the same terms of disgust I have done in the progress of the affair, it is because I wish to imitate the moderation of the Duke of Wellington.’ Lord Falmouth asserted his disapproval of the letter, but defended his own action in the matter. If there had been the slightest chance of an avoidance of fire, even at the last moment, it is clear that Sir Henry Hardinge’s language must have prevented it. Pistols were handed to the combatants, and the signal given by Sir Henry Hardinge. ‘Gentlemen, are you ready?—fire!’ Lord Winchilsea did not present. The Duke did, and, apparently after some hesitation at seeing his adversary taking no aim, fired without effect. Lord Winchilsea, after holding his arm down by his side, raised it deliberately, and holding his pistol perpendicularly over his head, discharged it into the air. Upon this Lord Falmouth, coming forward, said that Lord Winchilsea having received the Duke’s fire, was in a position to do that which he could not do before, and read the following memorandum:—

‘Having given the Duke of Wellington the usual satisfaction for the affront he conceived himself to have received from me through my public letter of Monday last, and having thus placed myself in a different situation from that in which I stood when his Grace communicated with me, through Sir Henry Hardinge and Lord Falmouth, on the subject of that letter before the meeting took place, I do not now hesitate to declare of my own accord that I regret having unadvisedly published an opinion which the noble Duke states in his memorandum of yesterday to have charged him with “disgraceful and criminal motives in a certain transaction which took place nearly a year ago.” I also declare that I shall cause this expression of regret to be inserted in the “Standard” newspaper, as the same channel through which the letter in question was given to the public.’

The Duke said it was no apology, the actual word ‘apology’ nowhere appearing; and for a time it seemed as if the affair would proceed. But partly in consequence of a suggestion by Dr. Hume, the words ‘in apology’ were inserted before ‘I regret’: the Duke declared himself satisfied; and the parties separated, not without a final growl from Sir Henry Hardinge. Lord Falmouth subsequently declared that he had only accompanied Lord Winchilsea on the condition that he would not return the Duke’s fire.

Thus ended an episode which, as we have said, perhaps contributed more than any other to the abolition of duelling.

The

The Duke declared, in the letter we have quoted, that the public interests required that he should do what he did, and that the result was to clear away the atmosphere of calumny in which he lived, to prevent the repetition of false rumours, and to cause the abandonment of 'intentions not short of criminal in consequence of remonstrances from some of the most prudent of the party who came forward in consequence of the duel.' But the affair shocked many good men, as the Duke seemed to have thought it would. It was not only that there was danger on the one hand of the death of the head of the Government, or on the other of the trial of the Prime Minister being substituted for the Emancipation Bill, as Jeremy Bentham, in a not very consequent letter to the Duke, asserted. These were undoubted risks, the latter perhaps the greater. But, in addition, it was felt that a custom must be wrong, which led to a man in the position of the Duke of Wellington to consider, that the best course at his disposal for vindicating his conduct was to exchange pistol-shots with a brother peer. Dr. Hume heads his memorandum with the quotation, '*Les moindres circonstances deviennent essentielles quand il s'agit d'un grand homme.*' But it must have seemed to the calm common-sense of the English people an unnecessarily petty position into which the Duke believed himself to be driven. That the greatest General of the time, who had, under conditions absolutely demonstrative of both judgment and courage, fought his country's battles in both hemispheres, and reached the highest position attainable by a subject, should deem it his duty to go out and play at killing a political opponent, at the assumed risk of his own life, was a state of affairs clearly condemnatory of the national habit which gave rise to it. If the Duke of Wellington had no other means open to him for the defence of his honour than to break the law by a surreptitious pistol-match, honour must have been in a very poor way. The means was essentially bad. If the Duke had killed Lord Winchilsea, he would have found himself in difficulties prohibitive of the proper discharge of his duties to the State. If Lord Winchilsea had killed the Duke, he would have incurred the wrath of the whole British nation. If neither meant to kill the other, where was the use of the pretence? And yet Lord Winchilsea could not decline the challenge without subjecting himself, as he himself wrote, 'to imputations which would have made life utterly worthless.' There were only two possible issues of the affair: that it should end in a great crime, or be a great farce. The former was avoided, and the latter

latter aspect forced itself upon the minds of men reluctant, perhaps, to receive it, and at first scarcely able to recognize its full effect.

Moral fashion changes slowly, and a custom planted in very early days, which had been in full fruit for more than half a century, was not easily uprooted. It was difficult to get rid of the idea that a personal quarrel could only be settled by a personal fight. Men continued to challenge, and to accept challenges. Occasionally the results were fatal: and occasionally accused persons were brought to trial. Juries were still unwilling to convict, chiefly, as would appear from a case in 1830,* where the jury deliberated three hours before giving a verdict of not guilty, because no milder verdict than guilty of murder was open to them. But the inconveniences of a trial were not without their effects, and added to the influence which public opinion was largely bringing to bear. Duels gradually became less frequent, and more confined to persons of comparatively little notoriety. After the death of George IV. we find no instances of Prime Ministers and Commanders-in-Chief taking the field. Still the custom died hard. Society, which had made one law to punish the duellist as a murderer, had by another imposed on him the necessity of fighting. Unfortunately society had made the sanction of the latter stronger than the sanction of the former. Sympathy, as was well pointed out in an article written after Lord Cardigan's affair, was wholly with prisoners tried for participation in a duel. The law may have been clearly laid down, but of every flaw in the evidence the most was made, and every loophole of escape was widened. Verdicts of acquittal were received with applause, sternly, of course, repressed by the judge. And the corollary added by the outside world was invariably, that duels are very bad things, and that the next man to fight one ought to be hanged. On the other hand the punishment of a man refusing to fight was sure, prompt, and heavy. For him there were no loopholes for escape; no popular applause to welcome acquittal. Condemned, unpitied, and without appeal, he at once underwent a sentence compared with which fine and imprisonment were lenient indeed. The written law was a solemn fiction, the unwritten law a stern reality. What wonder that till public opinion changed, the one was quietly disregarded, the other religiously obeyed?

But public opinion did change. An Act was passed in the first year of Her Majesty's reign to amend the law relating to

* In the matter of a duel between Mr. Lambrecht and Mr. Clayton, see Millingen, vol. ii. p. 309.

'any person who shall unlawfully and maliciously shoot at any person,' the object of which was to strengthen and make clear the enactments against duelling, while withdrawing the act of shooting where no wound was inflicted from the category of capital offences. It was under this Act that Lord Cardigan was indicted in 1841 before his peers, the case having been removed by *certiorari* from the Central Criminal Court. Lord Cardigan had fought with and wounded one Captain Tuckett, whose Christian names were Harvey Garnett Phipps, and who was so described in the indictment. The trial was conducted with much solemnity and great ceremony. It is well known, and need not be described here. The defence turned not upon absence of proof of a duel, or of Lord Cardigan's participation in it. Sir William Follett, who was Lord Cardigan's counsel, made no such attempt; he confined himself to the point that there was nothing whatever to show that the Captain Tuckett who was shot at was the Captain Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett named in the indictment. The point was held good, and Lord Cardigan was declared entitled to an acquittal. 'Not guilty, upon my honour,' was the decision of every peer who voted, except of the Duke of Cleveland, who, not perhaps without justification, introduced the qualification, 'Not guilty legally, upon my honour.' It was in reference to this trial that Mr. Croker wrote to Sir William Follett the following letter, which gives a list of remarkable duels, some of which have been already mentioned:—

'I send you a few memoranda, which I fear will be of little use to you. Duels are seldom matters of record, at least in such volumes as have indexes.

'Within the last hundred years, six persons have fought duels who have been Prime Ministers: Pulteney, Lord Bath, Lord Shelburne, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, Mr. Canning, the Duke of Wellington—I might almost add Peel, who twice challenged—and Castlereagh, who was almost a First Minister. Of late years the custom is certainly decreased, and the House of Lords has not now, I dare say, above half-a-dozen who have actually fought, and about as many who have been seconds.

'Deaths.

'Byron and Chaworth, 26th January, 1765. Byron tried. Falkland and Powell, 17th March, 1802. Powell tried. Camelford and Best, 10th March, 1804. Best tried.

'Wounds.

'Lords Paulet and Milton, 29th January, 1770. Milton wounded. Lords Townshend and Bellamont, 2nd February, 1773. Bellamont wounded. Offence given while Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; seconds, Lord

Lord Ligonier and Colonel (afterwards Lord) Dillon. Lord Shelburne (Lord Lansdowne's father) and Fullerton, for words spoken in the House, 22nd March, 1780. Shelburne wounded.

'No Injuries.'

'Duke of York and Colonel Lennox, 25th May, 1789. Duke of Norfolk and Lord Malden, 30th April, 1796. Duke of Wellington and Lord Winchelsea.

'Other remarkable Duels.'

'Fox and Adair, 29th November, 1779. Fox wounded.

'Pitt and Tierney, 27th May, 1789. Lord Harrowby Pitt's second.

'Castlereagh and Canning, 21st September, 1809. Lords Hertford and Seaford seconds.

'Sheridan and Mathews.'—'The Croker Papers,' vol. ii. p. 407.

The trial of Lord Cardigan, strictly formal as it was, did not commend itself to the public judgment. He was held to have escaped on a technicality, and to have derived more benefit from the ingenuity of his counsel than the merits of his own case. But a greater shock was given to public opinion by a fatal duel which took place less than three years afterwards between two brothers-in-law. On July 1st, Lieutenant Fawcett of the 55th was shot in a duel by his brother-in-law, Lieutenant Munro, who fled the country. The near relationship of the parties, the intolerable provocation given to the survivor, who had gone out most reluctantly, and who was now an exile* and branded as a felon, made an immense impression among all classes. The Government dismissed Lieutenant Munro from the army, and refused Mrs. Fawcett the pension of an officer's widow. The Prince Consort suggested the establishment of Courts of Honour in the Army and Navy, to whose arbitrament officers should submit their differences. The subject was brought before the Cabinet; and, though the suggestion of the Prince Consort appeared to be surrounded by too many practical difficulties to be carried into effect, an amendment was introduced in the Articles of War, declaring it to be 'suitable to the character of honourable men to apologize and offer redress for wrong or insult committed, and equally so for the party aggrieved to accept frankly and cordially explanation and apologies for the same,' and subjecting them, if they still chose to fight, to the penalty of being cashiered.† But public

* Lieutenant Munro did not surrender to take his trial till 1847, when the jury brought in a verdict of Guilty, accompanied by a strong recommendation to mercy. Judgment of death was recorded, but it was subsequently commuted to a twelvemonth's imprisonment.

† See Martin's 'Life of the Prince Consort,' vol. i. pp. 169-172.

opinion loudly demanded that further steps should be taken to suppress what was now regarded as a barbarous practice. Captain the Hon. F. Maude took a leading part in forming an Association for the Suppression of Duelling, which was joined by a large number of military and naval officers and many members of both Houses of Parliament. A motion was proposed in Parliament that 'duelling is immoral in its tendency, that it brings into contempt the laws of the country, that it is contrary to Divine command, and ought to be abolished.'* The Association against Duelling continued to exist for some years, and we have before us a petition from the Committee of the Association, signed by Lord Shaftesbury, to be presented to the King of Prussia in 1856.

After the duel between Fawcett and Munro duels were very rare. In 1846 Lieutenant Hawkey, the principal in a fatal duel, was tried for wilful murder, and acquitted, apparently on the ground of provocation. When in 1853 Lord Shaftesbury, challenged by Lord Mornington for something he had said in a speech on the Juvenile Mendicancy Bill, referred the challenge to the magistrate at Bow Street or his solicitors, he gave the *coup de grâce* to the idea that a man must fight when asked to do so. Thenceforth it was understood that duelling was condemned by public sentiment. And, as Mr. Lecky points out, it was this revolution in public sentiment that 'banished from England this evil custom, which had so long defied the condemnation both of the Church and the Law.'

From England, but not entirely from Europe. The Duke of Grammont-Caderousse fought a fatal duel in Paris in 1862, killing his opponent, Mr. Dillon. And in 1870 the Duke of Montpensier killed Don Henry of Bourbon at Madrid, for which a court-martial condemned him to a month's exile, and to pay the family of the deceased 6000 dollars, but refused to pass any censure on his conduct. Even now duels are fought in France, but they are discountenanced in good society. In one of the most recent novels, a provincial, who comes to Paris after fighting two duels, is warned by his uncle, a man of the world, to restrain his bellicose propensities, as 'they are no longer in fashion to-day in the society in which we move. It is only,' he adds, 'journalists and some deputies who still fight duels.' Moreover, though French duels are not quite so farcical as the well-known conflict described by Mark Twain,† fought with

* An interesting account of the transactions narrated above is given by Mr. Spencer Walpole in his 'History of England,' vol. iv. p. 112 foll. His father, the Right Honourable Spencer Walpole, was an active member of the Association for the Suppression of Duelling, and drew up for them the petition which was presented to Parliament.

† 'Tramp Abroad,' vol. i. ch. viii.

silver pistols which had been hung on a watch-chain, and were loaded with cartridges unrolled from a postage stamp, they cannot be regarded as seriously dangerous to life. That they bring less credit to the combatants than discredit to national judgment is a fact which it is to be hoped that Frenchmen will gradually learn from the opinion of other nations.

In Germany duelling still lingers. At the Universities, the students, be-padded, be-gloved, and be-visored, still switch at each other's noses and cheek-bones with double-edged rapiers, capable of slicing at least three inches of skin from the face of an opponent; and consider that they thereby maintain the honour of their families or their corps. Mr. Motley, in his *Correspondence*, gives an account of students' duels during his residence at Göttingen:—

'Their arms are a *Schläger* or sabre, about four feet in length, blunt at the point, but very sharp-edged, and a suit of stuffed leather to protect all the vital parts, leaving only the face and breast exposed. The last time I was at the "Kaiser" [an inn outside one of the gates at Göttingen] about sixteen duels were fought in the course of the day, ten of which I saw; and they are, on the whole, stupid affairs, and I think could exist nowhere but in Germany. It is not, however, a perfect trifle to fight one of these duels, although it is very seldom that any lives are lost, or even important wounds received. But the face is often most barbarously mangled, and indeed it is almost an impossibility to meet a student who has not at least one or two large scars in his visage. In the two that I saw the other day, one man was cut, not very severely, in the breast, and the other received a wound that laid his face open from the left eye to the mouth, and will probably enhance the beauty of his countenance for the rest of his life.

'There is also a regular code by which the different offences are meted, and the degree of sabre satisfaction determined. The most common and slightest insult is the "Dummer Junge" (stupid boy), which demands a duel of twelve Gangs. (A "Gang" I cannot exactly describe. It is the closing of the combatants and a certain number of blows and parries.) The parties have each a second at his side to strike up the swords the moment a wound is received. The doctor then steps in, examines the wound, and if it proves to be "Anschliess" (a wound of a certain length and depth), the duel is discontinued. A more gross insult demands twenty-four Gangs, and a still more important one, forty-eight. But the most severe duel is that of one "Gang," in which the duel continues until one drops.'—*'Motley's Correspondence,'* vol. i. p. 21.

Mr. Marion Crawford, in his last novel,* says that a German who should refuse to fight a duel, or not demand one if insulted,

* 'Greifenstein,' vol. i. ch. i.

would

would be dismissed from the army, and made an outcast from society. But, even if there is no exaggeration in this statement, the seriousness of the whole custom is much open to question, and the repute in which it is held is certainly not likely to increase. Even on the Continent, though public sentiment has not had the full effect which has resulted from it in England, the evils of a silly habit are reduced to a very low point.

As far as this country is concerned, we may safely assert that nothing but good has followed the change. It was always argued that, if duelling was abolished, insolence would go unchecked. This has not proved the case. An English and a German undergraduate were discussing the University systems of their respective countries. 'But what do you do,' said the latter, 'if a fellow insults your sister?' When he was told that a fellow does not insult your sister, and that, if he did, his punishment would be precisely that which would follow a refusal to fight in Germany, he admitted that there was something to be said for the more peaceful method. The position of an English gentleman in countries where the practice of duelling prevails is a very difficult one. Shortly before the English occupation of Cairo, a case occurred forcibly illustrating this difficulty. An Englishman was intentionally insulted by a foreigner, and on his refusing to 'go out,' his conduct was submitted to a 'Committee of Honour' hastily gathered together for the purpose, whose decision cannot be considered favourable to the Englishman.

The good sense and the good manners of all classes of society are a better check on aggressiveness than the pistol or the sword. Occasionally, in political and in social life, some clever bully succeeds in letting fly winged words, for which in old days he would have been called to account. But it is seldom that he does so for long. Sooner or later he is sure to incur a humiliation which is a greater deterrent than an exchange of shots or of passes. And the modern method has this unquestionable advantage: that whereas in old days the person wronged had to rely on his own skill alone, and if an inferior shot or swordsman was at great disadvantage, he has now the support of public opinion, which generally makes itself clearly felt.

As we have seen, Society was stronger than the Law and the Church when public sentiment was in favour of fighting. And at present Society can and does use its enormous power to put down insolence. Just as for many generations it punished the man who declined to give or accept a challenge when it was believed that he ought, so now it punishes the man who is guilty of unjustifiable provocation of another. As long as it
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does this, there need be no regret whatever for the abolition of duelling. If ever violence of demeanour and language were tolerated, the evils which duelling was intended to prevent might recur. And should the efforts of a few public men be successful, some such danger might possibly arise. But as yet in the House of Commons and elsewhere the bounds of good manners are as well maintained now as in the days when each man held that his honour was in his own keeping. And though throngs of curious spectators no longer crowd to Maryborough Green to witness a pistol fight, the combative instincts of the Saxon and the Celt are frequently gratified by an intellectual duel between prominent politicians—far more pleasant to see than a fight between a gentleman with a rapier and a dragoon with a bludgeon, and less deadly in its results. In a word, Society, which once enforced duelling, has now made it entirely unnecessary. As long as it does not relax its influence, the mischief of past days need never return.

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- ART. IX.—1. *La Révolution Française à propos du Centenaire de 1789.* Par Mgr. Freppel. Paris, 1889.
 2. *A Century of Revolution.* By W. S. Lilly. London, 1889.

‘IT will be all the same a hundred years hence’ is a saying which is bred of apathy or despair. Applied to France a century ago, it is literally true at the present day. During the night of July 14–15, 1789, the Duc de Rochefoucauld-Liancourt caused Louis XVI. to be awakened that he might announce the fall of the Bastille. ‘It is a revolt,’ cried the King. ‘Sire,’ replied the Duke, ‘it is a revolution.’ It was the first sign of political chaos, the first proclamation of the right of insurrection, the first symptom that authority had passed into the hands of the mob. In 1889 as well as in 1789 France still quivers in the throes of revolution; she is still plunged in political chaos, is still governed by the right of insurrection, still suffers authority to lie in the streets to be grasped by the first comer who will seize it firmly and wield it without scruple.

In the pamphlet which is placed at the head of this article Mgr. Freppel, the Bishop of Angers and Deputy of Finistère, discusses the question, ‘What has the Revolution done for France?’ Last month Mr. Frederic Harrison* undertook to

* ‘Fortnightly Review,’ June 1889.

explain what the Revolution did for Frenchmen in particular and humanity in general. The subject of the two writers is identical, their conclusions diametrically opposed. To Mgr. Freppel the Revolution is the greatest disaster in the history of the world; to Mr. Harrison it is the greatest date in the evolution of a complete humanity since the reign of the first Pharaoh.* Which is right? That is the question we propose to discuss.

Admirers of the French Revolution are confronted by an initial difficulty. They can produce sonorous phrases which the volcanic eruption has thrown up in abundance, but they cannot point to a single institution which it has established, a single principle which it has realized in practice, a single problem, social or political, which it has solved. If the paroxysm was so salutary, how comes it that France since that date has never enjoyed twenty years of settled government, and that politically, socially, and morally she betrays every external sign of decadence?

It would be an ungrateful task to dwell upon the thirty years of barren wars in which France has been engaged, the humiliations she has endured from three foreign occupations of Paris, the dismemberment of her territories, or the tremendous load of public debt by which she is burdened,† though all these are the direct fruit of the Revolution. The chronic instability of her governments affords a sufficient text. Revolution after revolution has paralyzed commerce, depreciated the value of property, increased the public debt, diminished the public revenue. Whether the divine right of the monarchy or the inalienable sovereignty of the people be recognized as the basis of the French Constitution, France has been governed for a century by the right of insurrection only, and she has enjoyed a succession of governments supported on no constitutional principles, based entirely upon facts, justified solely by success, sanctioned only by results. From the absolute monarchy of the States-General, the constitutional monarchy of the Constituent Assembly, and the Republic of fraternity and freedom of the Convention and the Directory, France passed to the 18th Brumaire. The French people, the avowed champions of

* Since these pages were written, Mgr. Freppel has found a most able ally in Mr. W. S. Lilly, who, in his striking and suggestive volume, treats the subject with more completeness than is compatible with the scope and limits of a popular pamphlet. The conclusion at which Mr. Lilly arrives, and which he enforces with great force and brilliancy, is that the Revolution was a curse, and not a blessing to the world.

† The public debt exceeds 1,050,000,000*l.*, and the annual interest is over 52,000,000*l.* Taxation averages 15 per cent. of income.

liberty and equality, aspired to become the slaves of a task-master whose rule of incarnate brute force suppressed their liberties, absorbed their sovereign powers, and ended in St. Helena. Bourbon legitimism went down full sail in the sudden squall of 1830. At a day's notice the citizen King, crowned on the barricades, was overthrown in 1848. Before the second Republic had lasted a year, it was found that only 200,000 persons held the principles for which a nation was pauperized, a dynasty exiled, a kingdom revolutionized. The sovereign people, again so suddenly inaugurated, was again as suddenly displaced by its self-surrender to Napoleon III. Noisy in proportion to its real weakness, deceiving others as well as itself, corrupt, wasteful, oppressive, ostentatious, the Second Empire was yet the legitimate product of the Revolution, the chosen government of democratic France, possessing to the very last the unshaken confidence of the enslaved but sovereign people. From the ruins of the Second Empire rose the Third Republic, which has never received from the nation any ratification of the original or twice-revised Constitution, which on its own constitutional principles possesses no legal claim to authority, which, menaced by reaction on the one side or revolution on the other, only exists because the vague terror of the unknown is stronger than the dissatisfaction it creates. The horrors of the Commune of 1871 are its real strength. In the first months of its precarious existence a handful of revolutionary desperadoes showed the world once more that, like their predecessors in 1792, they only wanted power to shatter the civilized world to ruins. Like their predecessors, they proclaimed liberty of person and forthwith crowded the prisons, —liberty of conscience and proscribed the churches, —liberty of labour and forced every workman to shoulder his musket, —liberty of speech and closed the door of every unauthorized meeting, —liberty of the press and suppressed every newspaper but their own. Like their predecessors, they massacred hostages in cold blood, and turned Paris into a charnel-house. As the terrors of revolutionary anarchy in 1792 drove sober-minded Frenchmen to seek refuge in despotism, so the Commune of 1871 is the Medusa's head which turns the electors to stone, checks salutary measures of reform, and—sole guarantee of order which the Revolution has given—lends stability to the Government by the horror it has inspired of revolutionary violence.

It is one result of the Revolution of 1789, that for a century France has thus oscillated between anarchy and despotism. It is another, that at the present day she exhibits every external symptom

symptom of decadence. Her population is stationary, and in 58 of her 87 departments it is actually dwindling. Marriages are rare and sterile. The standard of physical vigour has deteriorated. The family tie is weakened; paternal authority is destroyed; the mass of the artisan population live in concubinage; the annual number of illegitimate births is one-twelfth of the whole. Her chronic revolutions, her system of wholesale political jobbery, her moral and religious scepticism, her taste for luxury and display, her passion for material ease, her medley of divergent purposes and ill-regulated impulses, the decay of national feeling, the flabbiness of public opinion, the conspicuous absence of commanding talent or administrative capacity, the indistinctness of purpose which permits a street riot to become a revolution,—all point in the same direction. Her convictions, like her institutions, are straws in the wind; her party squabbles are as violent as they are venomous; the mass of her population neither support nor resist anything. Perpetual changes have produced an impatience which is alike fatal both to public and private life; the craving to succeed or to destroy at once breeds the suicide and the anarchist. Nothing is fixed; new administrations are condemned because they are new, and old because they are old; all parties contemplate the possibility of carrying a government by escalade. The conquerors have no security and the conquered never accept defeat; Sedan cannot destroy the Napoleonic legend, nor Paris in 1871 dissipate the illusion of the sinless Eden of Communism. Ever since 1789 each of the great political parties has cherished the hope of annihilating the others and reigning absolutely alone. Reciprocal intolerance, radical hostility, life and death antagonism, destroy all hope of compromise and harmony. The urban and rural populations, the proletariat and the middle classes, the advocates and the opponents of Catholicism, are all arrayed against each other in ineradicable enmity. The country has no safeguards for freedom; no sooner is her tree of liberty planted, than it is pulled up to see if it has taken root. There exist no institutions, whether political or social, which give permanence or perpetuity to national life; the people have lost their sense of public objects and limit their horizon to their own immediate and individual interests; the elements of the French nation are pulverized and disintegrated till they are deprived of all power of cohesion.

No one denies that the abuses of the old *régime* demanded drastic reform. A despotic, divine-right, proprietary monarchy, checked neither by an aristocracy nor a representative assembly, exercised

exercised uncontrolled executive, judicial, legislative, taxative powers, or overrode by indefinite prerogatives the so-called liberties of the people. Of this royal power the irresponsible representative was the Council, which, like some hundred-handed Briareus, engrossed everything, crushed out every principle of local liberty, absorbed into unity all fractional authorities, undertook the exclusive charge of the welfare of the people, and assumed to the nation the place of Providence. In the presence of this bureaucratic centralization every class was reduced to impotence, excluded from political activity, untaught the lessons of self-restraint, deprived of the experience of public life, untrained and undisciplined in the business of local administration. Every breakwater against the sweep of absolute monarchy was destroyed ; nothing remained, when the tide flowed in the opposite direction, to stem the rush of democratic or imperial absolutism.

Beneath the weight of this tremendous machine France crumbled into two sand-heaps of disconnected particles, the one practically exempt from ordinary law and taxation, the other bearing the whole load of State expenditure. Thus inequality was brought home to the unprivileged world in its most odious form of inequality before the law and inequality of pecuniary burdens.

Even among the privileged classes there existed no cohesion, no graduated hierarchy. Each class formed a caste, which stood or fell alone. No diversities of religious opinion operated, like constitutional checks upon the monarchy, to strengthen the position of the Church. No alternative existed between Gallic Catholicism and deism or atheism. Ecclesiastical abuses drove English Episcopalians to Wesley, and French Catholics to Voltaire or Diderot. *Les vrais pasteurs des âmes* starved, while the offices of the Church were heaped upon the younger sons of noble houses as rewards of interest with royal mistresses. Officered by such leaders, distrusting her own dogmas, secularizing her education, laicizing her preaching, the Church opposed no weapon to scathing exposures of her abuses or searching criticism of her doctrines. As an intellectual leader, if not as a moral teacher, she was thrust aside. The old nobility had, like the Church, ceased to control the monarchy or lead the people. Excluded from their natural position, stripped even of their military glory, they sank into lacqueys of the Court, and ridiculed the prejudices to which they owed their existence. Wider gulfs separated absentee spendthrifts from their dependents than ever divided the feudal noble from his vassal. And by the side of the impoverished old nobility grew

up a new nobility recruited from the intendants, financiers, and lawyers who conducted the business of the country. Not content to form a middle class, they aspired to be ennobled, and a needy government sold them the object of their ambition. Scorned by the old nobility as upstarts, envied by their former equals, they commanded none of the respect which is paid to birth, but only aggravated by their pretensions the hatred of inequalities. Nor were privileges before the law, and exemptions from taxation, enjoyed only by the Church and the old and new nobility. They belonged also to the commercial aristocracy, who purchased the countless offices to which they were attached. Guilds and corporations fettered the independence of French industry. Premiums for apprenticeship or masterships in trade were avoided when sons were apprenticed to their fathers, and thus even trade fell into the hands of a caste, separated alike from inferiors and superiors, a caste to which political or Court life was closed, and which could find no career either in the law or the army; the Bar had formed its own nobility, and the son of the tradesman might be a Bayard in courage, but he could not be made a captain till he became a *gentilhomme*.

The society which the higher ranks of the privileged castes formed among themselves made cultured enjoyment the sole end of existence. In such an atmosphere social and political philosophy grew rhetorical and superficial, aiming at startling paradoxes, cultivating improvisation, straying from the path of knowledge into the wilderness of abstract speculation, and assuming the peculiar tone which gives to the French Revolution its distinctive character. The distinctive tendency of the intellectual movement originated in the progress of natural science and the practice of inductive methods. All the phenomena of life were subjected to a criticism which contested received opinions, rejected dogma, sifted tradition, tested authority, founded all verifiable knowledge upon observation and experiment. But a frivolous society was impatient of such laborious processes. Even Montesquieu was rather celebrated than influential. The writers who gave the Revolution its distinctive character adopted different principles. They broke entirely with the past, destroyed the existing foundations of the world, and from the inner consciousness alone evolved a new society. They did not, as necessary preliminaries to the discovery of general laws, study the origin, growth, and decay of social and political organisms, compare their resemblances, note their dissimilarities, investigate their functions, observe their peculiar features. Their method was essentially rationalistic. They discarded observation or experiment, appealed to *à priori* speculation, reconstructed

reconstructed the world on abstract principles deduced from pure reason. Man was not examined in the concrete as he exists in France, or is anywhere known to have existed; but he was put together as an universal concept from common characteristics, and from this imaginary unhistorical being were collected the rational laws of morals, politics, and social rights. National differences, history, character, were disregarded; passions were ignored, habits eliminated, prejudices overlooked. 'Cultivate the virtues that make a republic possible, and then we shall have a Republic,' says the historical school. 'Set up a Republic, and we shall be virtuous and prosperous,' says the abstract philosopher. 'The more enlightened man grows,' argued the inductive reasoner, 'the freer he becomes.' 'The freer man is,' cried the rationalists, 'the more enlightened he will be. Restore him to his natural rights, and he will become virtue itself.' Without experience of life, pleased with a new plaything, captivated by a sonorous phrase, society was ready to accept the ideal as the real man, regardless of the revolutionary tendencies of the new intellectual movement.

But theories which are the toys of society become the weapons of demagogues. Little by little these opinions filtered downwards. From the conversation of the *salon* they passed into the written conversation of the pamphlet and the speeches. And the ground was already prepared for their reception. In the privileged world of brilliant idleness the rights of man were harmless fireworks; in the unprivileged world of savagery and wretchedness they were sparks alighting on a powder magazine. Especially was this the case among the peasantry. The destruction of a portion of feudalism rendered what remained a hundred times more burdensome. The peasant had starved himself to buy land, and his heart was buried with the seed which he had sown. But he was still liable to *la servitude de la terre*; still called from his furrow to render forced labour on another's land; still compelled to stand by while his crops were destroyed by another's pigeons and game; still bound to grind his corn at another's mill, crush his grapes at another's press, cook his food at another's oven; still forced to sell his produce at particular markets, to drive his cattle to particular fairs, to use particular paths, fords, or ferries, however circuitous or distant they might be; still constrained to render these services and pay these tolls to a man who was neither his master nor his landlord, who was a hanger-on of a distant Court, an absentee spendthrift, who did nothing for him, whose taxes he himself paid, and who discharged no public duties. Hitherto resistance had proved hopeless. Peasant and artizan had endured their

sufferings in silence. Now a new feeling is in the air. The state of things which immediately precedes a Revolution is always better than that which has gone before. The tardy virtues of the Government precipitated the movement. The peasant grows restless; expectation takes the place of apathy; his horizon widens. Vague rumours of the sovereignty and the equality of man reach his ears. Authority, obligations, privileges, exemptions, slavish conditions are to cease. He learns that he is the only productive labourer, that charges which he knows to be oppressive are contrary to the rights of man, that the land for which he hungers is his by natural law. Finally, famine in 1788-9 gives direction to the universal expectation. There must be bread, cheap, and at fixed prices. There must be no more feudal duties, no more tithes, no more inequalities of taxation. It is at this crisis that the States-General is convened. The King has promised reforms, but relief is delayed. In four months four hundred agrarian riots break out, and in many places the peasants believe that they are executing the royal decrees. Vagrants, mendicants, poachers, smugglers, escaped convicts, inflame the social sore. The villagers turn brigands. In their starvation they levy blackmail upon their richer neighbours; from pillage they proceed to incendiarism and murder; and every day a starving mob pours into Paris. The Government is weakly optimistic; the authorities grow bewildered; the treasury is bankrupt, the army insubordinate. The vindictive passions of the mob are roused; the nobility are without influence; the Church has lost her hold on the people; the middle classes are alienated from their superiors, and hostile to the classes below them. No institution, no principle, no class intervenes to break the shock of impending collision between the privileged and unprivileged worlds.

The States-General met. All classes recognized the abuses of the old *régime*, and all that was best and noblest in France joined in the reforming movement. But the French nation was the victim, not the author, of the Revolution. The schedules of grievances, which were drawn up by the representatives of the Three Estates of the realm, give not the slightest hint of any desire to destroy the foundations of French society. What was required was reform, not revolution,—control of the royal prerogatives, restoration of constitutional checks upon the monarchy, establishment of a Popular Assembly meeting at regular periods, the consent of the nation through its representatives to taxation and legislation, complete readjustment of fiscal burdens, equality in the incidence of taxes and supervision of their expenditure, abolition of internal custom-barriers, suppression

pression of feudal privileges, equality of every citizen before the law, revival of provincial and municipal liberties, removal of caste restrictions, codification of law, purification of the Church, and proclamation of religious tolerance. These were the reforms which Voyer d'Argenson, Montesquieu, Turgot, Mirabeau desired; these were the changes which the nation unanimously demanded. Every improvement might have been safely left to public opinion. Popular principles had only to be temperate to be successful. Without massacres, without regicide, without reigns of terror, without civil war, France might have secured a stable government managed with severe economy, an equitable system of taxation, the liberty and civil equality of every individual subject, a free press, and the hearty sympathy and respect of every civilized country. Has she ever enjoyed these since 1789? Does she enjoy any of them now?

'Every sincere patriot,' says Mgr. Freppel, 'ought to ask himself this question: What would be the condition of France to-day if the reforming movement, as it is broadly expressed in the grievances of the three estates, had followed its normal and regular course instead of giving place to a permanent Revolution? if the traditional institutions of the country, inspired by reform with new youth and strength, had been developed in accordance with the progressive requirements and interests of the country? if, instead of oscillating for a century between dictatorship and anarchy, power had been justly balanced in those hands to which the general wish of the nation desired to entrust it? if the French nation had spared itself the losses of ten revolutions and thirty years of glorious but barren war, and devoted its energies to the development of those resources with which Providence has so richly endowed the country?'

It is unnecessary to paint over again the familiar picture,—to show how legitimate hopes of reform were dispelled,—how popular leaders first leaned for support on the insurrectionary violence of the Parisian mob, and then struggled with passionate vehemence to resist its domination,—how the moderate party was overpowered in the Assembly,—how the revolutionary party, backed by brute force, became the masters of the situation,—how the Revolution, like Saturn, devoured its own children,—how a savage and truculent minority tyrannized over an indifferent and afterwards terror-stricken majority,—how, ultimately, illegal violence, that is, Revolution, usurped the place of constitutional improvement, that is, Reform. The result of the movement may be summed up in the re-organization of society on the basis of rights instead of duties, and in the rupture with the traditions of the past, the destruction of existing institutions, the reconstruction

construction of the State upon the assumption of the natural goodness of mankind. Disregard of history or of facts, disdain of positive law, impatience of experience, passion for symmetry and uniformity, preference of *à priori* reasoning, in a word political rationalism, were, and are, the equipment of revolutionary *doctrinaires*. Descartes held that the necessary preliminary to speculation was to clear the mind from all existing ideas. If the mind is a philosopher's and the subject philosophy, neither much harm nor much good may be expected from the process. But at the French Revolution the Cartesian method was applied to political life and institutions by a number of persons, most of whom were untrained, ill-educated, enthusiastic, emotional, confident, and incompetent. To destroy the existing foundations of society, in order to experiment in new institutions constructed on the basis of the inner consciousness, was the object of the Revolution, as distinguished from constitutional reform. The distinctive characteristic of the movement, the idea that gives it universality, the essential feature which makes it an epoch and not merely a crisis, is that it asserts the supremacy of rights over duties, of abstract reason over political experience, of mechanical over natural products, of systems over growths, of sentiment over observation, of theory over practice, of speculation over induction. The leaders of the Revolution designed—and this is the credit which Mr. Frederic Harrison claims for them—a new commencement in the history of the human race, a new departure starting from nothing, and, it may be added, ending in nothing. Their labours were not for France only but for humanity. The imaginary being for whom they worked was Universal Man, not a Frenchman with his special prejudices, traditions, habits, idiosyncrasies.

It is this spirit of political rationalism which, in the view of its admirers, makes the French Revolution the watershed of modern political life and places France in the van of human progress. But as progress may be up or down, so watersheds give birth to destructive torrents as well as fertilizing streams.

The destructive work of the Revolution was enormous and, if it be wiser to destroy than to reform, useful. It made no effort to correct the vices of the Monarchy, the aristocracy, or the independent Gallican Church, but, in order to remove their corruptions, swept away the institutions altogether. Destruction cannot alone regenerate society. What has the Revolution created to replace what it destroyed? What has it accomplished in the way of construction? Mr. Harrison endeavours to prove that its constructive work has effected that moral, social, and political regeneration which can alone palliate revolutionary violence.

violence. By collecting the great names of French history in the eighteenth century and, regardless of the fact that most of them died before the Revolution began, classing them as revolutionary leaders—by labelling the doctrines, which the wisest politicians, economists, and Christian teachers have advocated or practised for eighteen centuries previously, as the legacy bequeathed to mankind by the Revolution—by assuming that the ideas of '89 are exhibited in working order in the existing French system, he argues that the Revolution established the *pro bono publico* idea of government, created (this, at least, appears to be the suggestion) a peasant proprietary, organized a scientific system of local government and of finance, bestowed on the world the gospel of State-education, codified the law, arranged a humane judicial system, promoted culture and universal peace and religious toleration. On these claims we join issue.

First and foremost among the ideas of '89 is claimed the popular, fiduciary, *pro bono publico* theory of government. A theory, already adopted in practice in two countries of the world, and underlying the conception of all constitutional government, cannot be classed among the new ideas which humanity owes to the Revolution. The fiduciary principle was accepted by Montesquieu with his constitutional Government, by Voltaire with his philosopher King, by Mirabeau with his popular Monarchy. But the theory of revolutionary rationalists was essentially different. They started from an abstract theory which is contradicted by Christianity, science, and experience—by the Bible, Darwin, and history—the natural goodness and essential reasonableness of ideal Man. From this basis they built up Society, not on duty, which is the foundation of the fiduciary principle, but on rights. All men are absolutely equal in their rights, and society is formed by a compact between these sovereign units. The sovereignty of the people is boundless, because it is the body politic to which each individual sovereign surrenders his independence; the person and the property of the individual are completely subject to its control. The general will of the body politic, expressed by the numerical majority through universal suffrage, is omnipotent. It tolerates no checks, counterpoises, second chambers, combinations, or associations interposed between itself and its citizens. Its mandatories are only agents, not empowered to conclude anything definitely, and no law which the people has not ratified is binding. The sovereign units, who compose this body politic, may at any time re-enter upon the direct exercise of its functions, which it cannot delegate to individuals.

individuals. In other words, no law binds the people, for their will is the source of law; no one rules them, but they themselves exact obedience from their functionaries; no one judges them, for justice emanates from their will. And yet at the same time each individual is delivered over, bound hand and foot, to the rule of the numerical majority expressed by universal suffrage.

It is the attempt to realize the visions of political rationalism, the experiment in associations in which each individual obeys himself, and the consequent determination to discard history and experience, that have made governments unstable, legislation capricious, and revolution permanent; that have diverted power from the safest hands, and ostracized, proscribed, and overpowered the classes which might have governed the country; that have paralyzed the executive, so that it cannot check the anarchical wilfulness of the proletariat; that have made the club orators and demagogues supreme; that have driven the peasant to see in Cæsarism his only protection, and the artizan to look to Communism for his ideal of happiness, with its accompanying extinction of individual liberty, family life, and property. Ruler after ruler has followed the example of Napoleon I., tampered with the sovereignty of the people, flattered the sentiment of popular infallibility, apologized for postponing the adoption of really democratic principles, openly treated every constitutional check as a makeshift for prolonging the minority of the people. It is this theory which has established or overthrown fifteen successive Constitutions, until the very idea of legality is extinguished in the minds of the people, and their political creed is reduced to the saying, '*Plus cela change, et plus c'est la même chose*,' 'The more change the least difference.' It is this theory that permits street riots to become revolutions, for the executive dare not act against itself. It is this theory, which is the parent of the State Socialism, that demands the return to the State of all property, the State *exploitation* of all industries, the State provision of work for all. It is this theory, finally, that has fostered the central political idea of the Commune of 1871. Paris saw universal suffrage turned against itself, and the sovereign will of the people, wielded by Napoleon III. in virtue of a *plébiscite*, perverted into mockery. By means of small, independent areas, the Commune sought to establish that direct exercise by the people of their sovereign powers which it recognized to be impossible in larger States. To attain this object France was to be shattered into Swiss cantons. The ideas of national unity, of the grandeur of the State, of the one and indivisible Republic—ideas which the men
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of '89 defended with heroic, if savage energy—were to be abandoned for the Communal and Comtist elysium of a federation of parochial vestries. And the grounds, on which this decentralization was to be accomplished, are that the Empire was a tyrannical usurpation, and that universal suffrage, the weapon of progress, the legacy of the first Revolution, was turned against Paris, and therefore appeared to the nineteenth-century heirs of the Parisian mob as a discredited failure. And Mr. Harrison—who in 1871 denounced universal suffrage as a pernicious instrument, championed the programme of the Paris Commune as the goal of the Revolution, and on these grounds justified the rebellion of the capital—now in 1889 declares that democratic imperialism, the form of government against which Paris rebelled, represents the ideas of '89 as fully as a democratic republic. How can an idea of '89 be said to be established in France, if in 1871 Paris was justified in rebelling against it?

Is the Revolution justified because it swept away 'the most barbarous land-tenure of the eighteenth century,' and created the peasant proprietor? It converted copyholds into freeholds; but the study of Arthur Young, or of the contemporary conditions of Germany, proves that the land-tenure of France was by no means the most barbarous of the century. Its tenure was in the main so unpopular and oppressive because so little of the feudal system remained, because *la servitude de la terre* was severed from its ownership, and because the incidence of the feudal dues fell upon men who were themselves the proprietors of the soil. As early as the fourteenth century peasant proprietors were numerous in France. Before the Revolution, a quarter or a third of the land was tilled by peasant owners. It is therefore absurd to pretend that a peasant proprietary was the creation of the Revolution. Doubtless the abolition of territorial privileges and the disappearance of feudal incidents enormously improved the position of the peasantry: but these results might have been left to the reforming movement, and nothing in its land legislation justifies the Revolution.

The Revolution conferred no special boon upon the peasantry, except that it increased their number by the sale of Church and other lands, though the greater part of these estates was bought by the middle classes, and that it made the *partage forcé* the universal law of the land, instead of allowing it to remain the custom of particular provinces in which it was familiar. Mr. Harrison speaks of eight million peasants who own the soil. Like 'the most barbarous land-tenure of the eighteenth century,' or the suggestion that the Revolution created a peasant proprietary,

proprietary, this assertion will not bear examination. The latest statistical calculations give the total number of owners of land as between eight or nine millions. Of these not more than six millions, at the outside, are peasant owners. So far from eight million peasants owning the soil, $25\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. of the whole land of France is held in small estates from 15 acres downwards, 39 per cent. in middle-sized estates from 15 acres to 125 acres, $35\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. in large estates from 125 acres upwards. The real legacy of the Revolution to the peasant is the *partage forcé*, which is a fruitful subject of discussion. Its inevitable result must be either that it is evaded, which is in many districts the case; or that it checks population, which is undoubtedly its tendency in Normandy; or that it will divide estates by logarithms, as is the case in districts like Chalonne on the Loire, where the estates are so small that the proprietors enjoy them for a year, turn and turn about. Nor is it true that France is, in any universal sense, 'the paradise of the peasant proprietor.' Legislation cannot alter soil or climate. The peasant does not attempt to buy land unless he has a reasonable prospect of thriving; and where the soil or climate are unfavourable to small husbandry, the land is occupied by tenant farmers or *métayers*. It is quite true that, apart from the question of numbers, the 'eight million kings,' or the 'eight million lords of the soil,' are 'masters of their own destiny.' But why is Mr. Harrison so jubilant at the fact? Not so long ago,* he referred in less complimentary language to the 'eight million kings,' when he spoke of 'the Emperor of the peasants,' the oppression of the capital by the country, 'the incubus of the provinces,' Paris 'writhing under the yoke of the peasant,' the 'backward condition of rural districts,' the 'bodies of ignorant peasants cajoled by priestly artifice or driven by official audacity.' *Tout est optique*. All depends on the point of view. Mr. Harrison was then singing the praises, not of the Revolution, but of the Paris Commune in 1871. Indisputably the peasant proprietors of France form a vital element in the prosperity of the country; but they are so because the narrow, cautious, grasping, laborious peasant is conservative enough on the score of selfish interest to suspect the wild projects of the rash, extravagant, cruel, gullible, sceptical *sublime*, or the disintegrating programme of the Commune, which Mr. Harrison regards as the first manifestation of the 'social form' of the Revolution and the expression of 'principles which must make the tour of Europe, and ultimately re-organize society from the

* See 'Fortnightly Review,' May 1871: 'The Revolution of the Commune.' By Frederic Harrison.

foundation.'

foundation.' So valuable to France as obstacles to the realization of the dream are the French peasantry, that they may be pardoned the sordid selfishness of their individualism, the inconceivably narrow range of their horizon, their ignorance and suspicions, or even the use that they make of their powers to raise the price of bread by protective duties on foreign corn.

Is the Revolution justified by what it has done for the artisan? The restrictions imposed upon trade in the interest of privileged classes were already doomed. But instead of reforming the guilds and corporations which might have been made to protect the interest of artisans, the Revolution destroyed them altogether. At the same time that it demolished the existing but perverted institutions for industrial protection, it denied the artisan the right to protect himself by a free press, strikes, associations, or public meetings. Politically the artisan has therefore little cause to be grateful to the Revolution. Physically he has not more. It has neither shortened his hours of labour, nor improved his dwellings. Behind the spacious Boulevards of Paris lie districts like those of Mouffetard, St. Denis, or Belleville, where the dwellings, owing to the revolutionary door and window tax, are more insanitary and miserable than the worst slums of London. Morally he has still less cause for gratitude. The Revolution rather intensified than destroyed the administrative tutelage in which artisans were detained, so that workmen learned to depend on State Socialism instead of individual effort for all their aspirations. The same administrative tutelage deprived them of economic education, so that nowhere are strikes more frequent than in France, more lightly entered upon, more wasteful, and more ineffective. No teaching of practical experience counteracts the poison of the revolutionary rationalism, which hands them over as a prey to the wildest of demagogues, and which fosters in their minds a bitter hatred to the *bourgeois* capitalist, a war to the knife between the proletariat and the employer of labour, a determination to prepare their own revolution and regain the rights that were wrested from them in 1789 by the middle classes. The love of equality as applied to property, and the idea of the direct sovereignty of the people, have bred the programmes of the Commune and of Communism. Almost every clause of both schemes is inspired by the rationalism of the Revolution. Of the creed of the Commune, which revives the dream of Étienne Marcel, disintegrates France, and destroys national unity, we have already spoken. The creed of Communists—including, as it does, the annihilation of family life, of private property, and of individual liberty—appears to us equally repulsive. Communists are well

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aware that nothing but revolution can carry out their programme. But in a country where revolution is the familiar instrument of political change, where the right of insurrection is a recognized right of citizens, where every abstract reasoner is absolutely certain that all his opponents are wrong, where social and political problems have been for a century cut by violence, not solved by patience—they declare themselves ready to create the Elysium by sweeping aside by force the 'routine-loving Republic' and 'the filth of Boulangism.'

Large manufacturing centres like Rouen, Lille, St. Etienne, Lyons, Roubaix, or Tourcoing, are hotbeds of Communism and political disaffection: but most dangerous of all is Paris. And it is to the Revolution that Paris owes much of her dangerous preponderance. By Paris reform was in 1789 diverted into revolution, and Paris is one of the abstractions by which the revolutionary school of Frenchmen is governed; it is not a collection of houses and people, but a being of superior wisdom, the centre of enlightenment and the fountain of progress. It is therefore of some importance to know who and what is the Parisian *ouvrier* who rules the capital and aspires to direct the policy of the country. Forty per cent. of the *ouvriers* are true workmen, ardent Democrats, slaves of equality, but not Socialists or Communists. The remaining 60 per cent. are made up of the *sublimes* who, as a rule, only work three days a week. They belong to different classes, such as the ordinary *sublime*, who never stays long in the same employment, gambles, drinks, and wears the blouse; the *sublime* who has seen better days, and is a glib-tongued unscrupulous talker, often convicted of theft, and in some cases a 'pike' (*brochet*) who lives by the earnings of his mistress; the true *sublime*, who is generally drunk on brandy or on vitriol; the *filz de Dieu*, who devours newspapers, rants on revolutions, and propounds anarchical doctrines; the *sublime de sublimes*, who is a plotter, an organizer, as well as a constructor, of the wildest social programmes. And it is the Parisian *sublime* for whom the Revolution has prepared the choice between Communism and the Commune.

What has the Revolution done for local government?

Is 'the most symmetrical, the most scientific, and the most adaptable' system of France one of the beneficial achievements of the Revolution? What the reformers proposed was the revival of the independent local life of the ancient provinces. What the Revolution did was to exaggerate and intensify the bureaucratic centralization of the Monarchy. And this in two ways: first, by its characteristic disregard of facts, history, and

and experience ; secondly, by the application of false political principles.

On the eve of the Revolution a few provinces still retained representative institutions which kept intendants at bay, and themselves voted and levied taxation. In all the provinces the same potential independence existed. In its passion for social geometry, the Revolution swept away the ancient provinces with their ingrained differences, habits, traditions, history, and local feeling, and substituted purely artificial divisions into departments, organized on one uniform stereotyped system. On this soil it first endeavoured to plant local government in accordance with its theory of the sovereignty of the people. In other words, it created a multiplication of petty, irresponsible vestries, taxing themselves, electing and removing their own judicial or executive officers, raising and controlling their own militia and police. After three years of intolerable anarchy the Convention overrode the sovereign people and re-established the central authority of the State. Their centralizing policy, for which the Revolution had prepared the ground, was carried out and perfected by the Consulate and the First and Second Empires. At the present moment the *préfet* of the department corresponds in all but name to the intendant of the province. The eighty-six agents of the central authority reduce local representation to consultative impotence. They are veritable autocrats in the eighty-six administrative units over which they preside, carrying into instantaneous and simultaneous effect the orders that emanate from Paris. As an instrument of government the system is admirable. But surplusage is as unscientific as chaos. What is the use of the purely arbitrary creation of the *arrondissement* as an administrative division?

The results of this administrative centralization are, like those of the similar system under the old *régime*, in the highest degree prejudicial. The spirit of local independence is stifled, and the growth of classes capable of managing their own affairs with intelligence assiduously crushed. Public virtue yields to selfish individualism, and men are left without other pursuits than private interests. In the absence of leaders trained to public life, the purely arbitrary division into departments impedes the tardy efforts that are now made to restore local vitality. Had the old provinces remained, it might have been easy to arouse enthusiasm for Brittany or La Vendée. Who cares a jot for Finistère or Deux Sèvres? And the system of focussing the administration in one centre exposes the country to frequent revolutions. The bureaucratic machine is ready to the hand of every usurper, and adapts itself with equal facility to the domination

nation of a Napoleon or a Boulanger. It has exaggerated the ignorance of Governments respecting the feeling of the people, intensifies their confidence in their omnipotence, and lures them along paths that lead to revolutions, from which they can only recoil with infinite suffering to the people. It has increased the dangerous preponderance of Paris by making her the seat of Government, the reservoir of the brains, and the nucleus of the authority of the nation; it has thrown the blood to the head, so that the capital is peculiarly liable to apoplectic seizures, at the same time that it has destroyed the independent vitality of its anæmic limbs.

And while the passion for uniformity, which characterized revolutionary rationalism, has intensified the evil and increased the difficulties of the cure, the false application of its political ideas has doubled the dangers of administrative centralization. The Monarchy made, administered, and interpreted the law; and the reformers were bent on separating the powers. But here revolutionary rationalism intervened with its disdain for experience and its love of symmetry. It declared that the executive, legislative, and judicial powers must be absolutely separated; administrators must not legislate, nor legislators control the working of the administration; judges can neither refuse to apply the laws, nor enforce them against the executive authorities in the exercise of their administrative functions. The result is in every way favourable to despotism. On the one side, those who made the laws were absolutely forbidden to control their working, and this principle only disappeared in 1871. On the other side, no agent of the Government could be prosecuted, or can even now be prosecuted, for excesses in the discharge of their functions except by his own superior. Thus the administrative machine not only stifles local independence, but, so far as it is a creation of the Revolution, is intensified in its evils, incurable in its mischief, and absolutely destructive of the liberty of the subject. The agents of the administrative machines are irresponsible except to their superiors. An official has only to say that he has acted under orders, and the courts can neither verify the statement, nor test the legality of the order if it was really given, nor annul the effects of his action in all possible cases. A citizen may be illegally arrested and imprisoned on suspicion: but when he is released his only remedy is to go home and keep quiet. Such are the practical effects in France of 'the scientific, symmetrical, adaptable' system of local government, against which the Parisian Commune of 1871 were, we are told, justified in rebelling.

Financial confusion and corruption were the immediate causes
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of the downfall of the old *régime*; but was financial reform a revolutionary idea? Before the Assembly of Notables in 1787 was laid a programme which summed up the progress of economic science of the past twenty years. It included the suppression of labour rents, free trade in grain, removal of local custom barriers, the suppression of taxes on iron, oil, leather, and other articles, the consolidation of State lands, a stamp tax, a land tax falling on all landed proprietors without privileges or exemptions. This was the financial programme which was carried out in December 1790. The law of that year initiated no new reform; it only carried into effect the proposals of previous ministers of finance, the results of the deliberations of the Provincial Assemblies, the programme of the Notables, the resolutions of the Three Estates of the States-General. Financially, therefore, no justification exists for the Revolution, the wholesale work of destruction, the violent severance from the past, the complete reconstruction of the social edifice. But the intrusion of economic rationalism—the infusion, that is, of the revolutionary spirit—destroyed much of the value even of these reforms. For instance, in establishing equality of taxation, the economic rationalists declared that ‘all citizens have the right of taxing themselves.’ The right of assessment was placed in the hands of taxpayers, who, in accordance with the law of nature, refused to exercise their right. The Government was at its wits’ end. In 1791 it complained that no money was received, and that, when application was made to the departments, no answer was returned. Secondly, in 1786 the treaty with England was a triumph for free trade; but the Assembly in 1791 listened to Goudard, the deputy of the Lyons silk-manufacturers, reversed the liberal movement, maintained the principle that every trade has the right to exist, imposed prohibitive duties on imports, and increased those upon exports. Thirdly, the programme before the Notables had suggested bonded stores; the suggestion was wholly ignored by the Assembly, and it was not till 1803 that the project was realized. Fourthly, the principle of indirect taxation was unpopular with the economic rationalists, and therefore the Assembly cut itself off from most of the revenue derived from duties. The Republic continued the same policy. It remained for the Empire, by its legislation in 1804, 1806, and 1808, to establish the present system.

If, then, the reform of the financial system was neither the suggestion nor the work of the Revolution, what were its ideas of political economy which, Mr. Harrison tells us, ‘as a science may be said to be one of the cardinal ideas of ’89’? The financial confusion and corruption of the Revolution surpassed the confused

fused and corrupt system of the old *régime*. Revolutionary science of finance soared no higher than confiscation, the unlimited issue of paper-money, and State bankruptcy. The incorruptible Republicans confiscated property which has been estimated, and this estimate falls between the highest and the lowest figures, at £230,000,000. Half of this passed into the private pockets of the Revolutionists, who thus did not add even the single virtue of personal probity to their thousand crimes. As the crisis became more formidable, they issued unlimited assignats. The State pledged its official authority to pay one hundred francs for orders which could be bought in 1795 for a franc. Then it declared itself bankrupt. In the name of public credit, it adopted the principle of a State repudiation of debts; in the name of public liberty, it threatened with the punishment of death anyone who refused to accept the assignat. Not content with exhausting the present and sacrificing the future, the Revolutionists continued the errors of their predecessors, and, in the end, revived some of the worst abuses which had disgraced the old *régime*. They continued the absurd principle which was adopted in 1791 (Art. 190 of the Constitution of the Year III.), of charging the local taxpayers with the assessment and collection of the taxes, with the result that in 1796 the Government had only received two million pounds out of twelve millions. 'It is impossible to disguise the fact,' said Bernard Lagrave, 'that for some years the people have chosen to pay no taxes.' In 1797 Ramel, with much circumlocution, proposed to aid the local bodies in their work. But the orators refused to sacrifice the 'sacred rights of the people.' The Consulate in 1799 abrogated this absurd system, and substituted that which now exists (Art. 3 and 5 of the Law of 24th of November, 1799) for the assessment and levying of direct taxes, whether the budget is the budget of the State, the Department, or the Commune. No procedure for enforcing payment of taxes was provided in 1791. But in 1795 the principle of collective responsibility was revived by the Revolution. This 'cruel law,' as Turgot called it, which, to quote the same eminent authority, ruined the richest and most capable of the peasantry by making them responsible for the taxes of the whole district, was abolished in 1775. Yet it was revived by the Convention, continued by the Directory, and only abolished by the Consulate. One more illustration of the economic science of the Revolution will suffice. In 1791 it had been decreed that the taxes should be paid in money and not in kind. Acting on the authority of the Romans and the Chinese, 'the wisest nation in the world,' the Convention established payment in kind for
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half, and eventually three-quarters, of certain taxes. The expenses of collection absorbed one-half the value, and another half was wasted before the grain was stored. No matter! It was 'the hand of nature' that levied the tax, and that sufficed.

Revolutionary finance repudiated its debts, exaggerated the plunder of the old *régime*, turned its back on the liberal movement of reform, sacrificed general to special interests, perpetuated the unpractical errors of preceding financiers, rebaptized and re-introduced the most unpopular taxes of the old *régime* which the reformers had abolished, and, where it initiated a new tax, laid it upon doors, windows, and chimneys, and thus bequeathed to France her insanitary dwellings. The modern system of French finance is not its work, but is due partly to the Empire, but particularly to the Monarchy of 1815 and the efforts of Baron Louis and Count Corvetto. It was at this latter date that the finances of the country were readjusted and re-organized, that the example set by the Revolution of plunder and repudiation was rejected, and the crisis honourably met and skilfully overcome. It was the precedent set by the Monarchy of 1815, not that of the Revolution, which France followed in 1871.

Revolutionary finance was more confused than that of the old *régime*. It was also more corrupt. That the reformers desired to put an end to a nefarious system is true; it is equally true that the Revolutionists carried public plunder to lengths which have never been paralleled before or since. Half the property confiscated at the Revolution remained, as we have said, in their hands. The proceeds of the taxes were similarly plundered. 'Why should we close our ears to the voice of public opinion,' cried Marbot, in the Conseil des Anciens (14 Brumaire, An VI.), 'which, from every part of the country, cries out to us that corruption is at our gates, dictating every step of the Government, besieging the antechamber of Ministers, intervening in our deliberations, poisoning all the branches and channels of the public administration.' Never was political jobbery so profligate. Under pretence of purging the public offices, the insurrectionary party demanded the dismissal of all existing officials, and made itself the judge of civic morality. No charge was too flimsy, no pretext too trivial, to create a vacancy. And the places were filled, without the slightest regard for the public service, by men who were always ignorant, and often idle, disobedient, and inattentive. Nor has this feature of Revolutionary Government altered at the present day. Political jobbery is reduced to a system. How comes it that

the Floating Debt for Pensions ('La Dette Viagère') has risen from 38 millions in 1800, or 63 millions in 1840, to 132 millions in 1880? How comes it that the work of educating schoolmasters has been carried to such an excess that 7 million francs have been annually wasted? How comes it that the expenses of forests, over a vastly diminished area, have risen from 3 millions in 1822 to 14 millions in 1880, or that those of the *Contributions Directes* have sprung from 120 millions in 1822 to 287 millions in 1880? How comes it again, that while the administration of the Post Office cost 12 millions in 1822 and 104 millions in 1880, the receipts have risen only from 24 millions to 108 millions? How comes it that the expenditure on Public Works is so extravagantly large, or that there are literally thousands of judicial officials, most of them so inadequately paid that no celebrated lawyer will leave the *magistrature debout* for the *magistrature assise*? The same comparisons might be pursued through every part of the public administration of France, and every Frenchman knows the answer. The whole administrative machinery of France, from the overmanned public offices to the tobacco-shops, is worked by the Government to secure political influence. Every deputy is interested in multiplying offices in order to purchase local popularity, and elections are a scramble for the favours which administrative centralization distributes in profusion.

What did the Revolution, properly so called, do for education? The old *régime* provided 562 colleges for secondary education, with 70,000 pupils, of whom 40,621 were educated gratuitously; and the College of France, 21 universities, 72 technical schools, and 40 academies for higher and professional education. Almost every parish had its primary school. In the diocese of Rouen, for instance, there were 1159 parishes, and 1161 schools for boys and girls. The instruction, which was practically in the hands of ecclesiastical bodies, cost the taxpayer nothing. It was certainly defective; but instead of reforming it, the Revolution destroyed it altogether. All the educational wealth of the country was confiscated; preceptorial prebendaries were disendowed; the bursaries appropriated, the lands belonging to the communes for educational purposes alienated. An educational system existed—the Revolution destroyed it; buildings—the Revolution confiscated them; masters—the Revolution dismissed them. With what result? In the eighth year of the Republic the Minister of the Interior stated that the primary schools were deserted; in the ninth year Portalis declared that there had been no education for ten years.

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The Revolution destroyed everything, and created nothing but a scheme. The existing system is not its work, but dates from Napoleon's legislation in 1806 and 1808.

But, if the Revolution founded nothing, it transmitted two ideas to its successors—the State monopoly of education, and the proscription of religious instruction.

It was as a State monopoly that Napoleon organized the University of France, which includes all the educational establishments maintained by the State or the Commune, and embraces the three degrees of education,—primary or popular, secondary or special, higher or professional. No competition was permitted with the University, unless it was authorized, controlled, and regulated by the State. The entire absence of rivalry inevitably produced servility, uniformity, routine, and incapacity. For this reason the legislation of Napoleon was modified by Guizot's law of 1833, by Falloux in 1850, by the legislation of the third Republic in 1875. All these changes were directed against the Revolutionary idea of State monopoly, and in favour of freedom of competition. Once more, and since 1880, the Revolutionary principle of State monopoly has triumphed. The cry has been raised, '*Le Cléricalisme voilà l'ennemi.*' Religious training has been exiled from schools; the University alone can confer the degrees which are often the sole test of the claims of candidates for public offices. And the result of State monopoly is again disastrous. No attempt is made to gain moral influence over pupils; rewards and punishment are the sole instruments of discipline. Education is degraded into instruction; its object is uniformity—not intellectual development, but the acquisition of a certain amount of knowledge; its effect is to destroy inequalities of talent and substitute an equality of mediocrity. Teaching has become, except in mathematics, mechanical and unintelligent. Men are turned out as if from a machine, trained in the same curriculum, submitted to the same regulations, moulded in the same groove, disciplined mind and body in the same system. Independence, originality, individuality, are starved; the natural sources of capacity are poisoned; the scientific spirit is, as M. Renan has said, in process of extinction. Another result of State monopoly is that schoolmasters are electoral agents, earning promotion from the Government by political propagandism. So eagerly has the Republic pursued this policy that, as the recent debates of June 1889 show, it is annually expending many millions of francs in excess of the educational requirements of the country.

The second educational idea, which the Revolution has

bequeathed to its successors, is the total proscription of religious instruction. In its respect for humanity, it not only abolished the birch, but emancipated the child from the oppression of the 'Hypothesis,' in whose name he had been baptized. The first words, which the child of the Revolution was taught to spell, were no longer the commandments to fear God and honour parents. They were the Republican Catechism, the Republican Gospels, the Republican Ten Commandments. The Revolution proscribed the mention of God, of a future life, of the immortality of the soul. Instead of this instruction it called upon the child to describe the events of July 1789, to tell how 'Delaunay is massacred; Flesselles is massacred also, and their heads carried upon pikes'; or how 'the monster,' Foulon, 'was massacred with his son-in-law Berthier'; or how Louis Capet was massacred; or how Marie Antoinette was 'guilty of incest,' and was 'a Messalina in ferocity, an Agrippina in shamelessness.' These were the books which were to be used in elementary education, and these the lessons to be taught to infants in Revolutionary schools. The cobbler, Simon, beating the Dauphin because he refused to sing the Carmagnole, or in winter nights drenching him with ice-cold water because he repeated the Lord's Prayer, is the model schoolmaster of that Revolutionary education, which is 'the Gospel of '89, and the least tarnished of all its legacies to our age.'

Did the Revolution found the French Codes? Neither the design nor the execution belongs to the Revolution. French lawyers have not to master

'The lawless science of our law,
That codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances.'

Instead of variety they have simplicity, uniformity, and, as the evils of codification, a fixity which fails to meet new needs or accommodate itself to new requirements. So delicate is the joinery of the Codes that it is almost impossible to modify any part, and what law gains in precision it loses in flexibility. But assuming that codification has advantages over continuous jurisprudence, to whom is the work due? To Pothier, who died in 1772. The Revolution did not even execute the design, for the principal Codes were promulgated between 1804 and 1810. Almost the only legal innovations which belong to the Revolution were the absolute prohibition of all testamentary bequests in order to promote equality, and the removal of all obstacles to divorce as fetters on liberty.

Did the Revolution create what Mr. Harrison calls 'the most symmetrical,

symmetrical, humane, and scientific' judicial system of France? It is the lasting honour of Montesquieu that he aimed at the reform of the Penal Code, and the introduction of humanity and equity into criminal procedure. The ferocity of the Revolution, on the other hand, was the most monstrous parody of justice that history has ever known. The principle which it applied for the election of judges made France the paradise of criminals. The Revolutionary rationalists deduced the idea of justice from the sovereign people; therefore the sovereign people themselves elected and removed their own judges down to the smallest judicial officials. Thus the judicial science of the Revolution would entrust Seven Dials or Whitechapel with the choice of its own judges, and subject them to removal at the caprice of the same electors. The true principle of judicial irremovability was applied by the restored Monarchy, and has been adopted into the present judicial system. If any trace of the Revolution is to be found in the Codes, it is that their framers were more eager to guarantee civil equality than to secure personal liberty. To Englishmen the French Criminal Law, with its presumption of guilt, its *surveillance*, its arbitrary arrests, illegal imprisonments, and irresponsible officials, would be intolerable. And this is its humanity! Nor are these the only objections to the French administration of justice. Symmetry and science are dearly purchased at the cost of excessive expenditure, continual conflicts of jurisdiction, perpetual violations of justice. No one who is familiar with the working of the judicial system of France will assert, that the number of Judges and Courts is not multiplied to excess. No one will deny, that the conflict of authority between the administrative and ordinary judges repeatedly leads to unscientific complications.* No one will defend the principle of choosing the irremovable judges from among the public prosecutors, a system which in political or criminal cases produces those scenes which continually outrage English notions of fair play.

There only remains the question, what has the Revolution done for culture, for peace, or toleration? The Reign of Terror naturally offered little scope for culture. Lavoisier was told that the Republic had no need of chemists, and 'to be literary,' said Fourcroy, 'sufficed for arrest as an aristocrat.' The same dull hatred to superior gifts ruled society in the more settled period which succeeded. The sense of beauty was utterly lost; all the urbanity of the nation was destroyed;

* The ordinary courts are incompetent to judge the acts of the Administration. Another series of courts therefore exists to try *le contentieux administratif*,—that is, business which concerns or arises out of administrative authority.

politeness was treated as a revolt against Republican institutions; hideous absurdities of attire everywhere prevailed. The decencies of life and of death were disregarded; wives passed to and fro as freely as coins; funerals were at an end; corpses were removed by the police like the carcases of other animals. The fact is established that to men consumed by the passion for equality, mental culture was as black a sin as wealth. Has the Revolution promoted peace? Ask the French conscript. It is to the Revolution that we owe the enormous forces, levied by conscription, which are a standing reproach to civilization, and a perpetual menace to peace. Among the ideas of '89, Mr. Harrison claims 'the care of the sick, of the weak, of the destitute, of children, of the people, the emancipation of the negro.' The claim needs no comment. It may be passed by as an illustration of the determination to distort facts. The claim that the Revolution has promoted religious toleration might equally be passed over in silence. But refuge may be taken in a quibble. If it proclaimed religious toleration, it practised and continues irreligious persecution. It was in this spirit that the leaders of the Revolution hunted religion from the State like a leprous thing. The present division of France into two irreconcilable camps is due to the men, who treat Catholicism as an enemy to be crushed as the sole condition of living in safety. There have been faults on both sides. But is it in the name of toleration, that the religious orders were expelled from France in spite of protests, petitions, and remonstrances, or that 128 decisions of the Law Courts were rescinded, or that 250 magistrates were dismissed because they refused to execute decrees which violated their consciences? Is it in the name of toleration that it was proposed to force the Seminarists to serve in the army, that the crucifixes were torn from the walls of schools, that the Teaching Orders were driven from their desks, or the Sisters of Charity dragged from the hospitals, that hundreds of children are annually exiled from their native land to seek in England the education which is denied them in France, or that every Catholic is in practice disqualified from obtaining office?

To sum up what has been said. Tested by facts, the alleged regeneration of France proves to be a flimsy tissue of baseless assumptions. The Revolution is not the apostle of culture, toleration, or universal peace, but the dull opponent of intellectual superiority, the fanatical exponent of irreligious intolerance, the incarnate spirit of gigantic war. Its judicial system is not humane, but violates our principles of justice, and imperils individual liberty. It neither designed nor
achieved

achieved the scientific, but inelastic, codification of French law. Its ideas of education are a mechanical State monopoly and the proscription of religious instruction. Its financial practice was, and, with the exception of the two first principles, still is, unlimited paper-money, State-bankruptcy, illiberal reaction, confiscation, political corruption, and the subordination of the general good to special interests. Its system of local government intensifies the evils, impedes the cure, and exaggerates the dangers, of excessive centralization. Its constructive legislation has done nothing for the peasant or the artizan, except foster the conservative selfishness of the one and the distinctive selfishness of the other. Finally it has not created the fiduciary theory of government, but has established the contrary principle which insists upon rights without their correlative duties.

And the moral, social, and political evils, which are rife in the France of 1889, may be directly traced to the real doctrines of 1789. Its abstract theory of the natural goodness of Man has led it to repudiate Christianity and deify humanity; to remove the old sanctions of virtue; to base its new morality on the gratification of the instincts, on obedience to the dictates of Nature, on determinism and human irresponsibility; to impair the healthiest side of French life and increase the sensuality which is the national vice; to weaken the ties of family, and lower the ideal of honour towards women. The Revolution reduced marriage to concubinage, made no distinction between the offspring of free love and lawful union, undermined parental authority by its insistence on State supremacy, its doctrines of equality and restricted powers of testamentary bequest. The legitimate outcome of its doctrine and its practice is on the one side anarchical lawlessness, on the other the conduct of Rousseau, who consigned his children to a Foundling Hospital, or the programme of the Communists, who propose to perpetuate the species by pairing like animals. And while the Revolution thus overthrows the higher ideals of morality, proscribes religion, and assails the soundest part of French life, its education and its training foster the national susceptibility to fine language and incapacity for sacrifice, encourages its citizens to become more utilitarian in virtue, more material in ideas, more swayed by expediency, more sordid in individualism, more apathetic in the discharge of public duties. In the same breath that it proclaims them sovereigns, it teaches them to adore humanity and despise citizenship; it emphasizes their 'rights' and robs them of their moral qualities.

Socially, it insists on the natural, imprescriptible, and material equality

equality of every individual sovereign unit. In the name of equality it has multiplied courts and courtiers, till the length and breadth of the country resounds with the coarse adulation of the sovereign people by professional politicians who, in the name of liberty, ridicule religion and every institution of society; who, in the name of equality, promise equal partition of property; who, in the name of fraternity, preach the ineradicable antagonism of capital and labour. And the existence of these mean and shoddy courts of equal sovereigns, with their shallow sophisms, sham sentiment, petty trickeries, and small chicaneries of management, saddles France with expenses which exceed the most lavish outlay of the *Grand Monarque*, and spreads broadcast a demoralization which converts the country into a political *Parc aux Cerfs*. In the name of equality France has ostracized her aristocracy, diverted their talents from public objects to personal ends, deprived herself of her natural leaders, lowered the standard of official integrity and administrative capacity, and destroyed her nursery of statesmen. Revolutions must be judged, not by the men who make them, but by the men they make; and where is the man of mark whom the Revolution has produced? In the name of equality she has drawn upon herself the curse of having no younger sons: her equal partition of property has neither incited industry nor supplied fuller employment; it has only substituted unigeniture for primogeniture, and opened the door for the principles of Communism. In the name of equality she has created a mechanical system of education, which casts men in the same mould, cripples independence, destroys the inequality of talents. In pursuit of the same equality she has surrendered individual liberty. Personal freedom disappears before her conscription; before her *surveillance* with its Mouchards and Indicateurs, its official blackmail and *espionage*; before her stereotyped instruction, her restriction of rights of meeting, her liberty in agreement but not in criticism, her omnipotent irresponsible administration, her charges of *flagrant délit* which destroy the personal inviolability of the Deputies of the people. Nor has France gained the prize of equality to which so much is sacrificed. Equality may be decreed, but the world will be always full of aristocrats. She has herself created a new contraband aristocracy of vanity and officialism. Nowhere is society so exclusive, nowhere are the lines so rigorously drawn. The *ingénieur en chef* of the Department, the advocates, and the wealthy tradesmen are excluded from the provincial society over which the Prefect presides; the notary has no *connubium* with the landed gentry; the captain's commission is no passport

passport to the *salon*; shopkeepers are denied the privilege of the duel; bakers do not regard factory hands as their brethren. Frenchmen may not respect superiors, but they despise inferiors. Equality has not even conciliated the industrial classes. The equality which is claimed by the industrial classes—worse housed, worse paid, worse clothed, harder worked, more heavily taxed, than our own people, and subjected to conscription and police supervision—differs widely from that which exists, and they mean to realize their ideal, if necessary, by force.

Politically, the central idea of the Revolution is, that society rests on compacts between sovereign individuals, each of whom surrenders his sovereign independence to the State. In the name of this abstract theory, the Revolution shattered to atoms the old *régime*. On this foundation of sand it has reared a succession of fabrics, each as shifting as the soil. Instead of exacting from the Old Monarchy the performance of its duties, it has enthroned the equal rights of the sovereign people. In the name of equality it has assigned to each individual an equal share in the authority of the State, and in the name of liberty it has robbed each individual of personal freedom. Universal suffrage is its weapon of progress; but it has forged it into the sword of Cæsarism, or the lever of decentralization. It has deprived the masses of their belief, and handed over to their control the men of intelligence. Its administration ostracizes ability, favours demagogues, fosters individualism; its example discourages respect for institutions, promotes violence, heats the mercurial temperaments of the people into a chronic fever of impatience. It has created a Republic of routine, without the republican spirit, and administered by mediocrities; it has framed a Parliamentary system without Parliamentary institutions, traditions, or principles, without the inviolability which can alone secure the independence of representatives, and without administrative responsibility. In a word, it has erected a constitution, against which are arrayed Monarchists, Imperialists, Revisionists, and Radicals of every shade of opinion; a government, whose ministries are overthrown every six months by factious coalitions, themselves incapable of forming cabinets. And this constitution rests on no legal basis. The Revolution created three abstract ideals, each endowed with supernatural powers,—the People, the Republic, and Paris. It dare not ask the People, who have served with unexampled fidelity two military usurpers, to ratify the Republic; and the principle of universal suffrage, on which revolutionary constitutions ought to rest, is one which Paris repudiates. Thus the present constitution

stitution has not, and cannot hope to have, any legal basis. Success is its only title. But in a country of *doctrinaire* politicians, who have never learned the lesson of reciprocal compromise, who cannot sink differences, who have no unshaken objects of faith, who have not been taught to contemplate the real and the possible, who demand not only different measures but different institutions, who confound social, economic, and political questions, whose claims are at once arrogant and exclusive,—the paths of progress or of reform are absolutely closed. The Revolution has reduced French politics to a deadlock, from which the *saute qui peut* of another Revolution is the probable issue. It is in fact devoured by its own children. Which of the Rights of Man has the century really established, except the right of insurrection, the right, that is, of any section of politicians, however small, to employ violence against any institution, however large? What is French Liberty, as it exists, but an idea adored for its dower, an idea which, regardless of personal freedom, means the refusal to recognize any supreme authority, the non-submission of the individual to the legal expression of the will of the nation? What is French Equality in fact but a sinking of the level of humanity, a plane passed over all duties and responsibilities, a sentiment which is equally satisfied with servitude or freedom? What sense can history attach to French Fraternity but fratricide or communism, the brotherhood of Cain or a sonorous synonym for the fraternal appropriation of another's property?

One word in conclusion upon the legacy which the French Revolution has bequeathed to England. Hitherto Liberals and Conservatives alike have recognized, that incomparably its most valuable bequest was the antidote to its own poison. But the Revolution has bred in this country a school of thinkers and writers, who palliate its excesses, pursue its methods of thought, and draw their inspiration from its teaching. Critical to excess of everything which contradicts their views, they are blindly credulous of all that supports their theories. Their mental attitude displays the robust superabundance of faith which characterize closet philosophers. As the men of the Revolution copied the institutions of the Chinese as 'the wisest nation upon earth,' so the modern political rationalists—with scarcely greater knowledge—eulogize the systems of the foreign country which it suits them to select as the incarnation of wisdom. They argue from their principles to their facts, and distort history to confirm their theories. They are prepared to sacrifice traditions, history, organic growths, and to build experimental constitutions upon every chance suggestion of irresponsible volubility.

volubility. They create imaginary ideals and treat them as tangible realities; they shirk facts and regard their fancies as existing forces. In the moral world they are 'men of sentiment,' romantic,—for the senses are sufficiently stirred to produce illusions, capable of fine language but incapable of self-sacrifice, Lyncurguses of the world who cannot stoop to obey the recognized rules of morality, Solons of mankind who are absolved by the generosity of their sentiments from the performance of their duties. By their adoption of the revolutionary code of ethics, they pursue religion with more than the *odium theologicum*, sap the foundations of society by weakening the ties of family life through their new principles of sexual morality, sever the bonds of society by denying the free will and responsibility which are the bases of law and justice, and by handing men over to the savage instincts of nature or the cruel impulses of selfish individualism. Like their revolutionary predecessors, they are sentimentalists, who treat criminals as invalids and crime as disease, who doubt whether property is wholesome because it is unequal, who denounce contracts as fetters upon freedom, and condemn as bondage the compulsion which compels men to execute their agreements. Like their revolutionary predecessors, they worship the People, not as an aggregate of human beings of mortal mould, but as a moral person, infallible, wise, just, pure, and good; like them too, they adore the Republic, not as a form of government as liable to abuse as any other, but as a mysterious panacea created by the People to banish from the earth poverty, vice, and crime.

And there are signs on all sides of us that, under the shadow of a once-honoured name, and with the active propagandism of distinguished literary politicians, this spirit has spread to practical politics. It manifests itself in a growing number of Socialistic propositions, in the readiness to disintegrate the nation in order to experiment in 'bastard Federation,' in the palliation of crimes, which through rapine march to anarchy, in the desire to banish religious instruction, and to sever the time-honoured connection of Church and State as a preliminary to the proclamation of the new Gospel of morality. It manifests itself, above all, in the deliberate pursuit of majorities, which leads statesmen to flatter the vanity and self-love of the people, to arouse its most vindictive passions by setting the classes against the masses, to appeal to its omnipotence and insist on its infallibility, to ostracize intelligence and education, to hand over the destinies of the nation to the absolute domination of the numerical majority by 'the one man one vote,' which represents the supremacy of general ignorance. Paris has found—
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and the influence of General Boulanger is based on the discovery—that universal suffrage is incompatible with Parliamentary institutions. England, with her trained political sagacity and practical experience, may reconcile what in France is irreconcilable. She can only hope to do so by appealing to those traditions, habits, and public virtues which it is the mission of Mr. Gladstone in his eagerness for office to undermine and destroy. Hitherto the history of Great Britain has been the history of a people who have found strength in union, cautiously developed their political liberties in harmony with democratic progress, and in all their reforms pursued the comparative and historical method of constitutional enquiry. Are we now to break with our past that we may inaugurate a series of experiments which are bred by abstract reasoning and nurtured by sentimental idealism? Are we, like the French, to imitate the phenomenal rather than the ordinary laws of Nature—the earthquake, not the ameliorating processes of time? Are we to abandon organic growths in order to gratify that passion for social arithmetic and scientific uniformity, which ignores the different idiosyncracies of nations to achieve the symmetry of universal discontent? Are we to exchange our stable, yet progressive, Government, which is the indispensable factor for industrial prosperity, for the chronic instability, tyrannical mediocrity, and impossibility of progress, which characterize the political outlook among our Continental neighbours? A century of Revolution offers the antidote to the poison of '89. Which will the country take?

ART. X.—*The American Commonwealth.* By James Bryce, M.P.
Three volumes. 8vo. London, 1888.

IN 'The American Commonwealth' Mr. Bryce has rendered a greater service both to English and American readers, than in these days of the making of many books is usually in an author's power. To say that there is anything in the work that is new to Americans, would be to question its truth. But they must be glad of so good a chance of seeing themselves as others see them, and of knowing what a candid, friendly, acute, and careful observer from the outside finds in their institutions and their life to commend, to criticise, or to condemn. The photograph is apt to be more attractive to those who wish to know how they look, than to those who care to see how others look. National character has so many and subtle elements and manifestations, and is the subject of such slow yet certain growth and expansion, that the people it belongs to are generally the last to have an accurate consciousness of it, or to understand what the world at large really thinks about them. And it is so often that a traveller's account of a country not his own is influenced, unconsciously, by the treatment he has met with, and the pleasure or displeasure it has excited; the best meant observation is so in danger of being hasty or partial, coloured by preconceived ideas, or guided by what other writers have said on the subject, that we may travel through many such volumes without obtaining any views more substantial than the casual lights and shadows that alternately illumine and obscure a landscape, the real features of which they only help to disguise. The readers, outside of the country described, form either no clear idea of it at all, or else a very erroneous and incomplete one; while its inhabitants read the book with a feeling of gratified vanity or of amused vexation.

Mr. Bryce's treatise is not of that sort. It is the result of prolonged and intelligent study, and thoughtful observation of American institutions and American society. A study not one-sided, but in which no respectable authorities seem to have been neglected; an observation made in repeated visits, and covering a considerable period of time. Perfectly fair towards his Transatlantic brethren in his temper, not perhaps violently in love with, but certainly very friendly to, their political methods, and much predisposed in favour of democratic principles, he has evidently given his mind thoroughly to his work, and has tried with much apparent success to reach conclusions that should be accurate, impartial, clear, and good-natured. If he errs, it is on the American side. One can see that he has been well

well treated there, as English gentlemen usually are. On the whole, there is no work about America that approaches it in fulness, in justice, and in discrimination. And consequently there is none that has given, and will continue to give, to Englishmen so good a knowledge, and so fair a view, of the country which is Britain's eldest child and greatest foreign achievement, and whose limitless future no horoscope can pretend to predict.

This is high praise, but it is just. The best proof that it is so, is to be found in the comments it has already called out from that class of critics which is confident and extreme enough in its own views not easily to tolerate any arguments, or, above all, any facts that point the other way. Mr. Bryce has been charged, on the one hand, with being so captivated by democracy and republicanism, that he is blind to their defects, and views them only through rose-coloured spectacles. On the other hand, an elaborate criticism, entitled '*Errors in Mr. Bryce's American Commonwealth*,' has been published in an American periodical, in which his criticisms of the institutions of that country are shown to be quite wide of the mark. It is when the extremists on both sides assail an author, that he may best hope to have approached that better extreme which lies in the middle.

There is a much more important reason than mere curiosity, why intelligent and thoughtful Englishmen, especially those concerned or interested in political affairs (as who in this country that knows enough is not), should wish to obtain a just comprehension of the American Republic, and a clear idea of the teaching of its experience. It is not only the country of their own race, with which intercourse is daily becoming more common, and to which their children and kindred are more and more turning in quest of homes and careers. It is also the theatre, in which have been most conspicuously and strikingly displayed experiments in that system of universal suffrage, which has been recently grafted upon the British Constitution, and in various offshoots and consequences of it which with more or less urgency are now pressed for adoption in this country. These experiments have not yet been carried on long enough to be conclusive in respect to their final success, but long enough, and in a field large enough, to be most instructive. No other new continent exists upon which they can ever be tried again under conditions so favourable. In those features of government the younger country is more mature than the older one. The child can teach the parent in the new ways of life on which the parent has never or only recently entered. Self-government is the common property and inheritance of both nations, though
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under different but fast assimilating forms, reposing upon the same substantial basis. The whole American fabric is founded, in the first instance, upon English constitutional principles, English institutions, and English law. All that is new is in the application and extension of them, in details and political machinery. What has been the working out of these principles by the English race, under new conditions and circumstances and under different methods, is best to be studied in the light of American political history for the last hundred years, and in the condition of America to-day. And no man is fully qualified to deal with some of the recent problems and theories of British politics, who has not thoughtfully observed the solution of similar problems, and the practical outcome of like theories in the other country. It is in the result rather than in the *à priori* argument that their success or failure is best seen, and where is most clearly pointed out the extent to which they may be safely adopted, the means by which they are to be made effectual, and the safeguards and restrictions with which they ought to be surrounded.

The scale, on which the experiment has been in force, is grand. A continent new to civilization, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico; infinite in the variety, and practically inexhaustible in the amount of its physical resources, natural wealth, and fertility; with an atmosphere at once healthful and stimulating, and a scenery so striking and noble as to be in itself an inspiration. In the early struggles for the possession of the country the dominant race prevailed, while the native population disappeared. Both the French and Spanish efforts at colonization ultimately perished, and only served in the end to illustrate the law of nature that bestows upon few nations the power of procreating other nations, and to still fewer the capacity to go down to the sea in ships. Streams of emigration from other races and from many other countries have steadily flowed into North America from the beginning, but, like the rivers that perpetually run into the sea without ever affecting the saltness of its waters, they have been assimilated as soon as received. Whatever a nationality is when it goes there, in the second or at the most in the third generation all visible trace of its nativity is lost; it has taken on the character of the predominant stock, and has become to all intents and purposes Anglo-Saxon. There is no stronger proof of the innate toughness and vitality of that race, than its power of absorbing so largely all other races without losing its own native and distinctive qualities. If every inhabitant was direct in descent
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from the people of Great Britain, America would hardly be more Anglo-Saxon than it is, so far as all men born on its soil are concerned. England is to Americans the home of their ancestors. America is to Englishmen the creation of their children. Americans are what Englishmen have become by crossing the sea and occupying a new continent. Englishmen are what Americans would have been, if they had remained at home.

Of the extraordinary material prosperity of the first century of American independence, its vast increase in population, in wealth, in industries, in physical achievements, and in popular intelligence, it is unnecessary to speak: they are conspicuous before the world. How far have these been the result of the system of government, and how far have they arisen in spite of it? How far are they the offspring of youth, boundless wealth, and almost limitless area, and how far of institutions? The nation has done much, but how? It has proved much, but what? It has set forth many things, but how many and what? And what is to be the future and the outcome? Is it to be the perpetuity of existing institutions, or the establishment of new ones, better or worse? These are questions to be studied by Englishmen as well as by Americans, and to be looked at candidly and dispassionately. We are not to be so dazzled by great material success as blindly to adopt all the system that has accompanied it, as excellence that has been demonstrated by experience. Nor should we seize upon the defects, the mischiefs, the drawbacks that are to be discovered, as being necessarily inseparable from the system and its dominant features, and so condemn the whole.

The Constitution of the United States, to which Mr. Bryce devotes his first volume, underlies the whole American theory of government. It is the fundamental and unchangeable law, to which all exercise of governmental authority in any department and for every purpose is subordinate, and must be made to conform. There is no power in Congress, nor in the President, nor in any State government, to disobey or to dispense with the requirements or limitations of the written instrument, from which all their powers are derived, and under which the fundamental rights of the citizen are protected. All governmental acts, legislative, executive, or judicial, must consist with it, or they are absolutely void. They may be lawfully resisted, and legal redress may be obtained for any injury they occasion. This is the first condition and characteristic of the American Government, which Englishmen have to understand and to keep in view in the effort to comprehend it.

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The written Constitution was a necessity to the American Republic, because it commenced by the federation of thirteen independent States, which, until the revolutionary war, though colonies of Great Britain, had been as independent of each other, except in geographical propinquity, as Canada is of Australia. No such federation, nor any federation that would answer the purposes of modern government with the various and divers interests it has to deal with, could take place without two elements: a written and therefore an exact Constitution, and a central federal tribunal thereby created, in which the construction and effect of the Constitution should be finally determined, and its predominant authority ensured.

Mr. Bryce seems to think this assumption unnecessary, and instances the case of the Achæan league, formed without any written Constitution. But he has evidently not considered this point as carefully as he has most of those he treats, or he would probably have reached a different conclusion. Forms and details of institutions may be numberless, but there are certain principles of government that will be found to underlie them all, with the same certainty with which the fundamental laws of mechanics control the operations of machinery, however elaborate and ingenious. A league offensive or defensive might be formed between States otherwise independent, which should serve certain general purposes in an imperfect way. Such was the Confederation of the American States before the adoption of the Constitution, an arrangement resting upon mere agreement, destitute of permanence beyond the assent of the parties, and without means of asserting its control over either. But the federation of independent and equal States into one nation, which shall be strong enough for the purposes of modern government; which shall secure to the national organization all the powers which its maintenance requires, and still leave unimpaired in the several States the sovereignty it does not require, is a much larger, more complex, and more difficult problem, and not to be accomplished without a written Constitution, comprehensive, exact and felicitous in its terms, and sagacious in its provisions. A competent tribunal, in which both have a voice, must also be provided for the determination of the questions of conflicting jurisdiction in the exercise of those powers, that must continually arise, however clearly the line between them is marked out. And such tribunal must be armed with the necessary authority for enforcing its decrees.

Any other system of dual government than this must be one of two things: either a mere arrangement by common consent, without authority or means of maintaining itself, should that

consent be withdrawn ; or else one of the parties in the union must be made subordinate to the other, and subject at all times to its superior will—just as a city or other municipality, invested by Act of Parliament with certain limited powers, is always under the control of Parliament and liable to have those powers modified, abridged, or taken away. There is no such thing as blending these two schemes. Either the power of each State must be derived from the general or imperial government, and therefore be subject to the action of that government, and held only by its sufferance, or, as in the case of the American Union, the federal government must derive its jurisdiction by surrender from the independent States that compose it. Whether such surrender, once deliberately made and acted on in the formation of a national government, can be recalled at the pleasure or caprice of those who made it, is precisely the question that was at the bottom of the great American civil war, and which, it is now conceded, was decided in that conflict, as it had before been demonstrated in argument, in favour of the perpetuity of a government thus created, even against the will of those who once had the option of remaining outside of it, or of entering it upon such terms as they chose to agree to.

The application of these simple and obvious principles to the Irish question would clear up much of the haze that in the minds of some people appears to surround it. Without at all entering into the discussion of the expediency of granting to Ireland what is vaguely called 'Home Rule,' it would be very useful in the first instance to ascertain precisely what Home Rule is, and necessarily must be. There has been a loose notion prevalent that it might consist of powers akin to those of the American States. It will become clear to those who reflect upon it, that it cannot be brought about by the operation of any new principle of government, because no such has been or is likely to be discovered, but only by the application of old and established principles. Either powers of local government, extending to such particulars as may be agreed on, must be conferred upon Ireland by Parliament, as they have recently been conferred upon municipalities in England, by what is called the Local Government Act, and as similar powers to a greater or less degree have been always conferred upon cities, or else Ireland must be made absolutely and permanently independent of England, in all such subjects and functions of governmental authority as shall be assigned to its control, upon leaving in the hands of Great Britain those other subjects and powers that belong to national government, and which are necessary to its existence and incapable of division. If the first of these methods should

should be adopted, the powers conferred on an Irish Parliament would be held only on sufferance, and subordinate at all times to the will of the Parliament of Great Britain. They could be changed, diminished, increased, or taken away by that Parliament at any time. Ireland would no more be independent of Great Britain than the city of London is. There would be no disunion to begin with, whatever might result in the end. The Irish Parliament would be like the Local Boards, with larger powers, but held by a similar tenure. If on the other hand the federal principle is adopted, then Ireland would be made as independent in its sphere of Great Britain, as Great Britain in its sphere is independent of Ireland. A common tribunal must be created to determine questions of conflicting jurisdiction. While the power of the Imperial Government must be made paramount in all those respects that are reserved to it, and constitutional means provided for maintaining and enforcing it, the Government of Ireland must be likewise protected against any infringement or interference by the Imperial Government, in the powers and rights that are accorded to Ireland. And as the American conflict has demonstrated, the federation and division of authority thus created must be permanent. It is of the necessary essence of the organization that neither party can constitutionally overthrow or withdraw from it. To do that would require a reconstruction of the Government, and a new Constitution—a revolution, peaceable perhaps, but still a revolution. Such is the federation of the American States, indissoluble, constitutional, clearly defined, both states and federal government entrenched in the absolute and independent exercise of the powers that are secured to them respectively, and as strongly precluded from interference with those that do not belong to them.

It requires little reflection to perceive that such a government can only be created by a written Constitution. It would be new, fundamental, and would need to be most clearly and definitely expressed. It could not be created by Act of Parliament, because there could be no such Act, however solemn, that Parliament could not at any time modify or repeal. It must come about through a new system of government, the result of the mutual agreement of independent Powers, each capable of treating with the other, and of representing all the people on both sides who are to be bound by the result, and charged with the duty of supporting and maintaining it, in peace and in war, for all time to come. Perhaps the discussion of the general subject of Home Rule for Ireland would be aided by a clearer understanding to begin with, than many seem to

possess, as to which of these very different systems it is proposed to adopt. Either, whether desirable or not, would be practicable. Both cannot be blended. They are widely different in their results.

The circumstances, under which the American Constitution came into being, were extraordinary and unprecedented in history. Many nations have passed through changes in forms of government, sudden or gradual. Indeed all civilized government is only a process of steadfast and silent change and movement. The political system that ceases to grow perishes. But it has not before occurred to an enlightened people to find themselves without any government at all, and to have to set to work upon first principles, not to recast or modify institutions, but to create them from the foundation. It almost realized the fiction which some juridical writers have used to illustrate the origin of fundamental principles, where a people in a state of nature is supposed to assemble on a vast plain, to take the first step towards the organization of human society. It is true that the thirteen States which framed the Constitution had each a previous government of its own, based upon English principles, and similar to each other. But that was no greater advance towards the construction of a common national government out of the union of those States, than exists to-day towards a successful federation of all the countries of continental Europe, were such a thing proposed. The very independence of each State, the diversity and even conflict of their interests in material particulars, the natural struggle for an advantage under the new government in the protection and advancement of those interests, the superiority of the great States, the jealousy of the weaker ones, the prejudices of sections and localities, were all so many obstacles in the way of the formation of a common political system, based upon the consent and agreement of all these parties, which must speedily perish unless it attracted their continued and cordial support, and became the object of their patriotic reverence and affection. The manner in which this new and striking emergency was met and dealt with, the character and statesmanship of the men by whom it was effected, and the extraordinary excellence that must under whatever differences of opinion be conceded to the system of government which they established, are not to be undervalued. It constitutes one of the most remarkable chapters in the political history of the world, rendered the more striking by the extraordinary success and prosperity which has thus far, for whatever reason, followed in its wake. It certainly requires a very clear perception that there is no Providence which controls the

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the affairs of the world, to escape the feeling that the whole history of the origin, creation, and adoption, of the Constitution of the United States displays an instance of a better than human intervention. Mr. Bryce hardly seems to appreciate the greatness of this passage in American history, or the nobility of the origin, and the splendour of the birth, of the Constitution he has studied. He says that its features were all pre-existent, and were found either in the English government or in those of the colonies. Even in this he is mistaken. Most of them, it is true, were known before. As has been remarked, the whole fabric was raised upon the great principles of English liberty and English law. But where in any previous system of government is to be found the remarkable creation of a dual sovereignty between States and federal government, so accurately divided, so perfectly harmonized and adjusted, each independent and both perfectly blended? Where is to be found the novel and striking jurisdiction with which the Supreme Court of the United States is invested, the great balance wheel of political government, without being itself a political machine, the arbiter of all constitutional rights between the States and the National Government, and between the citizen and either? These two great features, indispensable to the working of the Constitution, would be found upon a review of political history to be altogether original. The first has been only distantly and imperfectly approached, the second never before attempted. And these two are the particulars, beyond and above all others, in which the Constitution has been a complete and unquestioned success. Whatever else has been criticised or objected to, or has failed to fulfil its promise, whatever else has required or has been thought to require amendment, these great original provisions have remained not merely unimpaired but unchallenged, even by the boldest and most radical reformer. Other muniments and safeguards, less vital and less prominent, might be pointed out in the Constitution, which are also quite new and which have stood the hard test of experience.

But even were there no factor in the machinery, and no motive power unknown before, the combination of those that have been thus brought together, in forms and connections so new and results so beneficial, is itself originality of the highest order. It is not novelty of materials or of process that usually gives character or value to an invention, so much as the new combination and use that are made of them. It does not diminish the originality of the invention of the telegraph that electricity was known before, and was known to pass rapidly along a conductor, nor of the locomotive, that steam and the principal

principal means of employing its power were not then for the first time employed. Political like physical machinery may be as great and as original in its combination and its results as in the first employment of its constituent parts.

It is not always easy to measure the real stature of men of a former period, particularly in political life where the greatest work affords only partial evidence of its processes. Human capacity and power are so far relative, and depend so much upon their comparison with contemporaries, and distance sometimes lends so much enchantment to the view, that it is difficult to estimate accurately how great were the great statesmen and soldiers and orators of past times. Whether we should be as much appalled by the aspect of the Roman senators as the Gauls were, if those legislators were now in session at Westminster, may well enough be questioned. Doubtless we might be, if we were Gauls. But fortunately for the fame of the authors of the American Constitution, the record of their discussions and deliberations, what they proposed, what they said, as well as what they finally did, is preserved. We can read and study it at leisure, and without any glamour or enchantment upon it. It is necessarily in some respects an imperfect record; we can readily perceive that it falls short; yet as it stands it is enough. And it is plain matter of undoubted history, that a body of men of that number, assembled on an occasion so important, in statesmanship and political science so profound, and in patriotism and personal disinterestedness so genuine and clear, have not often, if ever, adorned history with their record. The theories of government in all their applications, and the advantages and disadvantages of the various forms in which they have been displayed, were discussed with a breadth of view, a sagacity, a mastery of fundamental principles, rarely exhibited in a deliberative assembly. These discussions, and the admirable essays of Hamilton, Jay, and Madison, in support of their conclusions, speak for themselves, and show what manner of men their authors were. There is not much better reading on the subject available, though a hundred years are gone since they were written. Nothing is easier than to invent constitutions. They were as plentiful as they were useless, after the French revolution. They can be furnished in any quantity at a reasonable rate per folio, by the dabblers who are more numerous in the science of politics than anywhere else. But to form an entirely new system of government for a great country, that shall not only conform to sound principles and find support in reason and the deductions of experience, but shall command the general assent of a nation, and

and prove in actual trial a success that brings peace, prosperity, and happiness in its train,—this is an achievement second to none that has ever engaged the exertions of the human intellect. One is led to wonder how such men were trained, in the infancy of a country and the beginning of a new civilization; what had been the studies, the employments, the associations that led to such results. Perhaps it goes to prove, that great men are the product of great emergencies and great occasions; that thought and reflection are mightier than erudition; that the highest thinking is found in the plainest living; that there are qualities in the youth of a country, as in the youth of a man, too fine and noble to survive maturity, which disappear with a larger contact with the world, and a more chastened experience.

To whatever conclusion we may be led in respect to the American government, its excellence, its defects, its present or its probable future, one thing at least must be conceded as a matter of history as well as of criticism, that the Constitution on which it is founded, in itself and in the circumstances of its authorship and adoption, is on the whole the most remarkable document, the greatest single political achievement, and the most potent influence upon mankind in the century that followed it, that history gives any account of. The world has seen great conquests, great revolutions, great results of long and silent growth, but no such piece of deliberate, independent, immediate, and successful political creation. It is a production very singular also in its brevity and comprehensiveness. It is easy to be general, but not at the same time to be comprehensive and accurate. It is easy to be brief (though in these days one would not readily think so), but not easy to be at the same time full and sufficient. The terse and simple language of the Constitution has stood the test of time and experience, and has passed through the crucible of judicial construction and interpretation, with a success almost unexampled. But only a single and minor amendment has ever been thought necessary in its terms or phraseology.

Nor, though the instrument provides for its own amendment, have many of its provisions required to be changed. The one just alluded to was made by general consent, to render clear its undoubted intent. Ten others only added the 'Bill of Rights,' which was thought at the time the Constitution was adopted to be unnecessary to be expressed. One amendment was found advisable in respect to the method of electing the President and Vice-President. These were all, until the close of the civil war brought about the final abolition and exclusion of slavery and its political consequences, the greatest obstacle the Constitution

tion had encountered in its origin, and in all its subsequent history.

But only a very slender knowledge of the American Constitution is to be derived from reading it, even in all the light furnished by the discussions and criticisms that attended its origin, and brought about its final ratification in 1789. Its text only enunciates principles, provides governmental machinery, and erects safeguards. Its subsequent history renders it clear, that the real authorship of the Constitution was less in its composition than in its construction. That grave questions as to the true meaning and exact application of its terms should immediately and constantly arise, was inevitable. They must always continue to arise as long as it remains in force. No precedents existed in the light of which they could be determined; the whole subject was new, and the disputes were such as elicited the gravest difference of opinion among lawyers, judges, and statesmen. Few of the leading controversies have been decided with a unanimity of opinion on the part of the Supreme Court. Looking back now over the history of the Constitution, it is easy to see how widely different might have been these conclusions, and the character of the institutions that have been moulded and built up by their aid. The America of to-day would have been a very different country, had the construction of the Constitution fallen into less competent hands, and been administered with a sagacity less far-seeing and unerring. Indeed the Constitution itself might readily have been brought to an end within its first half century, by interpretations that were strongly contended for, and supported by plausible and sometimes forcible arguments. The formation of the Constitution of the United States, during the period in which it took its decisive shape, was principally the work, as Mr. Bryce points out, of John Marshall, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, a very great judge, and beyond doubt the greatest constitutional lawyer who has left his impress upon jurisprudence. He presided over that Court from 1801 to 1835, delivered its opinions in the great majority of cases in which constitutional questions were involved, and was the master mind in dealing with and determining them. To him, more than to all others, are the Americans indebted for raising their Constitution from a doubtful experiment into a harmonious, complete, and permanent system of Government. The constitutional law of the United States, therefore, is now to be sought, not merely in the text of that instrument, but in a long series of judgments of the Supreme Court of the United States, the result of which has been presented in the elaborate
treatises

treatises of Kent, of Story, of Cooley, and others of less celebrity.

It is not every question of constitutional construction, however, that can be brought before that high tribunal, but only such as can be presented by an action at law between litigants; in other words, those points which touch in their operation the rights of the individual. These, it is true, will be found to be the great majority. But there are certain political questions that arise under the Constitution, not affecting individuals or private rights, but altogether national in their effect, which depend for their determination upon the action of Congress, and which may therefore be more or less affected by the views of political parties, and the exigencies of party requirements. Even in these discussions the paramount weight of the opinion of the Supreme Court bearing upon them, and the general principles of construction it has adopted, and which have become entrenched in public opinion, have a great and frequently a controlling force.

Mr. Bryce has not failed to observe also, that beside the construction and effect that have been given to constitutional provisions by the action of the Supreme Court and of Congress in their respective spheres, still another process of formation has been going forward under the operation of party machinery, which has in some particulars worked important changes in the original theory and intent of the Constitution itself. These have marked not a construction of, but a departure from, that intent. The most noticeable and much the most important of them is seen in the method of the election of the President. By the Constitution this was to be effected through what was called an Electoral College. Each State was to choose certain electors once in four years, equal in number to the senators and representatives to which it is entitled. These electors were then to meet in their respective States and to cast and transmit to the capital at Washington their votes for persons to fill the offices of President and Vice-President. And in case, upon the opening and counting of these ballots by Congress, it should appear that no person had a majority of all the votes cast for President, the election should be made by the House of Representatives out of the three candidates who had received the highest number of votes. And, if no person had received a majority of all the votes for Vice-President, that officer should be elected by the Senate. In its original draft the Constitution had provided that the electors should vote for two persons, the one receiving the highest number of electoral votes to be President, and the person receiving the next highest to be Vice-President.

President. And the same result was to follow, if the election should be made by the House. But this was early changed by an amendment before alluded to. It was contemplated by the Constitution under this provision, that the electors should actually choose the President, and such was the method employed during the two first Presidential elections after the adoption of the Constitution. But immediately afterwards, the political parties began to nominate their candidates for President and Vice-President, and then to designate electors in the respective States, not to choose those officers, but merely to vote, in accordance with a previous pledge, for the candidates designated beforehand by the party to which the electors belonged. The office of elector thus sank from a very important to a very insignificant one. Instead of selecting and electing a President in their own discretion and judgment, they have only to register votes pledged in advance. The real election is by popular ballot, determined, not by the aggregate of suffrage, but by the results in the States, each State counting for the successful candidate its number of electoral votes. This visits upon the country the tremendous strain, interruption, and excitement of a Presidential election, once in four years,—a pandemonium of clamour, uproar, vituperation, and corruption. As has been seen, it is a perversion of the Constitution under which this has become a popular election, and all the other mischiefs have followed in its train. The event has strikingly illustrated the wisdom of the Constitution in attempting to provide against it. How it could now be escaped it is not easy to see. Whether the effort will ever be made is, so far as can now be perceived, doubtful. That thoughtful minds are turning toward an extension of the Presidential term, relieving the country for a somewhat longer period from the confusion and mischief of the election, and then taking away the eligibility of the President for re-election, is already plain. That would mitigate in some degree an evil the cure for which does not seem likely of immediate discovery. That the President may be re-elected has proved a very great impediment to his usefulness. If he is capable of scheming for it at the expense of the public service, that is sacrificed to his personal ambition. If incapable of this, the suspicion of it, or at best the persistent accusation of it by his political opponents, hampers his influence and discredits his motives at every step. Of the few particulars in which the provisions of the Constitution have worked badly, this is the worst, the shortness of the executive term, and the facility for evading the true intent of the instrument and throwing the election into the hands of the people.

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It is very remarkable, that so few of the provisions of the Constitution have failed of success, and how largely they have justified the foresight of their authors, and the wisdom of those who explained and limited their meaning and applied them to practical affairs.

But the great and decisive question that has been and is to be encountered by the American Republic, and upon which it must ultimately stand or fall, is that of the practicability, as the foundation of government, of the principle of universal or manhood suffrage. This is equally the question of the future in England. We are near enough already to universal suffrage, whether wisely or not, to see that its complete accomplishment is only a matter of short time. Virtually it may be said to prevail here already. We are not, therefore, merely watching, with an interested curiosity, experiments in America with which we are not practically concerned. We are witnessing there, a little in advance and under circumstances and conditions somewhat different, and certainly much more favourable, the progress of a political movement of the highest importance, involving English institutions almost or quite as much as American. And if it can be expected to be established with more success and less mischief in one country than in the other, that country is not ours. It is a great proof of Mr. Bryce's discrimination that, in what he has said in favour of the permanence of American institutions, he has given much prominence to the peculiar conditions under which they exist, and to the striking and characteristic qualities of the people upon whom they depend, resulting from those conditions, as well as from the institutions themselves. He devotes many chapters to this subject, and makes it prominent that he is dealing, not with a commonwealth or form of government in the abstract, but with the American commonwealth in particular, composed not only of institutions, but of men, and not only of men, but of American men on their own soil, and subject to their own creative and modifying influences. The larger question, what is the ultimate promise of the principle of universal suffrage anywhere, is considerably narrowed, though by no means disposed of, by the qualification that considers it only as existing in America.

It is obvious enough, that this question lies at the root and foundation of all free government, where it either exists or is likely to come to pass. That once determined, other questions are easily settled, because they are principally matters of detail and experience. There are doubtless other features in the American system that have already been found to need modification. But that is easy to be effected when the necessity is
once

once clearly perceived. Indeed, as human society advances and human interests increase, there is no form of government that will not have to conform itself gradually to the other changes of human life, in a world of which the fashion perpetually passeth away. But who shall constitute the constituency in a country the government of which is representative, is the crucial question. Whether qualification for such a constituency is born with every man, and by parity of reasoning with every woman, or whether it is a privilege to be acquired in the right way and held by those who show themselves entitled to it, is the question this world has yet to settle, through whatever experience the settlement may come, and which so completely underlies the whole structure of society, that it can neither be overlooked nor evaded, though it may doubtless be yet longer postponed.

The theory of modern political reformers, when distinctly stated, is, that the right of suffrage is one of the natural rights of man, born with him, like the rights to life, to liberty, and to property; and that manhood, that is to say physical existence, and the attainment of a fixed age, are the only conditions requisite to becoming a voter in all public elections. A still more advanced class assert, that this right belongs to womanhood as well as to manhood. As all other natural rights are conceded to be irrespective of sex, it is difficult to perceive why this one should be an exception. And as they also take effect from birth, and not at a certain age fixed by law, no good reason is apparent why this should be deferred till a conventional time, nor why a child old enough to understand the nature of suffrage and to exercise it with intelligence should not be permitted to vote, just as he is allowed to testify as a witness in a court of justice, irrespective of the attainment of any precise age, if able to comprehend the nature of an oath. The same line of argument would compel the extension of the right of voting to foreigners, as soon as they become subjects by taking up their residence in the country, without even the necessity of any process of naturalization. And as pointed out by Mr. Bryce, this privilege is already extended in some of the American States to foreigners as soon as they become inhabitants. In all these respects, if the right to vote is a natural right, the logical consequences of that proposition must be accepted. And neither sex, nor age, nor place of birth, any more than race or colour, can be allowed to restrict it.

But is the proposition true? The ground, upon which the recognition of the natural rights stands, is that they are necessary to human happiness, and to the existence of organized society. Religion teaches and the general intelligence of mankind
accords

accords them, and governments exist principally for their protection. Without such protection the strong would destroy, enslave, or distress the weak, and every man's hand would be against his neighbour. But the right to vote for a member of Parliament is not essential to human happiness, any more than the right to be a stockholder in the Bank of England, or a freeman of the City of London. The individual can get on well enough without it. Is it then necessary to the existence or well-being of society? That must plainly depend upon the qualification and character of the voter. It is not the deposit of the vote that is desirable, it is the intelligence and will that dictate it.

It is widely denied, that any political rights or privileges should be inherited. No matter how illustrious the ancestry, or how great their services to the State, it is said that their children should stand upon their own merits and not on those of their parents. But the right to suffrage is not even inherited. It would be born with the individual equally, if it were possible that he should come into being without parents, like Topsy in the story.

It cannot be reasonably questioned, that this is not a natural but a political privilege, a right not of manhood or of womanhood, but of citizenship—that it is maintained only for the good of society, and that society must determine how far it shall be exercised, by whom, under what conditions and limitations, and for what purposes. It has never stood or been claimed to stand upon any other foundation.

The question then recurs, what are the limits that should be set by society to the exercise of this privilege, and to whom should it be accorded? This question, as has been remarked, underlies all attempts at free government. It is idle to discuss forms of representative government and its political machinery and methods, until it is first determined who are to be the constituency. And experience is demonstrating with greater clearness every day, that this is the critical question, on the solution of which the success of all such experiments must ultimately depend.

Nor is this question to be evaded upon the theory, that it is now too late to discuss it. Many people seem to regard a democracy once established, as final and beyond revocation; the only political institution that is permanent, and therefore the ultimate and inevitable destiny of human society. But democracy is, after all, but a form of government. Those who established it can destroy it. If it becomes a despotism and is found intolerable, is it nevertheless to be permitted to continue? He must

must have read the history of the Anglo-Saxon race to little purpose who has failed to learn, that no tyranny can be established over it that will not in due time and by some means be overthrown. Its people cannot be reduced to slavery or to permanent oppression by any rulers, many or few, or under any system, pretence, or theory whatever. It is not always easy to see how, when or by what means, or through what experience, peaceable or otherwise, such a revolution will occur, whether it will come through moral or through physical force, who will be the leader, or what the final provocation that overcomes forbearance. It is enough to know that whatever reform or change in any existing institution really comes to be generally seen and felt to be necessary, will certainly take place in some way and at some time. No New Zealander will ever sit upon any bridge in England or America, for want of the existence of an adequate, and tolerable, as well as free, system of government.

It may be conceded, that a free people will never recur either to an absolute government, or to that of an aristocracy or an oligarchy. The right of suffrage will never be made hereditary, nor the exclusive privilege of family or wealth, or talent, or culture. It will never be restricted to the better class or the upper class, or to any other small body. These classes are not the only ones who have an interest in the government, nor have they any monopoly of the virtue, the intelligence, or the patriotism, that should accompany the exercise of a voice in it. Suffrage in free and representative government should be, and it is therefore fair to assume always will be, general, and the privilege of a large class—a class, to which every man of ordinary intelligence and character may belong if he will; a privilege, within the reach of every person, whatever his parentage, who will make only a fair exertion toward an honest and respectable life. Thus far, at least, no experience yet available in either country seems to call for any limitation upon the right of suffrage on occasions proper for its exercise. But the question remains, whether the privilege should be still further extended; whether to the class thus described should be added the criminal, the vagabond, the pauper, the vicious, the idle, and the illiterate; whether, in short, any qualification should be required except physical existence, or any limit be imposed except that of life; whether the right should be universally attainable, or should be universal without attainment. In America, suffrage has been and is unlimited. Every American born man, black or white, twenty-one years of age, is a voter in all elections, and every foreigner, who has passed through the cheap and easy form of naturalization, which amounts to so little, requires so little, proves

proves so little, and is so easily and universally cheated, that it might quite as well be dispensed with altogether. The enfranchisement of woman on the same terms is loudly clamoured for, has in some instances been conceded, and is probably not far off. The rights of children of the age of discretion, old enough to contract marriage, to testify as witnesses, and to be responsible for crime, will doubtless receive attention as soon as those of women are established. And some of the results that are beginning to be apparent are disclosed in Mr. Bryce's book. He endeavours with considerable ingenuity, however, to escape the conclusion that the results are to be attributed to that cause, and goes into a laboured defence of the wisdom of the masses in political affairs as compared with that of the classes. But that is not the question. Whether the general judgment in such matters of the intelligent mass is better than that of a limited and more highly cultured and instructed class, may be debated on its own merits when it comes up for consideration. That is not the present enquiry, because it will not be proposed to limit the right of suffrage to any such class or to deprive the general mass of a share in it. The question is, Shall there be excluded from that body a certain lower stratum easily defined, who can contribute no element of value to the general result, but who are a constant and increasing source of mischief, of danger, and of corruption? Mr. Bryce, with all his favourable impressions of American institutions, is compelled by candour to point out, that in such a contest a man of the highest order will not often be a candidate, and can hardly ever be elected. The office is great, but can rarely be filled by a great man. His comparison of the successive incumbents shows, that the exceptions since the early days of the Republic have been hardly numerous enough to prove the rule; though upon what principle he enumerates General Grant among the great Presidents it is not easy to understand. To have a chance of success a candidate must be not only acceptable to the workers of political machinery, interested, not to give the country a good President, but to obtain one they can themselves control, but he must also appeal successfully to all the ignorant prejudices of the lower classes, and to a considerable extent foreign classes of voters. It is very obvious, that under the influences that have lately been brought to bear more and more decisively upon an American Presidential election, its methods, its candidates, and its results, it must continue steadily to be depreciated while the system remains what it is. Mr. Bryce also points out, that the better class of men in the United States generally withdraw and abstain from public

public life, leaving political affairs to those who make them a profession, or rather a trade; that the quality of the national as well as of the State legislatures has therefore very much deteriorated in character, ability, and dignity; and that the corruptions, robberies, and scandals of municipal government have reached a point never before seen in the history of civilized government, and show no signs of improvement.

On this subject he is very guarded in his statements, but leaves it sufficiently clear that, while what he discloses is bad enough, the whole truth is worse. He says:—

‘It is particularly hard to discover the truth about Congress, for few of the abundant suspicions excited and accusations brought against senators or members of the House have been, or could have been, sifted to the bottom. Among four hundred men there will be the clean and the unclean. The opportunities for private gain are large, the chances of detection small; few members keep their seats for three or four successive Congresses, and one half are changed every two years, so the temptation to make hay while the sun shines is all the stronger. . . . There are several forms which temptation takes in the Federal legislature. One is afforded by the position a member holds on a committee. All Bills and many resolutions are referred to some one of the committees, and it is in the committee-room that their fate is practically decided. In a small body each member has great power, and the exercise of power is safeguarded by little responsibility. He may materially advance a Bill promoted by an influential manufacturer or financier, or railroad president. He may obstruct it. . . . The tariff on imports opens another enormous sphere in which legislative intervention affects private pecuniary interests; for it makes all the difference to many sets of manufacturers whether duties on certain classes of goods are raised or maintained or lowered. Hence the doors of Congress are besieged by a whole army of commercial or railroad men and their agents, to whom, since they have come to form a sort of profession, the name of lobbyists is given. Many congressmen are personally interested, and lobby for themselves among their colleagues from the vantage-ground of their official positions. Thus a vast deal of solicitation and bargaining goes on. Lobbyists offer considerations for help in passing a Bill which is desired, or in stopping a Bill which is feared. Sometimes a member brings in a Bill directed against some railroad or other great corporation, merely in order to levy blackmail upon it. This is technically called a strike. . . . That the Capitol and the hotels at Washington are a nest of such intrigues and machinations while Congress is sitting is admitted on all hands; but how many of the members are tainted, no one can tell. . . . In the end of 1883 portions of a correspondence in the years 1876–78 between Mr. Huntington, one of the proprietors and directors of the Central Pacific Railroad, who then represented that powerful corporation at Washington, and one of his agents in California, was published; and from these

these it appeared that the company, whose land grants were frequently threatened by hostile Bills, and which was exposed to the competition of rival enterprises which Congress was asked to sanction, defended itself by constant dealings with senators and representatives, dealings in the course of which it offered money and bonds to those whose support it needed. . . . The recently issued report of the United States Pacific Railway Commission says of these transactions, "There is no room for doubt that a large portion of the sum of \$4,818,000 was used for the purpose of influencing legislation, and of preventing the passage of measures deemed to be hostile to the interests of the company, and for the purpose of influencing elections." It is impossible to read the extracts from the letters written by Mr. Huntington himself, without reaching the conclusion that large sums were expended by him in efforts to defeat the passage of various Bills pending in Congress.'

The character of some of the State legislatures, as described by Mr. Bryce, is even worse. Corruption in some of them has become intolerable and notorious, and controls almost all the important features of legislation. He says:—

'It is hard to form a general judgment regarding the State legislatures, because they differ so much among themselves. Those of Massachusetts, Vermont, and several of the North-western States, such as Michigan, are pure, *i.e.* the members who would take a bribe are excessively few, and those who would push through a job for some other sort of consideration, a small fraction of the whole. On the other hand, New York and Pennsylvania have so bad a name that people profess to be surprised when a good Act passes, and a strong Governor is kept constantly at work vetoing Bills corruptly obtained or mischievous in themselves. Several causes have contributed to degrade the legislature of New York State. It includes, besides New York and Brooklyn, several smaller ring-governed cities whence bad members come. . . . There are many honest men in the Assembly, and a few are rich men who do not need a *douceur*, but the proportion of tainted men is large enough to pollute the whole lump. . . . Each great corporation keeps an agent at Albany, the capital of the State, who has authority to buy off the promoters of hostile Bills, and to employ the requisite professional lobbyists. . . . This sort of thing now goes on, as it has lately gone on in several other States, though nowhere on so grand a scale. Virginia, Maryland, California, Illinois, Missouri, are all more or less impure; Louisiana is said to be now worse than New York.'

A far lower depth of corruption, jobbery, and public plunder, is reached in certain of the great cities, in their municipal governments. In one or two of them the problem of obtaining the worst possible administration for the greatest possible cost appears to have been successfully solved. Decent men abstain to a large extent from any participation in it, and the com-

munity submit to it as an evil practically without remedy. Occasionally some villainy of unusual proportions rouses them to a spasmodic and temporary effort, that produces for the time beneficial results. But the old condition of things is soon established again by the politicians, and goes on as before.

Those who are curious to learn the details and processes of municipal plunder, carried on under the guise of government in such cities as New York and Philadelphia, can peruse for themselves the various chapters of Mr. Bryce's book devoted to the subject. Those entitled 'The Working of City Government,' 'Rings and Bosses,' 'Corruption, and the War against Bossdom,' in Vol. II., and 'The Tweed Ring,' 'The Philadelphia Gas Trust,' and 'Kearneyism in California,' in Vol. III., will be found especially instructive, though by no means the only parts of the work in which facts of this sort play a prominent part.

Apart from the results of actual corruption in legislative bodies, many of the practical consequences of the transfer of the functions of government to an inferior class have not been alluded to by Mr. Bryce, but are very obvious to those who have given much attention to American politics, or who read American newspapers. They are only such as might naturally be expected. Congressional legislation has been very generally controlled by partisan and electioneering considerations. Measures readily pass which appeal to the prejudices or the greed of the constituency, and have scarcely any hope of success, however meritorious, if they have nothing but their merits to commend them, and especially if they are favoured by the better class of people. The amount bestowed in pensions upon those who served in the civil war, their parents, widows, children, and relatives, is almost incredible. The annual expenditure for this purpose has now reached the sum of nearly twenty million pounds. It has steadily increased ever since the close of the war, twenty-four years ago, and is still increasing. It is likely to reach a far higher figure when the new measures that are now proposed and urged are adopted, as they doubtless will be. Hardly any member of either House has the courage to vote against these schemes, lest he offend and lose for himself or his party 'the soldier vote.' Agents who pursue the business of obtaining pensions for applicants are continually bringing forward proposals for new pensions, and for the increase of previous ones, and organizations of ex-soldiers are pressing them. It is well understood, that a considerable proportion of the pensions now paid are to those who are not entitled to them, even under the loose and liberal pension laws. A great army
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of pensioners for life upon the national treasury, many of them fraudulent, has thus been created, and is fast increasing. The enormous surplus in the treasury, arising from the protective system of heavy duties on all imports, has enabled the Government to meet these demands without special taxation for the purpose. But the increase in the price of all the necessities of life that results from these duties, is a far more burdensome, though less appreciable, method of taxation than a direct tax would be, because the amount raised is much greater than that realized by the Government.

All efforts toward a reduction of this surplus revenue, or even to prevent the further increase of it which is rapidly taking place, have proved unavailing. It is not only the fruit of an excessive indirect taxation upon the necessities of life, but is a grave menace to the financial condition of the country, by accumulating in the treasury an immense amount of money for the expenditure of which there is no warrant, and which is thus withdrawn from circulation. Its existence at the same time debauches and demoralizes legislation with the temptation of a superabundance of revenue that ought to be dispersed. Members of Congress profess to be in favour of measures for a reduction. But no concurrence in any particular scheme, and no practical or efficient action of any sort, can be obtained, lest some popular prejudice be unwittingly aroused or offended, or some available cry be afforded to opposing demagogues. So a system of taxation continues, which raises an amount of revenue far beyond the possible uses of the Government, and piles up in the treasury an enormous, increasing, and useless surplus. Some part of it has been employed in purchasing at a high premium the Government debt, not due or payable for many years to come; thus paying a considerable price for the privilege of discharging the debt before it is due, and when the creditors do not desire to receive it, though the indebtedness thus anticipated does not bear more than four per cent. interest.

The States in which silver is produced, and whose votes are important in Presidential elections, are also able to maintain a measure by which the Government is compelled to purchase and coin two millions of dollars of silver per month, amounting to nearly five millions of pounds per year. This coinage cannot be forced into circulation, because its bulk renders its use as a circulating medium impossible, and because its sterling value is considerably less than its face. It is therefore stored in vaults and buildings erected for the purpose, and has been accumulating in this manner until the Government now have in store about fifty millions of pounds. There is not a financier in

America who does not perceive that the ultimate result must be a great financial disaster. This has been made very clear in many publications, and a suspension of this coinage has been urged by successive Presidents. It is impossible, however, to obtain from Congress any repeal or suspension of this measure of Congressional malversation. Many other particulars less conspicuous, but extremely mischievous, might be added to the statements in Mr. Bryce's book. Such a measure as the International Copyright Bill, though earnestly pressed, it has been found impossible to pass, though no specific objection to it is stated. Many members are totally indifferent to measures of that sort, and fearful, if they vote for them, they may perhaps encounter obloquy for supporting what may turn out to be unpopular.

The salaries and compensation of almost all government officers of high rank or conspicuous position, executive, judicial, or diplomatic, are maintained, in spite of all efforts to increase them, at a rate far below the necessary expenses of the incumbent, notwithstanding the overflowing condition of the treasury, and despite the recklessness of expenditure in so many other ways; so that none but those rich enough to assume the expenses of serving their country are eligible for such offices. Cabinet officers receive 1600*l.*, Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States 2000*l.*, and Foreign Ministers of the highest class 3500*l.* per annum. This arises from the petty jealousy of many members of Congress and of the lower orders of their constituents, of the social position which these places necessarily entail.

These, very briefly indicated, are but specimens of the tone and character of Congressional and legislative action, and are the results that have actually come to pass under the system of universal suffrage: first, in the class of men that it brings into Congress; next, in the motives by which they are influenced, in view of the controlling elements in their constituency.

Now pausing at these facts, and disregarding the minor proprieties and dignities of administration, which are more offensive to the taste of the fastidious than essential to the actual prosperity of mankind, we may usefully enquire, whether features in the public service, so material and so dangerous to the future of America, are attributable to the character of the American people; or, if not, whether they are the necessary or natural offspring of the republican form of government. If they can be assigned to either of these causes, then we may be justified in expecting that they will not follow in the train of universal suffrage in England.

Well-informed

Well-informed Englishmen, and especially those who have visited the United States, do not need to be told by Mr. Bryce, that in no country in the world is the standard of personal character, of integrity, and of honour in all the relations of life, higher than it is there. In no other sphere than that of politics is any unusual demoralization visible. Mr. Bryce has dealt very fully with the subject of national character and social institutions in America, and his high estimation of both will be sustained by the general intelligence of Englishmen. It appears clearly enough that the degradation of American politics, in those parts of the country where it exists, is in defiance of public opinion, and not in consequence of it; and is at once the cause and the effect of the practical exclusion from that field, of the better classes of the people. How that exclusion comes to pass, is very precisely pointed out by the author.

To assume, on the other hand, that these results are the necessary outcome of republican institutions, is equally to conclude that they must be expected in any other form of government that depends upon popular suffrage. Whatever the form, that is the controlling element. There may be material advantages in the hereditary over the elective executive. A more efficient and uniform administration, more dignified forms and more creditable appearances, may be maintained under the one than under the other. But in both, everything turns at last upon the voice of the people. That must in the long run penetrate all departments, in England as well as in America, even to the Throne itself.

It is true, that in the United States universal suffrage has had more than a hundred years in which to develop its legitimate product, and has thus much the start of its prototype here. The results now apparent were not immediate upon the adoption of the system, but have been steadily coming on with time. It is true also, that its application under republican institutions has a much wider area than in Great Britain. Elections are more numerous, and the number of officials small and great who are elected by popular vote is greater. But this diffusion of the voting power over a large surface and into many channels, while it increases the uproar, diminishes the danger. Governmental power is widely distributed in that country, both as between the national and the state authority, and in the numerous ramifications of the latter. No department or body is omnipotent, or can work mischief, beyond a certain point. The American Constitution surrounds both government and personal rights with various safeguards that do not exist in England.

Here there is no institution whatever that cannot be constitutionally and peaceably overthrown, and no right that cannot be successfully invaded by an Act of Parliament, until Parliament itself is overcome by revolution and armed resistance. And what is Parliament but the House of Commons, elected by a nearly universal suffrage, and a House of Lords which, it has been already shown and is now conceded, cannot stand out for any considerable time against the expressed will of the House of Commons. The veto of the Crown and the independent power of the House of Lords have passed out of the British Constitution. How long could the Throne itself be maintained against the deliberate will of a permanent, popular majority, acting through Parliament?

It is impossible therefore to disregard the political results that have taken place in America, upon the assumption that they are peculiar to that country or to its form of government, and are not the fruit of the common fundamental power that equally controls the American Republic and the British Monarchy. What would be the substantial difference between the two governments, if the one had in place of the President a hereditary King, or if the other had instead of the Throne an elective President? Under either of these changes, the stronger government would be the American. First, because of the independent and co-ordinate powers of the Senate, as a branch of the legislature, which does not and is not expected in any case to defer to the will of the Lower House. Secondly, because of the veto power vested in the executive, which can only be overcome by a vote of two-thirds of both Houses. Thirdly and especially, by the restrictions imposed upon both the legislature and the executive, in the provisions of the Constitution, which are enforced by the judicial power so far as they affect any right of the citizen in respect to life, liberty, or property.

When the real essence of the principles of representative government, and the extent to which their control reaches, are attended to, it becomes apparent that under both forms they are substantially the same. One cannot ultimately be maintained if the other cannot, whatever the less important advantages of either may be in points not vital to their existence. If there is a difference in respect to permanence between them, that difference is not in our favour. And if government by universal suffrage in America brings necessarily after it such political consequences as have been pointed out, it will certainly in due time bear the same fruits here.

Mr. Bryce has not confined his observations of political conditions in the United States to the surface, nor contented himself

himself with stating only results. He has gone so thoroughly into the processes that have led up to them, as to leave no doubt in the mind of the least informed reader in respect to the root and source of the existing evil. It is not the natural consequence of free institutions, in either of their forms. It is no part of the necessary, price of representative government. The whole mischief is the plain and clear outcome of a vicious, and altogether unnecessary enlargement of the electorate. And it points not toward any doubt of the permanence or ultimate practicability of that system, but to the necessity of reforming it in this vital particular, by placing it on the foundation of a proper constituency. American politics have simply been debased and corrupted by admitting to the right of suffrage the class who are utterly unfit for it. The general mass of the people are quite capable of self-government; and in those parts of the country where they are not swamped by the bad element, they have shown themselves most successful in maintaining and steadily improving it. It may be worth while to glance briefly, in the light of Mr. Bryce's observations, at the manner in which a class, largely in the minority in point of numbers, have thus been able to become predominant at those vital points, where important elections and great questions of policy are principally determined, as well as where opportunities for public plunder are most rife, and the scandals of jobbery most conspicuous.

As has been remarked, every man born in the United States becomes a voter there at twenty-one years of age, and the ranks of this army are largely swelled in certain quarters by an influx of foreign immigrants, who are rapidly taken in hand and put through the naturalization process by the political recruiting sergeants. This brings together, especially in the large cities, a considerable body of the lowest class, ignorant, poor, often idle and vicious, sometimes criminal—the natural and easy material of the demagogue and the professional politician. Were it possible to array against this contingent at the polls the votes of the respectable classes, they would be outnumbered and made comparatively harmless. But this is impossible under the party organizations, which appear to be a necessary concomitant of free government. Party spirit runs high—party questions attain great prominence—party exertions are excessive and untiring. The line is not drawn in America as it is coming to be in England, horizontally, but perpendicularly. And the result is, that the mass of material of the worser sort holds the balance of power between the great parties, and their adhesion
to

to one side or the other makes the difference between success and defeat.

It is these shifting and personally worthless cohorts who have therefore to be considered and conciliated. Candidates must be selected, not upon their merits, nor upon the opinion of the intelligent portion of society, but in view of their acceptance and popularity with the lowest stratum. Measures of public policy must be framed to meet their prejudices. What the public interest demands, must give way to that which will tickle the fancy or gratify the ignorant fancies of this class of men. The better sort of people may be depended upon, under the pressure of party allegiance, party discipline, and their interest in party measures, to vote the regular ticket, whatever they may think of its composition. The unfailing argument is—better the success of the party with questionable candidates, than the triumph of its opponents with any. And conscience is satisfied with a vague idea of what is called 'reform within the party,' to be realized in the indefinite future, but which principally consists in growing steadily worse.

A still more mischievous consequence follows the possession of the right of suffrage by this body of voters, in the means it affords to unscrupulous professional politicians of the lower order for obtaining control of the party, and, through its success, of the Government. Such men constitute themselves the officers of these battalions—the captains of hundreds. Each gathers to himself a company which is under his control and obedient to his command, and combines with other captains under the leadership of a more powerful commander. The organization thus becomes necessary to the success of the party. The men who command it acquire an importance not to be disregarded. And when by their assistance the party comes into power, whether in the national, the state, or the municipal government, their claims to office must be satisfied, whatever the consequence to the public service. If there are no vacancies, they must be created by the removal of incumbents, and then divided among the throng of applicants, with little reference to personal fitness or even reputable character, but simply as a reward for partisan service, often of the worst and most debasing kind. The whole Government is thus degraded to satisfy the demands of the trading politicians, by whose help victory has been purchased, and with whose hostility defeat is to be looked for. Shocked by this condition of things, the better element in the country has made some earnest attempts at civil service reform, but with very partial success. And the course of the present administration

tration thus far affords no encouragement to the hope, that public office will in the main be treated otherwise at present than as the legitimate spoil of the victor, to be parcelled out as far as it will go, among the discreditable mercenaries of the camp. This whole evil, a bitter reproach and standing menace to the institutions of the United States, is traceable directly to the presence in the electorate of the bad element that has been described. Without it the most mischievous class of professional politicians would be powerless. They would be like officers without troops. Their influence upon the respectable and industrious classes would be very small. They would pass out of politics as a feature of any importance, if the raw material they deal in was withdrawn.

Mr. Bryce's chapters on this subject make it clear, that the state of things thus described is but little apparent, except at points where large bodies of voters of the baser sort are assembled. In such places it has complete control. And in the present division of American parties, the majorities obtained in those localities are decisive, not only of state but of national elections. In the last two Presidential contests the election has turned upon the vote of the State of New York, and that has in turn depended upon the vote of the city of New York, which contains probably a larger proportion of voters who are unfit to vote, than any other place in the Union.

Another and most material respect in which this class of electors constitutes a mischief and a danger, is in becoming the ready material of what may be called the plutocracy of America—those who have in one way or another amassed vast and often sudden fortunes, and who are willing by unscrupulous bribery and corruption to carry elections in order to obtain office, and to bring about legislation favourable to their interests. There could be no buyers of votes in the political market if there were no sellers, nor any sellers if there were not buyers. The result is, that it is quite possible in many places to carry an election through sheer bribery of the worthless and unprincipled class, by the money contributed by these plutocrats, and disbursed by adroit political managers. It is probably undeniable, that the recent Presidential election was decided by votes actually purchased for money, which was contributed in large sums by the wealthy manufacturers who were alarmed, lest the protective duties by which they are enriched should be diminished.

The outcome of all this is simply class government—an oligarchy of the lowest class instead of the highest. It is justly thought a detriment to free government, if an aristocracy has an undue

undue share or influence in it. It is felt to be unjust that one class more than another should have a preponderance, even though it is the best class and the most competent to understand and to administer the business of government. Equality in political rights is said to be the condition of a really free government. Loud clamour is immediately raised, if any special power is conferred upon the higher class over that which is enjoyed by the remainder. Upon what principle then is it to be maintained that the lowest and least competent body should have a power denied to the best? And what conceivable benefit can be supposed to be derived by substituting a bad oligarchy for a good one? If a good one is bad, how much worse is a bad one. If it could be always certain, that an aristocratic class, if entrusted with the government, would administer it with a disinterested regard for the benefit of the general mass of men, and in the exercise of its best intelligence to that end, it would not be easy to state a sound objection to such a mode of government. It is precisely because human nature is not to be trusted with such power, and is so likely to abuse it for selfish and personal ends, that the necessity for representative popular government arises. But if, in the constituency which elects the representatives, for intelligence there is substituted ignorance, for good character vice, or no character at all, for education illiteracy, and for independence the venality which can be purchased in the market, and to these as the controlling element is given the decisive voice and vote in political affairs, what is the value of representative government, and how is it better than an aristocratic or even a despotic one?

The very theory of free government is, that it substitutes, for the caprice, the selfishness, and the oppression of arbitrary power, the exercise of the intelligence, the virtue, and the patriotism of the governed. But this presupposes that these qualities, so essential to its success, shall be applied to it, not withheld from it. The business of government, in these days especially, indeed in all days, will be conceded to demand the best ability, the most far-seeing sagacity, and the purest integrity, that the community in which it resides can furnish. The best is not too good; much less than the best cannot long be endured. The Americans have gone on under circumstances more favourable than they can probably continue to be. They have thriven and prospered and advanced with rapid and startling strides in material growth, in spite of these disadvantages. Land has been abundant and cheap. Natural resources and treasures of many kinds have been enormous. The stimulus of youth and its superabundant vitality have been in full tide.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile the decay in political and official life has been steady and increasing.

The true need of America was stated by a writer in that country not long ago, to be the statesman who could relieve the country of about a quarter of a million of its voters. The number that ought to be got rid of has since considerably increased. Apart from the negro vote, it is probable that the vote of that class incapable of adding any good element to the electorate, and fruitful of mischief and danger, is much larger. Popular government should be, and can be made to be on the whole, the best government, displaying fewer evils and more advantages than any other. But before that is successfully accomplished, the elimination from the constituency of this element must be brought about, not probably with its own consent, but in spite of it. In doing so it will be necessary to exclude no man but by his own fault; to set up no standard that any ordinary man cannot attain if he will, and that he will not be amply repaid in every way for attaining, quite irrespective of acquiring the right of suffrage, and of becoming eligible for public office.

Suppose from every constituency in Great Britain and in the United States there was eliminated every man who could not prove by the testimony of his neighbours the reputation of a decent and respectable character and life; who could not read and write well enough for the necessities of ordinary business; and who had not resided where he proposes to vote long enough to be well known. Will it be contended that the constituency so diminished has lost any ingredient that could possibly improve it, or render its voice in public affairs more useful? Suppose we go further, and likewise exclude every man who is not the possessor in his own right of property, real or personal, in some form that either produces income, or is employed in a lawful industry or pursuit out of which income is derived, to the amount of say one hundred pounds. Has the constituency been on the whole improved or depreciated in quality? It is quite true, that the ownership of property is not necessarily a guarantee of good character, or of high intelligence. But in the majority of instances it affords material evidence of it. It indicates a certain capacity, industry, and thrift, to have earned and kept even that moderate sum. In a thousand voters who in mature manhood had not acquired that much property, how many would be found really possessed of those qualities that fit them for the exercise of suffrage? And in a thousand who had earned or accumulated that amount, and could show also the requisite good character, and at least elementary education, how many

many on the whole would be found destitute of them? A man may undoubtedly be impoverished, and yet be a capable voter. And he may have a competence, and be an incapable or dishonest one. But these cases are the exceptions and not the rule. Society stands upon property—not necessarily upon wealth. It is by property that its charities, its humanities, its refinements, its progress are carried on. It is to that end all honest industry is directed, it is by that means that the comforts and necessities and refinements of life are obtained. A community of the destitute is usually vicious, idle, and criminal. One that is prosperous is generally the opposite in character. If the stimulus of the acquisition and preservation and enjoyment of property is withdrawn, industry ceases, and idleness and lawlessness take its place. And as it is impossible to determine the personal qualifications of each voter on his own merit, and some general rule must be resorted to, there is no other attainable which will give a correct result in so large a majority of cases. It may be added that the possession of property ranges its owner on the side of law and order. His interest and his future hopes are on the side of society, and not against it. If he is likewise made a taxpayer, even to no greater amount than a simple head or poll tax, he becomes interested in the expenditures he votes upon, and in the proper administration of the public service.

The right of suffrage would thus become something to be honestly striven for, with a certainty of success, by the proper exertion. When attained, it would be something to value and be proud of, a certificate not merely of birth, but of a certain character, intelligence, and respectability, at once the stimulus and the reward of a decent and industrious life. The suffrage would no longer contaminate the public service, and it would tend to elevate its possessor.

The demagogue, the charlatan, or the political trickster, would loudly object to this. The material thus excluded from the electorate is his stock in trade. Their ignorance and prejudice and venality are the commodities he manipulates and thrives by. Among honest, intelligent, and industrious men there might still remain some few whom he could delude or control, but not enough to be a commanding force, or to make his vocation profitable. But his loss would be the nation's gain. Representative government would rise, as political handicraft declined. If from every ten voters unfit for the suffrage and only potent for evil, eight or even five could be withdrawn, the gain would be immense. Many an election would be better decided, and a fresh stimulus to worthy and patriotic effort would be given.

This

This is beyond question the chief lesson in politics to be drawn from the results of the first century of American history, as depicted in the observations and criticisms of Mr. Bryce. We are in this country not only extending the suffrage, but increasing the opportunities for its exercise, and the agencies of government that are derived from it. We cannot reasonably hope to escape consequences that have attended it elsewhere. It takes time for the lowest element, and those who handle it, to organize and assert their strength. Old ways and traditions have to be gradually overcome, and new methods introduced; the journeymen in the trade of machine politics have to be educated into master workmen. The effect upon the character of the House of Commons produced by even our short experience in the indefinite enlargement of the constituency, need not be pointed out, for it is conspicuous. When its doors begin to close upon the class that have in recent times controlled it, and when English gentlemen begin to turn their backs upon political life, as American gentlemen have so largely done, what force or virtue exists in British institutions that shall very long prevent the natural sequence of cause and effect that has been displayed on the other side of the sea?

It should not be inferred from the space bestowed in these remarks upon the subject of the state of American politics, that Mr. Bryce has confined himself to that least attractive phase of Transatlantic life. Had he done so, his book would have been far less interesting, as well as less useful, than it is. He has touched with a free hand the society, the social and non-political institutions, the educational advantages, the general spirit, tone, and impulse, of life in the country he has tried to describe. It would be pleasant to follow him in these excursions if time allowed, and to deduce from them the general view to which they point. It would be found, as it has been found by those inhabitants of either country who have made themselves personally acquainted with the other, that there is not so much difference between the two branches of the race as the distorted views and unreasoning prejudices of a few bilious critics on the one side and the other have led them to suppose. If some American gifted with a temper as genial, a pen as facile, and a scholarship as generous, as Mr. Bryce possesses, would now write for the benefit of his countrymen a similar book about England, it would do those of them who have not seen their mother-country a world of good, and perhaps give John Bull himself a look in the glass that would do him no harm. The chief points of discrimination between the two nations are those that are always to be found in the contrast of youth

youth and maturity. Each period has its excellence and its defects, its charms and its blemishes. Youth has its exuberant spirits, its full tide of life, its freshness, its activity, its follies, its generous promise. Age brings the finish, the dignity, the repose, the ripened harvest, and the weariness. It is inspiring to look forward, even to an unknown future. It is satisfactory to look back, upon a great and accomplished past.

It needs no prophet to perceive that the race is to dominate the world, when time is old enough. In the perpetual fraternity of its branches lies their own and the world's best hope.

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *The Works of Alexander Pope*. New Edition, including several hundred unpublished Letters, and other new materials. Collected in part by the late Rt. Hon. John Wilson Croker. With Introductions and Notes by the Rev. Whitwell Elwin and William John Courthope, M.A.
2. *The Life of Alexander Pope*. Vol. V. By William John Courthope. London, 1889.

JUDGE JEFFREYS declared that Baxter's metaphysical writings would 'fill a cart.' What would the Judge have said, if he had lived to see the most recent bibliography of the literature of Pope? The controversy, which has raged for 160 years over the poet's name, as yet shows no symptom of settlement; the classic and romantic schools still fight over his body; unanimity of judgment seems as remote as ever. But though permanence cannot with safety be predicted for any human production,—and least of all for any work connected with so hotly contested a subject,—we are tempted to claim finality for the exhaustive edition of Pope's writings which Mr. Courthope's 'Life of the Poet' brings to completion. Thirty-five years ago the work was promised by Mr. Murray. Since 1854, in addition to the matter already collected by John Wilson Croker, new and valuable material has constantly accumulated, all of which has been embodied in the present edition. The result is that every allusion in this most allusive of writers may be as fully understood, if not as readily appreciated, by modern readers as by the Blounts and Carylls of the eighteenth century, and it is no exaggeration to say that a clearer light has been thrown upon the poet's life and character than was enjoyed even by his contemporaries, and that Pope is more intimately known to Mr. Courthope than he was to any of his previous biographers.

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X

A very

A very necessary portion of the editorial labours was the unravelling of Pope's literary plots. The slender clues were followed up in every direction with rare patience and remarkable ingenuity by Mr. Elwin, and his industry bore fruit in one of the most curious chapters in the history of literature. Yet Mr. Elwin himself would be the first to rejoice, that the final judgment upon Pope's character as a whole is pronounced by one who has not been compelled to concentrate a microscopic attention upon the least favourable side of the poet's mind. It is too much to expect that Mr. Courthope's verdict will give universal satisfaction; but it is at least entitled to great weight. The opinion of a writer who is himself a poet, a classical scholar, and a competent critic, and who is not only a distinguished student of the general aspects of English literature, but also minutely conversant with the special literature connected with Pope, deserves, and will doubtless receive, most careful consideration. Nor are Mr. Courthope's eminent qualifications for his task impaired by the sympathetic enthusiasm which he displays for his author, since his admiration is always judicious and always tempered by strict impartiality of judgment as well as studious moderation of language. On one point at least we feel confident. Mr. Courthope's deliberate estimate is more accurate and trustworthy than the off-hand decision which was dictated by the political prejudice of Macaulay. Pope's character is so curiously blended of good and evil that it is the height of injustice to brand him as a creature all stiletto and mask. On another point, upon which Mr. Elwin holds a different view, we are in entire agreement with Mr. Courthope. The pettiness of Pope's stratagems is so childish, and the monkey-like ingenuity of the means is so absurdly disproportioned to the end, that, instead of arousing our moral indignation, his artifices provoke our laughter, or at the most excite our contempt.

One class of Pope's opponents attack him as a writer, another as a man. If Pope's poetry were so hollow, artificial, and limited, as critics of the Romantic school assert it to be; if morally the poet was so infamous a creature as he is represented by Macaulay, or so contemptible as he is painted by Mr. Elwin,—it might be reasonably doubted whether the admirable edition which Mr. Courthope has so successfully completed were not lost labour. It is with the assailants of Pope's moral character that we are here principally concerned. Critics of the Romantic school will find here the grounds for a contrary opinion forcibly stated, and their depreciation of the classic style combated by Mr. Courthope with admirable spirit and

and temper. For ourselves, even if Pope had no other claim upon posterity than the number of his lines which are quoted as familiar maxims, we should be content to base his title to be carefully edited upon his successful coinage of proverbial illustrations of ordinary life. Every day we are warned, or warn others, that

‘A little learning is a dangerous thing.’

Every day we experience, either in our case or in that of our neighbours, the truth of the saying, that

‘Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.’

We leave a pleasant party with the praise that it has proved

‘The feast of reason and the flow of soul.’

We exercise hospitality on the principle to

‘Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.’

We defend our ambitions as

‘The glorious fault of angels and of gods.’

We excuse our pre-occupation with social questions with the plea that

‘The proper study of mankind is man.’

We fancy in our satirical moods that we

‘Shoot folly as it flies.’

Even when in our literary compositions we strive

‘To snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,’

we yet admire the rule of composition—

‘The last and greatest art—to blot.’

In our frivolous moods we are

‘Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;’

and as we alternate between enjoyment of life and its graver pursuits, we are

‘Now all for pleasure, now for Church and State.’

We fall in love,

‘And beauty draws us with a single hair.’

Vexed at our wives expressing no preference for one course or another, we cry

‘Most women have no character at all.’

Appealed to for more house-money, we say

‘That every woman is at heart a rake.’

Yielding, we defend our extravagance with

‘If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you’ll forget ’em all.’

How many times have orators, in distributing prizes to school-boys, quoted

‘Men must be taught as if you taught them not;’

or

‘Just as the twig is bent, the tree’s inclined.’

What moralist contemplates the universe without the reflection that it is

‘A mighty maze! but not without a plan;’

or, baffled by the sight that meets his eyes, does not console himself with the thought that

‘’Tis but a part we see and not the whole.’

How often have village Hampdens ‘brought down the house’ with

‘An honest man’s the noblest work of God;’

or gained applause for the sentiment that

‘Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.’

What peace-maker, throwing oil upon the troubled waters, does not remind his audience—

‘’Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.’

In fact there is scarcely an occasion in life on which Pope does not supply some more or less appropriate illustration, some instance of ‘what oft was thought, but ne’er so well express’d.’ Mr. Courthope naturally takes a higher ground than this. His acute and suggestive criticism goes to show that extreme depreciation of the poet ignores the importance of the movement which he undoubtedly originated in English literature, a movement the benefit of which all subsequent writers have reaped, and are still reaping. In choice of subject it may be admitted, that Pope displays little of that spacious and independent genius which directs the intellectual tendencies of an age, and that, except in the foundation and illustration of critical principles of poetry, he is content to walk by the side of his contemporaries
instead

instead of aspiring to be their guide. His mind was not cast in the iron mould which resists the influence of the period ; it was rather of that plastic character which readily accepts the impress of surrounding circumstances. Yet it is through the limitations as well as the powers of his poetic genius, and by the defects as well as the merits of his moral character, that Pope mirrors so accurately, in the polished surface of his verse, the manners, the artificialities, the wit, the knowledge of the world, the superficial sagacity, the shallow cynicism, the sentiments, prejudices, foibles and conventionalities, of contemporary life. The poet himself is a glass which faithfully reflects all that comes within its range. Outside these limits he is comparatively powerless. Yet few persons will be found to deny that his poetry is the most artistic product of his day, the most ideal presentation of a material and realistic age. The two most important questions, therefore, which seem to us to be suggested by this exhaustive edition and biography of Pope are, first, in what respects can Pope claim to be more than the representative of his generation ? and secondly, did his moral character rise above or fall below the average standard of eighteenth-century morality ? In other words, was he the originator of a new intellectual movement ? was he more intriguing, indelicate, and untrustworthy than the mass of his contemporaries, or was he more capable than the generality of his social companions of noble and generous emotions ? Upon the first question, which is treated by Mr. Courthope with remarkable ability, we cannot do more than touch. It is upon the second that we shall concentrate our attention.

Macchiavelli, commenting upon the height of culture attained by the Italian Republics, observes that civil discord breeds mental energies which in time of peace are diverted from politics to artistic or literary emulation. The remark is true of all periods which stand out as landmarks in intellectual progress. They all follow revolutionary crises when the crust of custom and tradition is broken, when men's minds are deeply agitated, when thought runs into new moulds. As flowers smell sweetest after a thunderstorm, so literature blooms most abundantly after civil convulsion. The age of Anne affords no exception to the rule, though the character of its literature is necessarily determined by special conditions. It is the expression of a time of suspense, uncertainty, confusion, transition. Contemplated from one point of view, its literature bears the marks of old age, and invokes the resources of art to conceal the loss of youthful vigour. Regarded in another aspect, it is a period of experiment and preparation, in which new powers are added to the instrument

instrument from which a more creative age will strike a fuller harmony.

During the period covered by the lifetime of Pope, England passed definitely and finally out of the twilight of the Middle Ages into modern history. But the medieval world died hard. Its forms survived the decay of all that had given them vitality. More than two centuries elapsed before the Renaissance and the Reformation obtained a clear stage on which to display their activity in politics, religion, philosophy, society, and literature. The new forces, which were struggling into existence, were as yet powerless to replace those that were weakened or destroyed. It was the combination of the unrealities of dead medievalism with the images which the revived study of the classics drew from an extinct Pagan mythology that produced throughout Europe the absurdities of euphuism. Such a transition period is at once unfavourable to natural passion, and fertile in the growth of inanities and extravagances of expression. In its first strength, the hurricane which burst upon the medieval world quickened dormant energies, stirred latent powers, uprooted accepted traditions, and produced that mental ferment which readily receives the poetic impulse. But, while the force of the storm destroyed the spirit of the Old World, it left the forms untouched. When once its destructive violence was spent, its vehemence slowly abated, or, no longer concentrated upon one point, spread in different directions. For literary purposes its strength was in England dissipated in sectarian controversies, constitutional disputes, and dynastic contests. Compromise or acquiescence succeeds to the struggle for absolute victory. In the juxtaposition of medieval and modern modes of thought, hereditary and constitutional Monarchy, Catholicism and Protestantism, Aristotle and Bacon, scholasticism and science, faith and reason, tradition and experience, loyalty and expediency, the shallows of national life are still ruffled; but the great depths are no longer agitated by a tempest of pervivid emotion or excited passion.

Of this transition period, Pope is the very blossom. Born in 1688, he was but a child of twelve when his eye rested for the first and last time on Dryden's burly figure, ruddy care-lined face, down look, long, grey hair, and snuffy waistcoat. The veteran's vigour, versatility, heartiness, bluff freedom, florid fancy, large style, and dramatic power are the heritage of the Elizabethan era, when the Renaissance and the Reformation were still in the springtide of youth. The genius has lost some of its strength in transmission; the impulse is weakened by religious, political, and philosophical uncertainty. Consequently the
hyperbole

hyperbole is often far-fetched ; the extravagance is sometimes forced ; the freaks of fancy rather resemble capers cut for profit than the exuberance of nature. Still the merits of Dryden belong to a period when, if Spanish Armadas no longer sailed to conquer Protestant England, and scholasticism had ceased to fetter freedom of thought, the voluptuous sensibility of the Cavalier had crossed swords with the stern morality of the Puritan, when medieval theology contested every inch of ground with Protestantism, when scholastic methods of thought still fought on equal terms with inductive science. England under the two last Stuarts retained the heat of a life and death struggle, though the fire was already burning low. Men thought, spoke, and wrote with something of the romance and passion of their ancestors ; they preserved the grand manner, if they had lost the high-toned sentiment which was its inspiration. But in the age of Anne the temperature was chilled, partly by the gradual exhaustion of the original impulse or its diversion into a variety of channels, partly by weariness of contest which showed itself in compromises or the breach in the continuity of political life, partly by the progressive decomposition of methods and systems of thought which hitherto had spiritualised and elevated the mind of the country. From the overpowering emotion, the natural feeling, the passionate spontaneity of the older poetic impulse, we pass to the finish, taste, restraint, and intellectual fancy of an inspiration which has lost the spring of youth.

Even the breeze which reached the reign of Anne was better than the dead calm which succeeded. With the House of Hanover modern history definitely commences. When Pope died in 1744, medieval ideas no longer disputed the supremacy in Church and State ; the Revolution settlement was established by lapse of time ; parliamentary government was reduced to working order ; Hanoverians and Jacobites had settled down into Whigs and Tories. The literary influence of the Court was extinct when the throne was occupied by a sovereign who barely knew the English language. The inductive science of Bacon had superseded the deductive method of the Schoolmen ; Locke had paved the way for the empirical philosopher ; the Deists had forced Churchmen to defend their faith on the ground of human reasonableness. Old customs were falling into desuetude ; old festivities were abandoned, old costumes discontinued as obsolete or vulgar ; characters grew less marked ; picturesque groups of society were amalgamated, till they became distinguished only by the technicalities of rank or profession. The elements of romance had almost disappeared ;

disappeared; in their place reigned the prose of practical sense. It was the seed-time of modern life, and it was premature to expect a literary harvest. The most graceful product of the fancy of the whole of the eighteenth century was the 'Rape of the Lock;' the most imaginative and spiritual conception of the same period are Sir Roger de Coverley and *Clarissa Harlowe*. And all three writers belong—for Richardson was born in 1689—to the reign of Anne. From the grace and brilliance of Pope, or the genial refinement of Addison, or the tender sentiment of Richardson, we pass to the vigorous, but hard and prosaic, realism of Fielding, Smollett, and Hogarth.

Pope is, as we have said, the most perfect representative of the Augustan age of Anne. Its faults are his characteristic defects; its merits are his characteristic excellences. On one side his poetry is marked by many of the signs of the decrepitude of a literary era. The ideal, imaginative, and spiritual elements are less strongly developed than the artistic side of his poetic character. To sound, form, and precision, he is keenly alive; but the capacity to think or feel deeply is comparatively undeveloped. Scarcely a line in his poetry breathes an aspiration for the higher things, of which the human soul is dimly conscious. He does not appeal to the deeper sympathies, the romantic or the pathetic elements of our nature; his fancy is rather intellectual than exuberant; his melody never takes the reader by surprise or haunts his memory. His material is not drawn from the great passions, but from the ethics of the drawing-room, the manners of refined society, the disputations of the coffee-house. His characters are coquettes and fribbles, political or literary opponents, and worthless men about town. His scenes are laid at the Assembly, and the only glimpse of nature is the formal garden, trained and trimmed to perfection, which is seen from the windows. Like the age in which he lived, he could copy, but he could not create. His scope is more limited than that of Dryden. Over the region of polished society, where art supersedes nature, he reigns supreme. And with what consummate skill is his material handled! How exact is the harmony which he preserves between form and subject! How keen-sighted the judgment with which his genius is adapted to the requirements of contemporary art! It is on this side that Pope's work is not only invaluable, but instinct with new life, rich in germs of future development, and essentially modern. If Pope never soars to the highest flights of the imagination, he is absolute master of its common sense. He formulated the critical principles of poetry. He purified English literature from the false diction and distorted ingenuity
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of the Restoration writers. He studied writing as an art, made the vehicle of thought pleasing in itself, and taught the great lesson that form is hardly less essential to poetry than lines to sculpture, or colours to painting. His style is nervous, direct, compact, epigrammatic; his diction is always raised, when the occasion requires, by brilliant imagery; his ideas are marshalled in just order; the mechanism of his verse is correct and full of subtle harmonies. In the skilful adaptation of means to ends, in terse felicity of phrase, in compressed completeness of language, in pungency of satiric point, Pope was, and still is, without a rival. Critics may doubt whether the material is always worth the consummate workmanship, but no one has ever suggested that more could be made of the subjects on which the resources of his genius are lavished. It is on this side that Pope's work was experimental, original, and creative. Here he is a reformer, an innovator, a leader in a new intellectual movement. He set himself to cure the diseases of the imagination which were aggravated by the adherence to the unrealities of the mediæval world, or the abuse of images drawn from an imperfect comprehension of the classic spirit. Upon this subject, Mr. Courthope's remarks are novel and suggestive. He vindicates the 'Essay on Criticism' with spirit and success from the attacks of modern critics, and, as we think, establishes beyond dispute Pope's claims to the gratitude of posterity, not merely for the pointed statement of familiar axioms, but for the enunciation of new critical principles which exactly hit the requirements of the age, and possessed a really practical value. It is to Pope's efforts that poetry owed that purification of the language and that perfection of the instrument of expression which alone enabled it to retain its hold upon contemporary life in the midst of changed conditions of social and intellectual activity. As Mr. Courthope truly says:—

'The effect of the "Essay on Criticism," or at least of the current of thought which it represents, on the taste of the age was profound. Wit, or the practice of finding resemblances in objects apparently dissimilar, as it was cultivated throughout the seventeenth century by poets like Donne, Crashaw, Quarles, and Cowley, disappears altogether from the literary aims of the eighteenth century. With it vanishes the crowd of metaphors, similes, and hyperboles by which these poets sought to recommend their manner of thinking. Wit, as we see from the "Essay on Criticism," was regarded in the early part of the century as a proper object in poetry; but as the conceptions of the poet were now based upon Nature itself, its operations gradually restricted themselves to satire or to moral and didactic reflection. Thus, while the range of imagination became more limited, its objects became more clear and definite. An analogous change took place

place in the form of poetry. In emulation of the classical authors, the followers of the new mode paid great attention to the selection of subject, to the arrangement of the fable or design of their composition, and to the just distribution of all its parts. Instead of ingenuity in the discovery of unheard-of metaphors, which was the ambition of the typical seventeenth-century poet, the poet of the eighteenth century sought to present a general thought in the language best adapted to bring it forcibly before the mind of the reader. In this respect, works so unlike each other as Thomson's "Seasons," Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," the "Deserted Village" of Goldsmith, and "The Village" of Crabbe, may all be said to be the fruits of the "Essay on Criticism."

Pope's character, whether as a writer or a man, cannot be fairly estimated without constant reference to his personal or literary surroundings. Physically, and perhaps intellectually, he was too weak to make a prolonged imaginative effort. His frail health condemned him to be the poet of indoor life. He was neither a deep thinker nor a robust reasoner. But the very limitations of his mental gifts qualified him to detect the diseases of contemporary literature, and to devise the true remedy; while his bodily infirmities destined him to be the keen observer and accurate delineator of the minutest lights and shades of social life. His friendships with all the leading men of the day afforded him unique opportunities which his method of work enabled him to use to the fullest advantage. Collecting and fitting together a detached series of happy thoughts, he polishes to perfection the best conversation of the best minds of the period. The extent to which he has thus embodied in his verse the defects and excellences, the habits of mind, the modes of expression, the customs, and even the conventionalities of the age, explains the depreciation of his work by a generation which has reached a very different stage of civilization. But the fact remains, and the praise implied is, by no means slight, that the poetry of Pope is the most ideal and artistic epitome of the first forty years of the eighteenth century,—an era of letters and memoirs; a period of literary, social, and political transition; an epoch coloured by vivid contrasts, and marked by striking personalities; a time poor in imagination and deficient in enthusiasm, but rich in its combinations of the tragic with the familiar, and crowded with tempting material for the painter of life and manners. Nor is this all. England under the two first Georges was intensely and prosaically realistic. Pope invests it with some of the intellectual fancy and brilliant ease which belonged to the preceding period. He held up before it a high standard of literary finish, a brilliant example of perfection

tion of style. Form is the Attic salt which preserves from decay the work of unimaginative versifiers inspired by the material spirit of utilitarian realism. Without the grace of style, such a literature may be rummaged by historical students for its pictures of extinct society, but it will not be read by lovers of the art of poetry. Pope felt, like Théophile Gautier, that

‘Tout passe.—L’art robuste
Soul a l’éternité.’

He lives, because, while adhering with scrupulous fidelity to the detailed presentation of contemporary life, he has thrown over his pictures the artistic charm and refinement of that Augustan age, whose spirit the precocity of his genius enabled him to imbibe. It is only when his satires and epistles are contrasted with the clumsy coarseness or pompous dullness of his rivals that his real greatness is revealed. The sparkling antithesis, like the *senatorius decor* of Bolingbroke, often disguises a truism or a platitude. But the poetry of the one, like the prose of the other, wears the indefinably aristocratic air which is in striking contrast to the plebeian plainness of their Hanoverian contemporaries. Nor is Pope's supremacy purchased by any sacrifice of reality or any departure from the accuracy of his delineations of phases of eighteenth-century life. As the ‘Rape of the Lock’ is the most refined and graceful picture of the careless, good-tempered frivolity of the town in the reign of Anne, so the ‘Essay on Man’ is the brilliant presentation of topics which were universal subjects of discussion, the final words not of philosophical thinkers, but of society, which still retains its lines in proverbial currency, because they continue to express the limited thoughts of the million upon points of universal interest. What are the Satires and Epistles but the concentrated essence of the personal hatreds and party prejudices which animated the Opposition against Walpole and his pensioners? What is the ‘Dunciad’ but a vehement outpouring of the impatient scorn which a clever, showy age feels for mediocrity and dullness? What are the declarations against Vice but pitiless photographs of the practical consequences of libertinism, illustrating the contempt which prudential morality pours upon those who have made for themselves a bad bargain in this world and the next?

The marked change which took place in England between the reign of Anne and 1744 finds complete expression in the writings of Pope. In his youth, while still swayed by the dwindling poetic impulse of the preceding century, he meditated an epic poem, or exercised himself in poetry of fancy, description,

tion, and passion. In maturer years he devotes his powers to satire, didactic verse, or moral reflection. It is not merely that Pope had grown from a boy into a man, or that his genius had found its true vent. Consciously or unconsciously, by contrast as well as by correspondence, by imitation or by protest, Pope expresses the vast change which had passed over English society. English literature in the first period is the scanty aftermath of a soil that is already exhausted by previous harvests; the literature of the second period is the coarse growth of a new and uncultivated soil. It is the peculiarity of Pope that he applies to the homely utilitarian produce of the Georgian era the artistic culture which gratified the more fastidious taste of the age of Anne.

Decorous and dull as a place of worship, the Court of Queen Anne exercised little influence upon society or literature. St. James's was a closet in which the Queen sate with the Duchess of Marlborough or Mrs. Masham, and in which the Duke, Harley, or Bolingbroke made a third. Drunk or sober, Charles II. could make nothing of Prince George, while the Queen was an obstinate, narrow, well-intentioned woman, who supported her mind by female favourites, and her conscience by High-Church principles. But the facts that a female sovereign, especially liable to caprice and prejudice, was on the throne, and that the succession was unsettled, gave a peculiar colouring of uncertainty to political life. As the Revolution trimmed between two principles, so political leaders wavered in their allegiance to two dynasties. Consistency was neither demanded nor practised. The foremost statesmen cultivated a good understanding at St. Germain's while they held the key to the backstairs of St. James's. They attended Anne's levées with letters in their pockets from her brother, and the salaries they accepted from the one jingled against the bribes they received from the other. Harley, who went to church himself while he sent his wife to the meeting-house, was a typical representative of the political chameleons who took the colour that best served their turn. No one thought it shameful to be friendly at Hackney and faithless at Whitehall. The rivalry of waiting-women to govern a foolish mistress, which overthrew Marlborough or Bolingbroke, may seem to us a more fitting theme for a light French comeuian than for the pen of grave historians. But the politics of Parliament were scarcely more elevated than the politics of the housekeeper's room at the Palace. Such a condition of things was only possible when parties were evenly balanced. Whigs and Tories alike were satisfied with the existing compromise. Each enjoyed a share of office; and if

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one party triumphed in the Act of Settlement, the other was satisfied so long as a Stuart was on the throne. Party spirit at times ran high ; but on the whole it was gay and good-tempered. Political life was not embittered, though it might be the *mode* to carry tobacco-stoppers ornamented with Sacheverell's head, to patch with your party, to sit on the Whig or Tory side of the theatre, to flirt fans or shuffle cards which were adorned with caricatures of political opponents.

The frivolity of political life harmonized with the careless ease and good-humoured emptiness of society. It was the fashion to laugh at the rusticity of country squires, and to vote rural sports vulgar. Among the middle classes tastes were narrowly insular, and the travelled wit only returned to town a fop and a fribble. Without political interests, country pursuits, or artistic tastes, the fashionable world concentrated its attention upon amusement, or upon dress. Society cried in real earnest with the sarcastic Swift, '*Vive la bagatelle!*' Early rising was not the vogue ; Belinda wakes at twelve to summon her maid with hand-bell or slipper. A great part of the morning was spent both by men and women in an elaborate toilette. The young man of fashion, who lodged in some 'great street near the Court like Pall Mall,' lounged from one till four in the Mall or the Ring to exhibit his new sword-knot, show the height of his toupee, select a beauty for the evening's toast, or feed the ducks in the canal and 'Rosa-munda's pond.' Dressed for the Park, he wore a full-bottomed Duviller wig, and carried under his left arm his low felt hat, looped or cocked according to taste and edged with silver. Round his neck was tied the Berdash or Steinkirk neck-cloth of Mechlin lace, probably dusted with snuff, and he wore his waistcoat unbuttoned at the top, to show the fineness of his ruffled holland shirt. His embroidered or brocaded suits, with silk stockings to match, were of various colours. His shoes had high red heels. The tails of his coat were stiffened with wire to display the silk lining. From a button of his coat hung his fox-skin muff ; at his side dangled his sword. With one hand he played with his clouded cane, which was suspended from his right wrist by a blue riband, and trailed harmoniously upon the pebbles : in the other hand he carried his fringed gloves and one of his numerous snuff-boxes. The dress of the fine lady was equally elaborate. When she exchanged her mob, morning-gown, and handkerchief for full dress and the Park, she appeared in a laced bodice, worn open in front over tight stays, surmounted, after Addison's remonstrances, by the tucker of modesty. Her sleeves were shortened so as to
show

show the lace hangings which fell to the wrist. Her apron covered but a tiny portion of the rich brocaded petticoat, which was distended upon the German hoop—a huge *rotunda*, such as that which was brought into the Spectator's Court of Judicature. As the bodice descended, the petticoats rose, and revealed the bright stockings of thread or silk which terminated in beautifully worked shoes of embroidered satin or morocco leather. In nothing were the fashions more changeable than in the height of the head-dress. Addison remembered it 'rise and fall above thirty degrees.' 'The fickle head-dress sinks and now aspires,' sings the poet. Sometimes the hair was raised upon a *commode* or *fontange* of wire surmounted by a lace-cap; sometimes it was coiffed in rolls; sometimes it was hidden in hoods of blue or yellow, pink or pale green. Her cheek was patched according to her politics, and in her hand she unfurled, discharged, grounded, recovered, or fluttered her fan according to the methods taught in Addison's Academy for exercises in the use of the instrument.

Publicity banished the domesticity of private life from the fashionable world of London. The *beau*, who had attended a toilette and elaborated his own, strolled from his lounge in the Park to the coffee-house to call for his letters, smoke, drink, read the news, discuss the fashions or literary gossip. Four o'clock saw him dining at Pontac's, Brown's, or Locket's. From dinner he went to a side box at the Theatre or the Opera, to criticise the reigning beauties, ogle the orange-girls and vizor-masks, and pronounce the play or the music execrable. After the theatre came cards at an Assembly or a Club. Generally he joined the Knights of the Round Table at Young Man's, supped at 'The Rose' or 'The Blue Posts,' and concluded the evening in the Round House, as became a young man of honour who had drunk champagne on the Horse at Charing Cross, or patrolled the streets as a Hawkabite. Fine ladies played with their Italian poodles and monkeys, or received their friends at their toilette from eleven to one. It was a hard morning's work to sort a set of ribands, try on a new head, read the 'Spectator' or a scene from 'Aurungzebe,' or work a flower in a handkerchief. A visit to a toy shop or a mercer fatigued them for the day. Carried in their chairs or driven in their chariots to the Mall, they took the air from one till three, cheapened fans at the New Exchange, or attended the fashionable daily service at St. Paul's, Covent Garden. After the four o'clock dinner, they took their tea at a drum, and learned the last scandal of the Ridotta, or went to the Opera or the Playhouse. Like the men, the ladies concluded the evening with supper,

supper, ombre, whisk, basset, or lanterloo. Gambling was, in fact, the passion of the age. Women dreamed of matadores; men with their dice-boxes were as plentiful as children with their rattles. The passion grew in strength as the century advanced. Many a Colepeper's wealth was staked and lost; quadrille became, as Pope said, 'the nation's last stake;' and Hogarth represents the players at White's Chocolate House continuing their game while the building was burning.

Courting publicity and proscribing enthusiasm, society grew peculiarly artificial. Its etiquette was punctilious, and its arts were studied with the greatest care. To enter a side-box at a play-house with graceful negligence, to talk nonsense with elegant accompaniments, to enjoy a reputation for gallantry, to gain a name for liveries and equipages, were the ambitions of fops. To be oracles of fashion or arbiters of taste was the aim of fine gentlewomen who concealed their real selves, rehearsed their gestures, studied their words, practised their manners, and cultivated themselves assiduously to catch and keep the public eye. The conduct of the cane and the movement of the fan were high accomplishments. Like the management of the 'fluttering toy,' the ceremonies of the snuff-box revealed the whole language of the heart. In such a society manners and conversation were cultivated as arts, and reached a pitch of perfection which they never before attained in England. Men did not then secrete their talk to put it into books; nor were they too busy to speak except to constituencies or mechanics' institutes. If they talked for effect, they also talked to please. Though men discussed no graver topics than the metamorphosis of a night-gown into a great coat, the abridgement of a hat, or the transition from the side-curl of a wig into an open friz,—though women weighed in the balance no heavier subjects than their neighbours' reputations, silks, ribands and laces, cards, new shoes, or lap-dogs, yet it was possible, as the 'Rape of the Lock' has exemplified, to throw a brilliant light over the most insignificant trifle. And Pope's exquisite *tour de force* was the daily effort of the gay and frivolous company which embarked, as in Watteau's picture, for Cythera, or accompanied Belinda on the famous water-party.

The multiplication of coffee-houses indicated the publicity of social life, the widening interest which was taken in topics of the day, and the growing influence of men of letters. Together with the rise of journalism, it also illustrated the enlarged circle of that public opinion which was ultimately destined to supplant the influence of the Court as the ruler of taste, and to elevate the tone of society, politics, and literature. Coffee-houses were

to London what Hôtels were to Paris. In the early years of the reign of Anne, the critics assembled at Will's, the men of learning at the Grecian, the politicians at St. James's. As the century advanced, the coffee-houses multiplied, till every social interest was represented. When Addison 'laid down his penny upon the bar' of the coffee-house, or when Brown, as he says, 'deposited my copper at the bar,' they obtained for that modest sum a good fire, good company, the latest news, and the dish of coffee which 'makes the politician wise.' There, as he inhaled the flavour of the Mahometan drink,

'The Parson gravely proves from Writ Divine,
Coffee's a Christian liquor—after wine.'

There assembled penny and twopenny senators to direct the affairs of the nation; there generals were lost in medical practitioners, secretaries of state in briefless Templars, profound theologians in retired mercers. From ten till twelve and from four to six if the man dined at two,—and later if the dining hour was four,—the houses were thronged. They had ceased to be mere meeting-houses for wits and men of letters, as they were when Dryden ruled the world of letters from his chair at 'The Rose,' which afterwards became Will's coffee-house. They supplied the place not only of magazines of literary criticism, but of news-letters, law reports, society or medical journals, gazettes of military promotion and commercial prices. Professions, if not classes, were still separated by broad distinctions which were preserved in the coffee-houses. At Man's *beaux* talked over equipages and liveries; at White's, or Ozinda's, or the Cocoa-Tree Chocolate House, Tories stormed against bribery and corruption; at the St. James's or Will's, Whigs declaimed against the Pretender and the Pope; at the Scotch coffee-houses near Charing Cross the conversation turned on places and pensions. At the Tilt Yard or Young Man's the gallants discussed affronts and satisfaction. At the Grecian the frequenters argued on demurrers; at Daniel's, in Fleet Street, they traced Welsh pedigrees; at Child's they discussed tithes, paedobaptism, or the latest maggot of the Virtuoso, at Batson's Galen or Hippocrates, at Jonathan's the bubbler and the bubbled, at Garraway's the prices of pepper, at Slaughter's the campaigns of Marlborough or Peterborough, at Don Saltero's, in Cheyne Walk, museums and curiosities. Will's in Covent Garden was the favourite resort of Pope, St. James's of Swift, Squire's of Sir Roger de Coverley; Button's, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, with its lion's head letter-box, was the headquarters of Addison and his literary and political associates.

Political

Political and social life in the reign of Anne was frivolous, good-tempered, gay, careless, unprincipled, because all the old landmarks had been swept away or discarded, and no new guides were universally accepted. The Court no longer influenced the popular taste in art or literature; the Church had ceased to control the fashionable morality; philosophy was emancipated from the thralldom of scholastic methods; old party divisions had lost their meaning for Whigs and Tories; everything was in a state of flux and transition. It was as a self-taught precocious boy that Pope was plunged into this brilliant atmosphere of show, stratagem, and subterfuge, among men of fashion and of pleasure, who with careless gaiety pursued political success without principles or scruples, dabbled in literature to win the character of wits, cultivated profligate vices to ripen their reputations as fine gentlemen, studied the refinements of society while strangers to the high-toned sentiments which made its graces the expression of a deep reality. It is impossible to conceive a character more calculated than that of Pope to receive the impress of his surroundings, or a training less useful in developing the stronger fibres of his moral nature. He had no boyhood and no youth. His education was superficial, desultory, unsystematic. He lived for the most part in solitude with his parents, isolated from companionship of boys of his own age, excluded by his religion from the public schools and the universities, debarred by the same cause from any professional or political career. His father and mother indulged him in every whim, and viewed with lenient eyes the equivocation and talent for mystification which religious persecution rendered necessary for the protection of Roman Catholics. By nature vain, irritable, self-willed, all the faults of his character were exaggerated by ill-health and his home education. He grew up tricky, capricious, shifty, girlish in his vanity and love of effect, self-conscious, yet without self-knowledge. His father had applauded his early efforts in rhyme, and he found, as many are prone to do, his most shameless flatterer in himself. Keenly sensitive to hostile criticism, impatient of opposition, evolving his ideas of men and things from books and not from experience, he was deprived of all the training by which most boys acquire a manly standard of feeling and of conduct. An only child of sickly health and morbid tendencies, he never learned to distinguish between truth and affectation, between real refinement and vulgarity. Throughout his life his weak point is that he does not recognize that a thing is bad in itself, and that he does not distinguish essential differences between two distinct courses of action.

Spoiled in his boyhood, the self-educated son of a retired linendraper is suddenly thrown by the precocity of his genius into the society of men twice his age and superior to himself in social and literary position. The credit *de savoir vivre* was the worthless prize for which the town contended; and Pope, conscious of commanding talents and consumed by the love of applause, was tempted to follow the lead of his elderly companions, and to imitate, by profession if not by practice, the display, the cynicism, the moral laxity, of his patrician associates. The result upon his own character and his posthumous reputation was disastrous. He ceases to be natural, and becomes affected and artificial. His letters have none of the healthy freshness of an English gentleman; they are written on scented paper with a leer on his face as he holds the pen. His indelicacy is not more gross than that of his contemporaries; his pretensions to gallantry are but an imitation of the habits of the society in which he lived. But both are more offensive. And this for two reasons. In the first place, his feebleness and deformity render that prurient which would in others be simply animal. In the second place, his parody of patrician profligacy betrays the innate vulgarity of low breeding through the veneer of artificial refinement.

Yet Pope has in him the makings of a fine and lovable character. He has himself to blame for its misapprehension. Always believing himself to be capable of being what he felt, and always preferring a pointed periphrasis to a straightforward statement, the real man is often concealed behind the double mask of defective self-knowledge and deliberate artificiality of expression. But even in this respect he must be tried by the conditions of the day and not by the standard of a widely different civilization. If he trained himself assiduously to catch and keep the public eye, he only followed the universal example of the oracles and ornaments of the fashionable world, who to win applause studied every movement, rehearsed every speech, postured for every action. If a Lord Chesterfield, hating wine and tobacco, drank and smoked to excess in order to be *à la mode*, Pope must be acquitted by the contemporary standard of any moral offence when he invented a pedigree for his homely, unpretending parents. If he lied, plotted, and intrigued to gain a greater position than he deserved before the world, his tricks and shifts were at least sanctioned by the every-day usages of political life; and though the gratification of literary vanity, which was the vital breath of Pope's existence, does not excuse his conduct, it is a less sordid ambition than the attainment of a pension or the anticipation of a Garter.

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The worst that can be said against him on this head is that, like his contemporaries, he recognizes no essential difference between truth and falsehood, and, instead of obeying the eternal principles of right and wrong, follows the rule of personal convenience. If his poetry reflects, with a grace and precision which have never been rivalled, the low ideals, superficial sagacity, little artificialities of an unimaginative, transitional era, it is not the fault of the mirror, but of society, that the objects which it catches resemble the material catalogued in the lines of Cowper:—

‘Roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age;
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald;
Heaven, earth, and ocean, plundered of their sweets;
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons and city feasts, and favourite airs;
Ethereal journeys, submarine exploits;
And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.’

Nor need the defence of Pope's character be limited to the contention that he was no worse than his neighbours. In many respects he rose superior to the morality of his contemporaries. If in his plastic, imitative youth he received the impress of the social vices of the reign of Anne, it argues no common strength of natural character that he resisted the debasing tendencies of the Georgian era, and presents a striking contrast to the deteriorated standard of life. Pope alone conceived, and in his writings upheld, a higher ideal of conduct than was imagined by any of his literary contemporaries. He is generally supposed to fail before the test of ‘criticism of life;’ yet tried even by this gauge, his poetry is, what the highest poetry should always be, a rebuke to the vices of the time, and the expression, if we except the religious side, of the most elevated feeling of one of the highest minds of the generation. Whatever his own practice may have been, it is something that he saw the abuses of corrupt refinement and selfish indulgences, which were the pursuits of an aristocratic society that was restrained by no Court example, checked by no religious influences, controlled by no healthy public opinion. He lent himself too readily to political faction; he revelled in unworthy stratagems and paltry intrigues; he gave a free rein to the vindictive spite and malignity of his mortified vanity; he selected as his illustrations of corruption and immorality his personal or political enemies. Yet as the satirist of the age he rises to the greatness of his calling. He nails to his pillory the ignoble

vices of the generation, at the same time that he singles out for praise the purer virtues which seemed choked by the servility, cynicism, and corruption, of the world of fashion and politics. As Mr. Courthope well observes :—

‘The charity of the Man of Ross, the healthy manliness of Bathurst, the benevolence of “humble Allen,” the honesty of Barnard the Quaker, stand out in bold relief amidst the meanness and venality of the Directors, Statesmen, and Lords Spiritual and Temporal, against whom he directs his satire.’

Pope was truest to himself in the language which is most often stigmatised as hypocrisy. He was impelled by his inordinate craving for applause to play an active part upon the bustling scene. But his nature urged him towards the pursuit of literary tastes, the retirement of the philosopher, the solitude of the recluse. ‘People of my turn,’ he says of himself, ‘naturally love quiet.’ ‘Mr. Pope,’ wrote Swift to Gay, ‘has loved a domestic life from his youth.’ He felt by his own experience that the passion for publicity, unless it is controlled by firm principles or sound public opinion, is fatal alike to individual or national virtue. To gratify his vanity he himself plunged eagerly into London life. But in spite of his vast capacity for self-deception, he at times regretfully recognizes the contrast which his life presented in action and reality to his own ideal of thought and imagination. Had he lived in the nineteenth century, he would have written poetry filled with morbid melancholy or with the bitterness of self-reproach. But he adopted a different mode of expression. He transfers the contrast from himself to the world in which he lived, and, instead of giving vent to subjective regret, he attacked the vices of society as a satirist and a didactic moralist.

And the material for satire was abundant. The death of Queen Anne in August, 1714, produced a complete change in politics and consequently in social and literary life. The balance between Whigs and Tories was completely overturned; the good-tempered gaiety disappeared; factious violence took the place of party conflict; friendly intercourse between political opponents was interrupted by bitterness, suspicion, and rancour. The Court of Queen Anne was in no respect calculated to influence either for good or evil the tone of society. The example of the Courts both of George I. and George II. was positively bad. It tended by open disregard for decorum to degrade the standard of morality, and by contempt for art or literature to vulgarise popular taste. George I., who was totally ignorant of the English language, and whom
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Lady M. Wortley Montague described as an 'honest blockhead,' brought with him three German mistresses, one of whom was installed at St. James's. In Miss Brett, the daughter of the Colonel Brett who made a bid for Cibber's wig, he added a fourth mistress, of English extraction. With his wife in one country and his four mistresses in England, the King kept no Court in the ordinary sense of the word. He spent his evenings in the apartments of the Duchess of Kendal in the company of his daughters, surrounded by the Germans who formed his favourite society, a few English ladies and fewer English gentlemen. Whatever attraction belonged to Court circles centred round the Prince of Wales, and 'Cette diablesse, Madame la Princesse.' The young Court in Leicester Fields was adorned by the gaiety of the flighty Sophy Howe; the high spirits of Mary Bellenden, 'soft and fair as down,' and of her sister Madge, 'the tallest of the land;' the grace of the 'beautiful Molly Lepel,' and the good sense of Mrs. Howard. It was no wonder that, as Walpole says, the apartments of the bed-chamber woman-in-waiting became 'the fashionable rendezvous of the most distinguished wits and beauties.' But with the marriages of Miss Bellenden and Miss Lepel, the death of Sophy Howe, and the accession of George II., all this was shortly changed. 'Frizelation, flirtation, and dangleation,' writes Mrs. Howard, 'are no more.' The Court gradually became 'as grave as Miss Meadows.' George II. had been a bad son; he was also an unfaithful husband and a bad father. He looked upon men and women, says Lady Wortley Montague, as 'creatures whom he might kick or kiss for his diversion.' Abrupt in manner, choleric, obstinate, delighting in military parade, he had only two virtues—courage and punctuality. He was so precise in his habits that he thought his having done a thing to-day an unanswerable reason for doing it to-morrow. It was by her indulgences that Queen Caroline ruled her husband. And the King was wholly ignorant of her influence. One day he enumerated the men and women who had governed the country in other reigns, and then triumphantly asked his audience, 'And who do they say govern now?' The popular ballad might have supplied the answer—

'You may strut, dapper George, but 'twill all be in vain;
We know 'tis Queen Caroline, not you, that reign;
You govern no more than Philip of Spain.'

One meaning glance from the Queen's eye was worth more to the Minister than an hour of the King's bluster. It was from Caroline's face that Sir Robert Walpole took his cue, as, 'avec

ce gros corps, ces jambes enflées, et ce vilain ventre,' he passed through the dressing-room where her 'good Howard' dressed the Queen's hair, while Dr. Clarke discussed Socinian metaphysics, or Lord Harvey, to use the jargon of the Court, *raccomod*ed his friends in *Duchtich* verse.

The tone, which the Court of the Georges gave to society, was indelicate and totally without refinement. No patronage of art or letters, no grace of manners, no brilliancy of conversation, redeemed the dulness of its naked, avowed brutality. Hanoverian England was coarse in its vices, coarse in its manners, coarse in its amusements, coarse in its speech. It was the recognised *mode* for the King to have a female favourite; the scandals of maids of honour, like Miss Howe or Miss Vane, were public; the all-powerful Minister was 'a tyrant to his wife,' and lived openly with Mary Skerrett, the Phryne of Pope's Epistle to Bathurst, and there was no reasonable doubt that the father of Horace Walpole was Carr, Lord Harvey. The leaders of the Opposition, with the Heir Apparent and Bolingbroke at their head, were equally notorious for immorality; the character of Lady Pulteney stood no higher than that of Lady Walpole; Lord Chesterfield was married to Mademoiselle de Schulenburg, but Madame du Bouchet was the mother of Philip Stanhope. The same open coarseness pervaded both language and literature. High-born beauties, like Miss Bellenden, habitually speak of subjects and use language which would bring a blush to the cheek of every modest woman. The national taste grew as vulgar as its manners and as corrupt as its principles. Indecent ribaldry was the staple production of novelists and play-writers. 'Britannia's daughters, much more fair than nice,' were eager spectators of scenes from which most men would now recoil.

'Thro' every *Sign* of Vanity they ran;
 Assemblys, Parks, coarse feasts in City Halls,
 Lectures and Tryals, Plays, Committees, Balls,
 Wells, *Bedlams*, Executions, Smithfield scenes,
 And Fortune-tellers caves, and Lyons dens,
 Taverns, *Exchanges*, *Bridewells*, Drawing-rooms,
 Instalments, Pillories, Coronations, Tombs,
 Tumblers, and Funerals, Puppet shows, Reviews,
 Sales, Races, Rabbets, (and still stranger!) Pews.'

The Englishman has always been 'very potent at potting,' and in the days of Rabelais '*ivre comme ung Anglais*' was a proverb. Nor was the age of Anne distinguished for sobriety. Vats of October were drunk, as the 'Guardian' suggests, to encourage native manufactures; Addison was partial to brandy; Harley flustered himself with claret; Steele preferred a bottle

or two of 'good solidifying port at honest George's'; Mr. Secretary Bolingbroke drank burgundy and champagne till the pains in his back reduced him temporarily to tea. But excess both of eating and drinking reached its height under the Georges. If any one wishes to realize the swinish debauch in which society was plunged, let him look at the pictures of Hogarth.

There was no refining influence. The servile or epicurean Church had resigned or forfeited its leadership. Light literature, after the conclusion of the 'Spectator,' was almost reduced to lewd romances, plays, and satirical verses. The arts were at the lowest ebb. England depended for them upon foreigners: upon Handel for music; upon Grinling Gibbons for sculpture; upon Kneller, Dahl, Closterman for painting. Even our best enamels were produced by Boit, who was a Swede. Italian operas had to contend against the English prejudices, expressed by Dennis, that they would drive poetry and the taste for poetry out of the country. Science was hardly rising into importance. 'Quidnuncs' and 'Virtuosos' were the butts of Addison, and Pope, and Young. Antiquarians, like Hearne, are classed among the maggot-mongers; and Young calls Sloane the 'foremost Toyman of his time,' and sneers at Ashmole's 'Babyhouse.'

Yet, with all the coarseness and indifference to principles, a more bracing air was stirring than the faded, perfumed atmosphere, which hung about the Court of Anne. The brilliancy of the older school was the refinement of an effete world; the animalism of the younger generation was the vigorous barbarism of a new country. For the present moment politics absorbed the active energies of the country. And unfortunately, so far from elevating the tone of society, they rather degraded its already debased standard by personal violence, cynical contempt for principles, and the materializing influence of avowed and unblushing corruption. If ever means can be justified by results, Walpole's success may be regarded as the justification for his instrument. In times of almost unparalleled difficulty, his consummate address and sagacity enabled him to secure the Hanoverian throne, to uphold the Protestant succession, extend the commerce of England, preserve the peace of Europe. But the means, which he adopted to execute his policy, sapped the foundations of political virtue and private morality. Expediency was his only guide. He had formed no ideal of government; he drew no inspiration from the past; he formed no Utopia in the future. He dealt with domestic or foreign necessities as they arose with the matter-of-fact sagacity of a practical Anglo-Saxon. He maintained himself in power partly by the disputes
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of European sovereigns, partly by the dissensions of the Opposition, still more by the firm support of the Queen, and most of all by a knowledge of the price at which each man was prepared to sell himself to his service. Peers pawned their consciences for ribands, parsons for preferment, members of Parliament for pensions. Nor was it only upon individuals or upon the upper classes that this debasing influence was brought to bear. The electorate was corrupted by wholesale bribery, and public opinion was debauched by a low and venal press. It was now that political journalism achieved an influence which it has rarely approached and never exceeded; squibs, satires, caricatures, were scattered broadcast; men of letters no longer starved in garrets if only they were sufficiently expert or unscrupulous in the use of their pens. Now, too, electioneering became a science; the wit, wisdom, and wealth of England were squandered in the contest for a seat, and the morality of the polling booth gained such a hold upon the country, that the dissolution of Parliament gave the signal for the dissolution of national virtue. 'The nation settled down quietly,' says Mr. Courthope, 'under the House of Brunswick, but without any love for its sovereigns; it enjoyed the fruits of liberty, but was uneasy at the sight of a wide-spread corruption; it felt the advantage of European peace, but was angry that it appeared to be purchased with dishonesty.'

As Walpole's monopoly of power grew more absolute, the balance of parties was completely overthrown. The spirit of faction waxed daily more violent, and politics passed into passions as they centred round a person instead of a principle. No means were neglected to retain or acquire office; no weapons were allowed to rust which could either injure Walpole or ruin his opponents. The struggle was conducted without even the semblance of decorum; not only were the buttons off the foils, but the thrust of the rapier was exchanged for the blow of the bludgeon. The coffee-houses and clubs, which had originally been literary associations, found their bond of union in politics; politics dictated canons of taste, regulated principles of criticism, decided upon the genius of poets. Still more violent were the politics of the streets. London was divided into Whig and Tory districts; it had its Whig and Tory taverns, its Whig and Tory mug-houses. From the Roebuck in Cheapside or the Magpie in Newgate-Without poured a Whig crowd, eager for the fray with the Tory mob that issued from the neighbourhood of Holborn. Scarcely anyone escaped the general infection of political excitement; even Pope, though he had hitherto held aloof from the entanglement of parties, caught the same plague.

Bolingbroke

Bolingbroke was the moving spirit of the Opposition, and Walpole's most able adversary. In Parliament he united, against the Minister, the Tories, the Jacobites, and discontented Whigs; outside the House he supported this coalition by his attacks upon the Government in the 'Craftsman,' under the signature of Caleb d'Anvers.

'The foreign policy [of Walpole] was assailed, now for its servile subordination of English to Hanoverian interests, now for the sacrifice of an old ally like the Emperor to the ambitious Bourbons, now for the tame surrender of the rights of British commerce to the encroachments of Spain. In domestic affairs M. d'Anvers dwelt upon the Minister's fondness for Standing Armies and a National Debt; his intimate relations with the dishonest stock-jobbing interest; his favour of monopolists; his cynical employment of all the arts of bribery and corruption; all which conduct, it was argued, was the infallible sign of a dark conspiracy against the liberties of the country.'

But there is always a hollow ring in Bolingbroke's most sounding rhetoric. It is not so much the system of corruption which he condemns as its exclusive administration by Walpole. Conscious of the need of a definite programme, he endeavoured to find a policy in the patriot king. He held, and perhaps held honestly, that a despotic sovereign, who defied the law, was a lesser evil than a despotic minister, who corrupted the forms of the Constitution. His ideal was a king who had English not Hanoverian interests at heart, a patriot who was not the puppet of a corrupt servant, but a ruler free to select as his ministers the ablest men of the day, and rallying to his support all the wisest and most moderate of his subjects. Bolingbroke, however, was more skilful in the coinage of political catchwords than in the conduct of political campaigns. As a tactician his super-subtlety of intrigue embarrassed the Opposition. It was not till after 1735, when Bolingbroke had returned to France, that the phrase of the patriot king was translated into a definite and practical policy. In the hands of Lyttelton, Pitt, and the Grenvilles—the 'boys' who, themselves uncorrupted, condemned the venality of Walpole's home administration and the undignified pettiness of his foreign policy—the idea became a formidable weapon. But the Opposition were unfortunate in the hero whom they endowed with the ideal virtues of their patriot ruler. The Prince of Wales has long been stripped of the trappings in which a political party decorated a worthless Heir Apparent. Frederick imitated the vices without practising the few virtues of his father. He was not only unfaithful but cruel to his wife, a hypocrite, a gambler, and

and a man whom his own mother called 'the most hardened of liars, the greatest ass, the greatest *canaille*, and the greatest beast in the whole world.'

The demoralization of society had reached its climax. The Hanoverian Court inspired no loyalty; a hand-to-mouth administration of management and corruption kindled no fire of patriotism; an Opposition, without common political principles, excited no warmth of party-feeling. While politics grew purely utilitarian, religion became prudential, and philosophy empirical. Faith withered in the freezing atmosphere of cold appeals to reason, and its spiritual powers were numbed by the chilling Latitudinarianism of the Georgian era. Thought lost its capacity of rising above the low-lying level of common life, when the fashionable philosophy taught contentment with the mundane pleasures and pains of an existence respecting which no certain knowledge was attainable. Dishonesty was as rampant on 'Change as corruption was at Whitehall. Men gambled in South Sea Stock more recklessly than they staked on the throw of dice; the frauds of the Charitable Corporation, of the York Building Company, and of the Trustees for the Sale of Forfeited Estates, made the name of a Director stink in the nostrils of the public. The old-world virtues, which thrived in country districts and in the privacy of domestic life, seemed extinct in the publicity of the town among the pushing crowd of politicians, men and women of fashion, or City speculators. Society openly confessed the meanness and laxity of its moral code; the romance had fled which gave picturesqueness to the Carnival of the 'Merry Monarch,' and scarcely a trace lingered of the gay *insouciance* which threw a glamour over the profligacy of the reign of Anne. Vice ceased to pay its usual homage to virtue. Men thought it no shame to profess one set of opinions and practise or hold another, to be cynically regardless of principles when opposed to interests, to treat truth and falsehood as conventional distinctions, to regulate conduct not by convictions but by the convenience of the moment. The upper ranks of society in Hanoverian England not only ignored but repudiated their connection with higher things. They did not even affect to conceal their worldly indifference to means, the material utilitarianism of their motives, the creeping soullessness of their aspirations.

This progressive deterioration of the moral standard may be clearly traced in the writings of Pope, although the manner is altered in which the poet indicates in his verse the changes which were taking place in society. The lowered standard is marked not by imitation or correspondence, but by contrast, protest, and rebuke. Pope ceases to follow the lead of fashion:

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he stands aside and contemplates life with the eye of the satirist. The alteration is due partly to his temporary withdrawal from the world while engaged on his Homeric translation, partly to his friendships with men who belonged to the generation which was passing away, partly to his pre-occupation with his own personal quarrels. Had Pope continued to live in the midst of London society, or had he not secured his independence, it is possible that he would have insensibly adapted himself to the changing conditions of England. But from 1713 to 1720 he lived apart, concentrating his mind and attention upon the mechanical drudgery of translating Homer.

‘What can you expect,’ he writes to Jervas on July 28th, 1714, ‘from a man who has not talked these five days? who is withdrawing his thoughts as far as he can from all the present world, its customs, and its manners, to be fully possessed and absorbed in the past. When people talk of going to church, I think of sacrifices and libations; when I see the parson, I address him as Chryses, priest of Apollo; and instead of the Lord’s Prayer, I begin—

“God of the silver bow,” &c.

While you in the world are concerned about the Protestant succession, I consider only how Menelaus may recover Helen, and the Trojan war be put to a speedy conclusion.’

In 1720, the last volume of the translation was published. The conclusion of the task made Pope a rich man. His independence was secured. In the face of every disadvantage of health, education, training, and religion, he had won an unique position by his own genius, combined with patience and unflagging industry. He owed his acknowledged supremacy, not to political services or court patronage, but to literature alone; he was the first man of letters who made himself a power in the country, and he was legitimately proud of his pre-eminence as well as of the means by which it was achieved. He had fought his way to the front as no purely literary man had ever done before, and it was no vulgar reward of genius that at his house assembled all the most conspicuous men of the day. Henceforward the maintenance and aggrandizement of his literary fame was the first object of his life. The tricks and stratagems which he employed for this purpose are wholly inexcusable, but in palliation of his conduct his judges ought not to forget the difficulties which he had surmounted, the courageous tenacity of purpose which he displayed, the physical defects which precluded him from any other career of ambition, and the brutal personalities with which he was assailed by his coarse-grained rivals.

It was to a new world that Pope returned from Greece in
1720.

1720. Of his old friends and associates, some were disgraced, others exiled, others dead. Harley and Prior had suffered imprisonment. Arbuthnot had lost his post as the royal physician. Bolingbroke was in exile. Parnell, whose sprightly, casual temperament, changeful moods, sensibility, and quick but shallow mind, betrayed his nationality, who had been a member of the Scribblers' Club, and who had rendered Pope valuable assistance in the scholarship of his Homeric translation, was dead. 'Well-natured' Garth, the author of the 'Dispensary,' died in 1719. Prior, whose gay and graceful verse breathes the very spirit of the age of Anne, and whose poetry, strangely enough, possessed a singular charm for John Wesley, died in the year after the publication of the last volume of Homer. Few of Pope's early friends remained to enjoy with him his well-earned repose at Twickenham. Yet what a company was there assembled! The little black man, who quotes the classics with a scholar's relish and a courtly grace, is Atterbury. The plump man, just 5 ft. 8½ in. high, not very neatly dressed in a black gown with pudding sleeves, is Swift. Here too is Gay, indolent, irresolute, unobtrusive, fond of fine clothes and good eating, to the last a child, and never a man, of genius. Here too is Arbuthnot, the learned, witty, humorous, large-hearted doctor, whose only fault was his slouching gait, and who could do everything but walk. Here too is Peterborough, a well-shaped, thin man with a brisk look, the Lord Cochrane of the eighteenth century, and 'the ramblingest, most lying rogue on earth.' When Atterbury was exiled in 1722, Bolingbroke returned from France and became Pope's guide, philosopher, and friend. His ascendancy over the poet was extraordinary. Pope idolised him, spoke of him as 'the strayed denizen of another world,' and imagined that a comet which had recently appeared might be 'come to take him home as a coach comes to one's door for other visitors.' The affection was reciprocal. There was much that was theatrical in Bolingbroke's character; but the emotion which he displayed at the death of Pope was genuine. 'I have known him these thirty years,' he said; 'and value myself more for that man's love than—' and here he broke down, and his voice was lost in his tears. '*Dis-moi que tu hantes et je te dirai que tu es.*' Tried by such a test, Pope's character, in spite of many faults, stands high in the opinion of his contemporaries. Yet all the men whom we have mentioned belonged to a generation older than himself. In 1735 four out of the six had passed away. Swift and Bolingbroke alone remained, and the Dean was rarely in England, while Bolingbroke, disappointed with the failure of his political schemes,

schemes, and loaded with debt, had returned to France. Warburton was Pope's only intimate friend among the literary representatives of the younger generation.

The translation of Homer, and the companionship of men who, like himself, felt the lower temperature of the social atmosphere, prevented Pope from throwing himself into the changed society with the same zest with which he had plunged into London life in the reign of Anne. Another cause, which contributed to hold him aloof from the Hanoverian world, was the extent and variety of his personal quarrels, and the jealous anxiety with which he strove to maintain his position of literary pre-eminence. Pope's condescension to petty artifice, and his more than feminine spite, present his character in a most unpleasant light. There is no doubt that he lied and equivocated in order to secure a favourable reception for his writings, or to create the impression that he published his letters under pressure, and there is no doubt also that he tampered with the originals in order to exalt his own qualities of head and heart at the expense of his friends. But too much, as well as too little, may be made of his stratagems, especially when the defects of his early education and the low standard of contemporary morality are fairly considered. There is something so childish, or rather so monkeyish, in his tricks, something so disproportionate between the end and the means, that it is impossible for most persons to rise to the height of Mr. Elwin's moral indignation, even if in many cases the motive was not as much a sheer love of mischief as vindictiveness or vanity. No doubt, also, Pope's malevolence often passed in its ferocity beyond the bounds of all decorum; and if he sometimes cuts with a polished razor, he also hacks and hews with an oyster-knife. But it would be unjust to forget the personal character of the provocation that he received, and the effect which coarse attacks necessarily produced on a vain, irritable man of feeble health and of highly nervous and acutely sensitive organization. Tormented by an unfortunate temper, consumed by the passion for literary fame which was the one object of his existence, he was slandered, lampooned, and caricatured as 'Satan's crooked rib,' as a hump-backed dwarf, branded, 'like Cain, by God's own hand,' fashioned by Nature 'for the Jesuit's gossip trade.' Mean and despicable as were his attacks upon his literary enemies, they were not unworthy of his assailants, and were only degrading to himself.

It was under the influence of Bolingbroke that Pope left the field of private and personal conflict to throw himself into the political strife of the times. Formerly, both from temperament and

and from interest, he had stood aloof from parties. He had striven to win the applause of more than 'half the nation,' and men of all shades of political feeling subscribed to his *Homer*. His own temper led him to 'scorn narrow souls of all parties'; he was precluded from State employment on account of his religion; and his tastes were averse to political bigotry. Thus he is true to his ideal self when he professes entire impartiality. But in reality he became the keenest of partisans. He was irresistibly attracted by the sounding phrases of his guide, philosopher, and friend. Like the Opposition, his hopes were centred in the revival of the past rather than the continuance of the present. He revelled in the congenial atmosphere of plots and intrigues of which his villa at Twickenham became the centre. He enjoyed the court which the Opposition paid him as the first contemporary man of letters. He was flattered by the attentions of the Prince of Wales, into whom the anti-Ministerialists hoped to instil some taste for literature and art, and the preference of English to Hanoverian interests.

His eager protestations of integrity and impartiality in the course which he pursued were, as we think, genuine. Yet his satire is deeply coloured by personal feeling. From the time when he fell under the influence of Bolingbroke, he became the keenest of partisans. It is true that he transferred the hostility which terminated the Opposition against Walpole from the man to the system. But it is only the discontented Whigs who are lashed, and only the Ministerialists who are praised. It is on party grounds that he sneers at the 'booby Lord' Grimston, as he praises 'disdainful' Cornbury for his supposed rejection of a pension, Lyttelton for his support of the Opposition, or Argyle for his desertion of Walpole.

'An attentive reader of the Epilogue,' says Mr. Courthope, speaking of the piece originally entitled 'Seventeen Hundred and Thirty-Eight,' 'will see that with the exception of Henry Pelham, no contemporary Whig is complimented and no Bishop praised, unless he is either in some way associated with the party of the Prince of Wales, or, for the moment at least, dissociated from the Court. The object of the satire is evidently to paint the corruption of the times in the darkest colours, and to impute the entire responsibility to the Government. The King, the late Queen, and the Court party in the House of Lords, are all bitterly satirized, though in terms of such skilful ambiguity as always to admit of a more favourable interpretation. Irony, so conspicuous a feature in the "Epistle to Augustus," is here carried to a climax of subtlety and polish. Walpole is aimed at repeatedly in veiled allusions. His "horse-laugh, if you please at honesty," his cynical opinion of mankind, his resemblance to wicked Ministers like Wolsey and Sejanus, the universal corruption en-
courage

couraged by his system, and painted by the poet in the glowing image of the Triumph of Vico, are duly exposed for the public censure.'

The same spirit of keen partisanship dictates almost all Pope's illustrations. When he writes of the 'Use of Riches,' it is their abuse by the monied interest that he has before his eyes, and the individuals whom he arraigns are associated with those fraudulent dealings into which Walpole had refused an enquiry. His judgment of his contemporaries shifts with their attitude towards the Court. A deserter from the party of Walpole receives the applause of the poet even though his private character was infamous; lukewarmness in support of the Prince of Wales receives punishment in verse. It is this personal and partisan element in his satire, which makes the reader distrust with some reason the entire sincerity of such lines as those from the 'Epilogue to the Satires,' which contain his apology for the use of satire:—

'O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but heaven-directed hands denied,
The muse may give thee, but the gods must guide;
Reverent I touch thee, but with honest zeal,
To rouse the watchman of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall.'

Yet in a character so prone to self-deception, Pope's partisanship does not convict him of conscious insincerity. In a colder temperament, the inconsistency might prove him a hypocrite. But Pope was ardent, romantic, capable of true and generous emotion. Curiously allied with the artificiality and want of simplicity, both in pathos and natural description, which characterize the century, are passages in his Homeric translation that prove his power to realize the martial ardour of the heroes of the ancient world, and to enter into the romantic adventurous spirit by which the 'Iliad' is animated. He was personally uncorrupted, for he had the independence to refuse the pension which was offered him by Secretary Craggs. He keenly felt, as we have already said, the vivid contrast which his own ideal of thought and imagination presented to the reality of the times in which he lived. And although at times his conscience pricked him with a sense of his own shortcomings, his own defective self-knowledge and inordinate self-love enabled him to identify himself with the purity of the ancient world, to associate the vices of the day with the corruption of the Government,

Government, and to join in the attacks of the Opposition with all the ardour of a crusade and all the enthusiasm of a holy war. It is thus that Pope's satiric writings are charged with a genuine passion, which breaks out in such splendid passages as the invective against Vice, or the spirited vindication of his own poetic method:—

‘ So proud, I am no slave ;
So impudent, I am myself no knave ;
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud ; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me ;
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touched and shamed by ridicule alone.’

Lines such as these have the ring of truth ; and though Pope's moral indignation was strangely inconsistent with his own practice, it is the expression of a feeling that is sincerely felt. Shifty, treacherous, intriguing as he was in all that concerned himself, he yet was animated by an impassioned eagerness and an ardent patriotism which preluded the principles of Chatham's glorious administration.

Pope's jealousy, vindictiveness, and dishonesty in all that concerned his literary pretensions, as well as the bitter partisanship which animated his political verse, contradict his claim to the absolute integrity of the satirist who is inspired by the loftiest moral indignation. But they are not incompatible with sincere feeling or genuine enthusiasm. It is impossible to disguise the laxity of his moral code, to minimise his irritable vanity, to gloss over his passion for subterfuge, or to conceal the personal rancour with which he pursued his literary rivals or his political opponents. He assailed the Dennises, Cibbers, Welstedes, Lady Marys, Curlls, and Tibbalds, because they presumed to criticize his writings or dispute his supremacy, with an outrageous malignity which no amount of provocation could wholly justify. In his savage attacks upon courtiers and hirelings, like Harvey, Yonge, Bubb Dodington, Grimston, Ralph, Arnall, or Gildon, he is restrained by no sense of decency or decorum. But it must always be remembered that there was another side to his strangely composite character. Pope was a dutiful and tender son, a staunch friend, an appreciative critic, and a generous benefactor. Mr. Courthope truly says:—

‘ In almost every scene of Pope's eventful history we see a conflict of strangely opposing qualities. A consciousness of genius and a passionate desire for distinction were joined in him with a painful ever-present sense of the ridicule attaching to his physical infirmities. A powerful mind, subtly appreciative of the finest beauties of form,

was

was lodged in a sickly and misshapen body. Romantic sensibility and a large benevolence accompanied a satiric temper and a deadly vindictiveness against those who crossed his interests or mortified his vanity. These elementary tendencies received an impulse and direction from a peculiarly secluded education, which accustomed his mind to the use of equivocation, as the legitimate weapon of the weak against the powerful. Insatiable desire of praise or vengeance drove him into many actions of the paltriest dishonesty. Nevertheless, while he was pursuing his own ends by illegitimate means, it often happened that a certain warmth and largeness of heart engaged him in deeds of the most genuine benevolence. Hence, as Lord Chesterfield says: "Pope was as great an instance as any he quotes of the contrarieties and inconsistencies of human nature; for notwithstanding the malignancy of his satires, and some blameable passages of his life, he was charitable to his power, active to do good offices, and piously attentive to an old bed-ridden mother, who died but a little time before him." It is not wonderful that, of those who attempt to find the key to such a character in a single principle, some should seek to paint him as the honest man he professed, and probably believed, himself to be, while others should depict him, in the style of his enemies, as an unmitigated hypocrite.

His parents were homely, unpretending people of humble birth. We may laugh at the bad taste which prompted their son, who had raised himself by precocious talents to the society of men of superior position to himself, to invent for them an aristocratic pedigree; but he allowed no false shame to interfere with the tenderness of his filial affection. His unaffected grief at his father's death breaks through the crust of artificiality, and the letter in which he announces the event to the Blounts is touching from the artless brevity of its simplicity. His mother lived to enjoy his fame and his fortune, and to be his constant companion at Twickenham. In spite of his own feeble health he nursed her with unremitting care through long and trying illnesses, and the monument which he raised to her memory perpetuated one of the most pleasing traits in his own life and character. The same affectionate disposition was revealed in his grateful love for 'the tender second to a mother's cares,' his nurse, Mary Beach, in whose memory he placed the tablet which still exists in Twickenham Church. His petty meanesses have often been insisted upon, but he also knew how to be magnanimous. He had good reason to resent the conduct of Teresa Blount; yet while the discontinuance of his visits to her house in Bolton Street showed that his self-respect was deeply wounded by the injury, he was generous enough to persist in his purpose of relieving her by a pension from the pressure of poverty. He was vindictive towards those who

crossed his path; he was equally ardent in his championship of those whom he believed to be wronged. He espoused the cause of Mrs. Weston with a zeal which gives the animation and warmth of sincere emotion to the poem on 'The Unfortunate Lady.' He sneers at the poverty of his literary rivals in a manner which enlists our sympathies with the objects of his invectives. Yet his own charities were numerous. He allotted an annual sum to Deane, his old schoolmaster at Marylebone; he also pensioned Mrs. Cope, was active in procuring her additional means of support from his friends, and defrayed the expenses of her last illness in France. He loved, as Lady Bolingbroke said of him, 'to play the politician over cabbages and turnips,' and often for paltry and personal ends. But his diplomacy was exercised in a good cause, when, in gratitude for the sound advice which Southcote had given him many years before, he used his influence with Walpole to obtain from Fleury the gift of an abbey in France for his old friend and former tutor. He was a keen and unscrupulous rival towards his literary contemporaries. He was also an appreciative critic and a generous patron of struggling men of letters. He introduced Gay to the notice of Swift, supported Savage, aided Dodsley by his interest and his purse, and exerted himself to obtain for Samuel Johnson a start in the world of literature. He was a staunch friend. He deserted neither Oxford in disgrace nor Bolingbroke in exile. Among the crowd of celebrated persons who met at his villa at Twickenham were all the men who were worth knowing during the period. It speaks volumes as well for the finer qualities of his heart, as for the position which genius had won for him in the literary, artistic, political, and social world, that he should have assembled under his roof Gay, Swift, Hooke, Glover, Arbuthnot, Thomson, Kneller, Jervas, Cobham, Bathurst, Fortescue, Lyttelton, Peterborough, Chesterfield, Marchmont, Mansfield, Bolingbroke. To have won the love or esteem of men like these, Pope could not have been either the infamous creature of Macaulay's political bias, or the contemptible schemer of Mr. Elwin's laborious research. The truth seems to be that Pope's character was cast in the feminine rather than the masculine mould. His faults, like his virtues, were those of a woman. At this distance of time the charm which fascinated his contemporaries has vanished, but the spite and pettiness are more durably recorded. The ideal has perished, and only the shortcomings are preserved. The good qualities of his heart were developed; but the greater qualities were stunted or overgrown. His affection, tenderness, generosity, romantic enthusiasm, ardent temperament, tenderness of heart,

are

are forgotten, while his vanity, his vindictiveness, his subterfuge, his malignity, his irritability, are remembered. How loving and lovable was the disposition of Pope is, as we think, proved by those lines on his own death to which Swift's mingled pathos and bitterness give both the glow of passion and the unmistakable stamp of truth :—

‘ Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day,
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen and drop a tear,
The rest will give a shrug and cry,
’Tis pity, but we all must die!’

In concluding his ‘*Life of Pope*,’ Mr. Courthope has evidently completed a labour of love. Yet, both in fulness of detail and in impartiality, the work is incomparably the best biography which has yet appeared. Though the life and works of the poet will still continue to be the battle-ground of students of English literature, no combatant can regard himself as adequately equipped for the contest who has not studied the suggestive criticism both of Pope’s poetry and character which is contained in the concluding volume of this monumental edition. Without ignoring the defects or exaggerating the excellences of Pope as a writer, Mr. Courthope has been eminently successful in assigning to him his true position among English poets. And with regard to Pope as a man, he has created that mingled feeling in which contempt struggles with admiration, and both are dominated by pity, which is the just attitude to preserve towards one whose fine natural qualities were stunted or distorted by his own peculiar circumstances, and by the unfortunate conditions of his social surroundings.

- ART. II.—1. *Documents historiques relatifs à la Principauté de Monaco depuis le quinzième siècle.* Recueillis et publiés par ordre de S. A. S. le Prince Charles III., par Gustave Saige. Tome I. Monaco: Imprimerie du Gouvernement. 1888.
2. *Honoré II. et le Palais de Monaco.* Par G. Saige. Monaco, 1883.
3. *Les Beaux-Arts au Palais de Monaco avant la Révolution.* Par G. Saige. Monaco, 1884.
4. *Le Protectorat Espagnol à Monaco, ses Origines et les Causes de sa Rupture.* Par G. Saige. Monaco, 1885.

MONACO is the Lilliput among the independent principalities of Europe. Its area is under nine square miles; the number of its native-born inhabitants does not exceed three thousand. Judged by its size alone, the Principality of Monaco might be pronounced insignificant. Yet a tiny Principality may have as many attractions as a huge one, just as a dwarf may excite as much curiosity as a giant. The small Powers of the world often confound and surpass the great. The little Republics of Greece and Italy have produced men and works which cannot be matched in so vast an Empire as that of Russia, and so vast a Republic as that of the United States of North America. It is not unprecedented, then, that the Principality of Monaco, despite its apparent unimportance, should have played a conspicuous part in the world's affairs. Its situation is its glory; its weakness has been its strength. Rival and powerful neighbours have competed for its favours, and it has always been able to present a bold front to any aggressor when it was under the protection of Spain, France, or Italy.

Very little is known about the peopling of the rock upon which the city of Monaco stands. We may apply to this case the words used by Milton at the opening of his fragment of English History: 'Not only the beginning of nations, but the deeds also of many succeeding ages, yea, periods of ages, are either wholly unknown, or obscured and blemished by fables.' There is a tradition to the effect that, far back in the night of time, Hercules founded Monaco; another version runs that a temple was raised to him there. As is common when no other plausible explanation is at hand, the Phœnicians are credited with having founded Monaco, and raised a temple to Hercules. It is more probable that the first occupants of the rock were Saracens, who used it as a vantage-ground from which to sally forth and make captures at sea or along the shore. Situated on what used to be the highway by land, and commanding the

course

course of sailing ships between France and Italy, the fortified rock constituting the chief feature in the Principality of Monaco was formerly well adapted to enable its master to levy toll upon the passers-by.

While the traditions relating to the earliest inhabitants of Monaco, and to the various forms of the old Pagan worship celebrated there, are many in number, confusing in character, and often contradictory, there is one which every native of the Principality devoutly believes, and would regret if it were shown to be a pure fable or a story having little foundation in fact. The subject of it is a young Christian martyr who is regarded as the good genius and patron saint of Monaco. Though the story of Saint Dévôte may be largely fictitious, yet it is one which has been accepted as true during many centuries by thousands of devout men and women. Saint Dévôte was a young maiden who lived in Corsica towards the end of the second century, when Diocletian and Maximian were joint Emperors of Rome. She is said to have been a Christian from her birth, and a professing Christian all her life. When called upon to sacrifice to the gods of Rome, she refused, saying that, as she daily served and worshipped the true God with a pure heart, she would not bow down to images of wax or stone. She was put to the torture and died in agony. When she drew her last breath, a dove flew out of her mouth and ascended to heaven. The Governor of Corsica ordered that her remains should be burnt. Two Christian priests resolved to avert this fate; they embalmed the corpse, placed it in a boat, and set sail for Africa. A strong wind drove the boat in an opposite direction; when land was in sight, another dove issued from Saint Dévôte's mouth, and rested in the valley of Gaumates, which is between the rock upon which the city of Monaco stands and the promontory upon which the suburb of Monte Carlo has been built, and here the body of Saint Dévôte was buried, and a church has been erected which bears her name.

Many narrators of the rise and progress of the Principality have been uncritical and credulous, repeating with a faith which is supposed to be characteristic of the earliest and darkest ages all the tales that piety and patriotism may have invented and transmitted to our day. The true story of Monaco is interesting enough, and legendary additions or perversions of fact do not render it more romantic and marvellous.

The Grimaldi family, from which the rulers over Monaco have sprung, is ancient and distinguished. Several foolish statements are current about the origin of the Grimaldis. The authority for these fables is Charles de Vénasque, secretary to
Honoré II.,

Honoré II., the first ruler who assumed the title of Prince of Monaco after it had been ascribed to him, probably through error, in the official report of the French general who, in 1646, recaptured the Lerins islands. Charles de Vénasque drew up a pedigree of the family to which his master belonged, and he may have thought that Honoré II. would be gratified by being assured that he had a distinguished ancestor living in 712, and another who was Lord of Monaco in the tenth century. These particulars have been printed, and have been reproduced as authentic. Indeed, a genealogical fiction has a tenacious life. A long and illustrious pedigree is a possession which once acquired is not easily renounced, every member of the family to which it relates having a personal interest and natural pride in cherishing it. Thus when M. Henri Métivier—who was tutor, we believe, to the late Prince of Monaco—wrote the large and able work on ‘Monaco and its Princes,’ which appeared in 1865, he incorporated into it the family fables which Charles de Vénasque fabricated or copied in 1647.

The facts relating to the origin of the Grimaldis and to their careers as sovereign Princes of Monaco do not require any colouring or varnish, either to attract the student of history, or to fascinate the reader who likes to be diverted or thrilled. There is no lack of amusing particulars in the history of Monaco; some of the incidents in it are as tragic as any with which Shakspeare has dealt. Charles III., the late Prince of Monaco, was the first of his family who had taken an intelligent interest in the history of the Principality, and he sanctioned the publication of the actual story of what had occurred there. The most interesting and important facts are contained in the archives which have accumulated in the Palace at Monaco during five centuries. The late Prince resolved to give these documents to the world, and the first volume, containing an instalment of them, appeared recently, with an elaborate introduction by the editor, M. Saige.

In 1881, the Prince appointed M. Gustave Saige to be Keeper of the Archives in his Palace, and entrusted him with the responsible and difficult task of collecting and classifying them. M. Saige had discharged a similar duty in France at the request of Napoleon III. Moreover, he is the author of many works dealing with what we may term the archæology of history, the most important of them being a history of the Jews in Languedoc. After having entered upon his duties at Monaco and made himself acquainted with the literary treasures which are preserved and which had remained neglected in the Palace, M. Saige produced three small works, the titles of which are given

given at the head of this article, each of which is an important contribution to historical literature ; but, as all have been printed for private circulation only, the information contained in them is not known to the reading public. Thus the most valuable printed volumes about Monaco have been nearly as inaccessible sources of information as the unpublished manuscripts. Even the historical documents which have now been made public are not light or easy reading. Some are couched in a form of Latin which would have puzzled Cicero ; others in a form of Italian which Macchiavelli might have pronounced incomprehensible. A few laborious and well-informed students may decipher these documents, but many readers will thank M. Saige for having written an introduction elucidating the texts which follow it.

Several years will elapse before the printing of the archives in the Palace of Monaco can be completed. Many volumes will be required to contain all the papers. Their general value cannot be over-estimated. While the documents relating to Monaco exclusively are important to the historian, these form but a part of the treasure of manuscripts which will be included in the printed volumes. The Princes of Monaco were allied by marriage with two great historic French families, the families of the Duke of Mazarin and of Jacques de Matignon, who was a Marshal of France. A complete collection of charters from the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, relating to the county of Rethel, has been preserved in the family of the Dukes of Mazarin, and in addition to these there are many curious and unpublished papers concerning Cardinal Mazarin. The papers belonging to the Matignon family range from the reign of Francis I. to that of Louis XIV., and number upwards of 25,000. Among them are more than 180 letters of Henry IV., written by him when he was King of Navarre, and more than 160 written after he was acclaimed King of France. Others than great French monarchs have contributed to this collection, which, owing to its variety and completeness, may be styled priceless ; among them are Louvois and Colbert, Montaigne and Saint-Simon. In addition to the letters, there are many seals which have a value second only to them, one seal being that of Joinville, which is probably unique.

It is unnecessary to dwell at greater length or in greater detail upon the literary treasures which have been preserved in the Palace at Monaco, and which will hereafter be brought within the reach of those who acquire the volumes wherein they are printed. When these documents have been given to the world, the addition to historical material will not fall far short

short in general interest of that which has been made by the publication of the records of this country. Most interesting to English readers are the many references to our own history which are to be met with in the unpublished documents, and of which we purpose giving examples. English kings, queens, and princes corresponded with the rulers of Monaco. The Duke of York, brother of George III., died in their Palace while on a visit to the Principality. These are matters to which we shall advert, after setting forth the most noteworthy facts in the early history of the Grimaldi family.

M. Saige, in the sketch of authentic particulars which he has prefixed to the first volume of 'The Archives,' begins his story at the middle of the fourteenth century, when Charles Grimaldi was recognized as Lord of Monaco. The Grimaldis have retained their connexion with Monaco for four centuries and a half, though there have been periods during which their rule has been disputed or interrupted. The family is of Genoese origin, and Grimaldo Grimaldi, who filled the office of Consul at Genoa in 1160, was its acknowledged founder. This Grimaldi was frequently entrusted with important missions by the Republic of Genoa. He went as its ambassador to Morocco, to the Emperor Frederick, and to the Court of Constantinople. In 1170 he was appointed Admiral of a fleet sent against the Pisans. His son Obert, who commanded the fleet of the Crusaders, died at the capture of Damietta in 1219, leaving a son, Francis, who became one of the chiefs of the Guelph party, Fieschi being another. The families of Doria and Spinola were equally conspicuous and honoured among the Ghibellines. The rivalry between these two parties was as keen and unscrupulous in Genoa as in Florence. Our own Puritans and Cavaliers, Jacobites and Hanoverians, did not hate each other more bitterly, or strive more assiduously to compass each other's downfall, than did the Guelphs and the Ghibellines of Genoa hate, intrigue, and fight against each other. The Ghibellines defeated the Guelphs in 1270, and the survivors among the vanquished sought safety in flight, some going to Nice, others establishing themselves on the rock of Monaco. Members of the Grimaldi family were conspicuous among those who took refuge in Monaco, who strengthened its fortifications, and who sallied forth from it at the head of expeditions against Genoa.

The Guelphs, who converted Monaco into a place of arms, do not appear to have been over-scrupulous in waging war. They captured and plundered any vessel which passed near the rock whereon they dwelt, and their lives and conduct bore a close

close resemblance to those of the buccaneers on the Spanish Main. Their audacity and success made them dreaded, and the time came when the Ghibellines, who had acquired temporary supremacy over Genoa, deemed it prudent to conciliate their opponents. In virtue of a treaty signed on the 10th of April, 1301, it was agreed that Monaco was to be handed over to King Charles of Anjou for four months, during which period the Pope was to act as arbiter in settling the terms of a definitive treaty of peace.

When the treaty was signed, the rock of Monaco reverted to Genoa; and then Nicholas Spinola, one of the leaders of the Ghibellines, succeeded in obtaining possession, not only of Monaco, but also of many towns and estates along this part of the Riviera. While many of the exiled Guelphs had returned to Genoa as soon as they were permitted to re-enter it, others refused to do so, and Francis Grimaldi, one of their leaders, took up his abode in Nice. There he laid his plans for obtaining possession of the rock of Monaco, and he succeeded in his object by stratagem, driving out the Ghibellines, and establishing himself in the castle. He was dispossessed in his turn, and King Robert, Count of Provence, became master of the castle, and of the other buildings upon the rock. The lordship over them was acquired from him by Charles Grimaldi, who also bought Spinola's rights to the buildings on the rock and on the coast for 12,000 florins in gold. This cession was accomplished in 1338, and then Charles Grimaldi became the acknowledged Lord of Monaco.

Though Lord of Monaco, his sympathy with the Guelphs and hatred of the Ghibellines continued to be keen, and Charles planned an attack upon Genoa with a view to restore his party to power. Thirty galleys were equipped, and a force of 10,000 men was collected with this object. The Genoese were filled with consternation when they heard of the preparations which were being made by a man whose power had grown formidable, and who had no scruples where his self-interest was concerned; who exercised domination over a rock which Ubertus Folietta described at this period as being a refuge for criminals, and a nest of pirates who were wont to prey upon the commerce of the Mediterranean and to ravage the coast of Liguria. The Republic of Genoa was in financial straits, and it was with a view to raise money by pledging its credit that the Bank of St. George was then established; a bank which, along with that of Venice, was long numbered among the most prosperous in Europe, and which, like that of Venice, was despoiled and ruined by the rapacious French generals whose armies gained victories in the

name

name of Liberty and Fraternity over the feeble Republics of Venice and Genoa.

Whether the vigorous measures of the Genoese to resist the projected attack of Charles Grimaldi caused him to abandon his enterprise, or whether another inducement led him to join his forces with those of Philip VI. of France to resist the onslaught of Edward III. of England, cannot be determined; but the fact is incontestable, that the Lord of Monaco, accompanied by Anthony Doria, turned his face towards the coast of France in command of 72 galleys carrying 15,000 cross-bowmen, and played a leading and forlorn part at the battle of Crécy on the 26th of August, 1346. Froissart narrates how the French king ordered the Genoese bowmen to begin the battle; how they objected on the ground that they were weary and footsore, having marched six leagues to the field of action; how they were reproached with being faint-hearted in the hour of need, and how they began the fray in order to display their courage. Three times they advanced towards the English lines, leaping and shouting with a view to abash their foes before discharging their bolts, but without causing the Englishmen to waver. After the Genoese had done their worst, the English archers advanced a pace, let fly their arrows in such numbers that the appearance as they fell was that of a shower of snow, and such havoc was made in the ranks of the Genoese, that those who were not smitten turned and fled, whereupon the French king ordered his men-at-arms to charge and slay them, the shower of English arrows never ceasing till few remained unwounded or alive. Both Grimaldi and Doria were among the wounded, and the day proved as sad a one for them and their force as it did for the leaders and soldiers of the French army. Charles Grimaldi and the survivors among his followers afterwards strove to defend Calais against the English, but without success. The next occasion that a ruler of Monaco fought against the English was at the battle of Fontenoy, nearly four centuries later, when the Monaco regiment distinguished itself, and the Prince who commanded it was severely wounded.

Charles, the Lord of Monaco, who is styled Charles the Great in the annals of his house, was more fortunate in proximity to the Mediterranean than near the coast of the Atlantic. Three years after the return of his fleet to Monaco, he was requested by Pope Clement VI. to take part in a crusade against the Moors in Spain, and he joined his forces to those of Genoa in an expedition which enabled the King of Aragon to defeat the Moors and re-establish his authority. Charles was as energetic in maintaining his own rights as in helping others to uphold theirs.

theirs. It has not been determined with precision when the toll which the rulers over Monaco levied upon passing ships was first established, and which they continued to exact till near the end of the eighteenth century. The probability is, that owners or captains of the trading vessels which, in the earlier days, hugged the shore and thus had to pass within a short distance of Monaco, consented to pay a fixed sum in order to escape seizure by pirates, and that the Lords of Monaco not only allowed them to go free on making the payment, but kept the seas clear of piratical vessels, and of those in particular which were manned by the Saracens who were the scourges of the sea and coast.

Charles Grimaldi was not satisfied with being master of a barren rock, of which it was said, in rude Italian lines, which may be freely rendered into English as follows :—

‘ Upon a rock hath Monaco
Her lofty seat ;
The people neither reap nor sow
And yet will eat.’

His desire was to obtain possession of as much land as possible along the shore where the fertile soil would nourish and the hot sun ripen olives and oranges, grapes and lemons. He gradually acquired by purchase many strong castles and much valuable territory, paying for the whole the sum of 22,000 florins in gold. In 1355 he became the Lord not only over Monaco, but also over Roccabruna, Mentone, and Ventimiglia. He displayed great tact in dealing with his subjects, conferring upon them liberties and franchises which were accounted so equitable and which were so highly prized, that a century later, after the inhabitants of Monaco had experienced many vicissitudes, they considered it a great triumph to regain the liberties and franchises which he had granted to them.

The power of Charles declined much more rapidly than it had grown. In common with other rulers in those days and for many years later, he lost the sceptre at the moment when it appeared to be most firmly grasped. When Italy and France were subdivided into many petty States, scarcely a year elapsed without marked changes taking place among the governors and the governed, no assurance prevailing as to peace being maintained. The feuds were as great and as arbitrary as those between the tribes of North American Indians when they formed the majority on the Continent of America. The petty Republics of Italy and the small States in France and Germany were as ready as any tribe of wild Indians to wage war
against

against their neighbours when they were in want of food or excitement. Hence it was that, when the leaders of the Genoese were wearied of inaction, they sought variety in despoiling the Lord of Monaco of his newly-acquired possessions. They sent an army to drive the forces of Charles from the territories of Ventimiglia, Mentone, and Roccabruna, and when this was accomplished they despatched a fleet to blockade the Port of Monaco. The provisions were soon consumed and all the water was drunk by the garrison, no reservoir then existing, such as was afterwards formed, to contain a supply of water for two years. At the end of a month the fortress capitulated, Charles Grimaldi receiving 20,000 florins in gold for surrendering the coveted place. The capitulation occurred on the 15th of August, 1357; Charles died a few weeks afterwards, and it is doubtful, indeed, whether he actually consented to the terms, or whether they were not accepted on his behalf by his son and successor Rainier.

Rainier Grimaldi did not regain possession of Monaco till many years after his father's death. The Genoese kept strict watch and ward over it; yet their vigilance was circumvented by Jean Grimaldi, Baron of Beuil, who belonged to a branch of the Grimaldi family, and who filled the office of Lieutenant-General of Provence. By corrupting the garrison, he had the gates thrown open, and he entered the fortress without striking a blow. His brother Louis and he thirsted for fresh conquests, and they attacked Ventimiglia with the result of being taken prisoners by the Genoese. Then Marshal Boucicault, who had restored order in Genoa, resolved upon re-conquering Monaco. He was an energetic and capable warrior of great piety, as he was not happy unless he heard mass twice daily, while he was chargeable with the eccentricity or bad taste of hating women. After the Marshal's victory, Rainier exercised the lordship over Monaco, where he died in 1407. During his occupation of the coveted stronghold he had the gratification of entertaining Pope Benedict XIII. on his way to Avignon.

During the half-century after Rainier's death, one Lord of Monaco succeeded another, while the rock which had been the subject of so much strife passed for a time out of the dominion of the Grimaldis. Nothing especially new or interesting occurred till 1505, when Jean II. was assassinated by his brother Lucien and supplanted by him. Lucien's defence was that he suspected his brother of intending to cede Monaco to the Venetians, and that he stabbed him to death in order to frustrate this wicked design. The murderer placed himself under the protection of Charles, Duke of Savoy, who granted him

him an indult, prohibiting any enquiries as to the crime with which he was charged. Lucien had to defend Monaco against the Genoese; but, having the good fortune to be aided by the Duke of Savoy and Louis XII. of France, he not only withstood a five months' siege, but he had the satisfaction of seeing the besiegers retire in order to defend Genoa, which Louis attacked.

Lucien paid a visit to Louis XII., at Milan, who thanked him for his services to France, and kept him a prisoner for fifteen months. Suspecting that Louis had designs upon Monaco, he communicated his apprehensions of treachery to his brother Augustin, Bishop of Grasse. The latter hastened to Monaco, and had the gates shut and the fortress put in a condition to repel attack shortly before the French troops appeared and were refused admittance. Louis tried to convince Lucien of the utility of a French garrison in Monaco, and, failing in argument, he sent Lucien in custody to the Castle of Roquette. Worn out by his imprisonment, Lucien signed a document authorizing the admission of a French garrison into Monaco, and undertaking to be loyal to the King of France under the penalty of the forfeiture of his possessions. Lucien was a cautious and far-seeing man; besides, he had been taught a lesson which he could not easily forget. Before going to the Court of King Louis XII., at Paris, in response to an invitation which was equivalent to a command, he made a declaration before Jacques Nitardi, a notary of Nice, on the 14th of August, 1510, to the effect that whatever he might sign after that date to the detriment of the independence of Monaco would be null and void. Contrary to his anticipation, he was not called upon to make any surrender of his rights or claims; indeed he was surprised to receive an undertaking from Louis to make good any expenses which had been incurred owing to the defence of Monaco, and an acknowledgment that Lucien Grimaldi, as Lord over it, had no other superior than God. Thus Lucien, who had gained his position by murdering his brother, and who had maintained it against the Genoese, his hereditary foes, and Louis XII., his professed friend, returned to Monaco in the hope of ending his life there in well-earned repose.

Lucien had a nephew, Bartholomew Doria, who did not consider that his uncle ought to enjoy a long and happy existence. Andria Doria, an elder cousin of Bartholomew, who had collected a fleet which he placed at the service of him who paid the highest price, and who was at sea what the free lances of the period were on land, had regarded Monaco with hungry eyes, and was desirous of becoming master of such a stronghold.

In

In concert with his younger cousin he planned an attack ; but whether the assassination of Lucien was a part of the scheme cannot now be determined. That the pair acted in concert is indisputable ; that both had the same end in view is probable, but neither may have intended to help the other to attain it at all hazards. Indeed, both could not become Lords of Monaco, and each was envious of that powerful position. The success of the elder cousin could not be ensured except by force, and Doria approached the rock with several galleys in the expectation that he might secure the object of his ambition. Bartholomew, the younger cousin, was debarred from the hope of succeeding to the lordship over Monaco by the existence of his uncle Lucien in the first place, and by the existence of Lucien's sons in the second. He formulated a grievance to the effect that his uncle Lucien, as trustee for his father's estate, was dilatory in paying the share which was due to him. If Lucien had treated his nephew in the way alleged, his conduct was open to censure ; yet it scarcely sufficed to justify the slaying of Lucien, and the contemplated drowning of Lucien's young wife and little children.

On the morning of Saturday, the 22nd of August, 1523, Bartholomew Doria landed at Monaco and was warmly received by his uncle, who, though he had murdered his own brother, was a pious man, and, being about to hear mass, asked his nephew to accompany him. Bartholomew refused on the ground that he had heard mass already. After Lucien's return from church, dinner was served. Bartholomew appeared to have no appetite and to be distracted. One of his uncle's young children was brought in to divert him ; but his agitation increased, and he asked to be allowed to wash his hands, because, as an eye-witness supposed, they were so soiled with premeditated treason as to be unworthy to touch an innocent child.

When dinner was over, Bartholomew asked his uncle to give him some letters of introduction to the French Court to which he was bound, and his uncle went to his study in order to write them. Meanwhile, a message was brought to the effect that four galleys belonging to Andria Doria were off the harbour, and Bartholomew persuaded his uncle to write an order permitting them to enter the port. When Lucien's attendants had departed with this order, Bartholomew and such of his followers as had accompanied him fell upon Lucien and stabbed him till he died, the wounds inflicted being forty-four in all, and thirty of them were admitted to be mortal.

The news of what had taken place spread rapidly, and the townspeople hastened towards the castle and threatened the murderers with their vengeance. During a moment of silence

Bartholomew

Bartholomew addressed the angry multitude, telling them that he had acted under the orders and for the sake of Maria, the Lady of Veriol, who had a better claim than Lucien to rule over Monaco; but they would not accept this explanation, nor did they wish to have any other ruler over them in the place of Lucien than his brother Augustin, Bishop of Grasse, who was entitled to act as regent for Lucien's son. The corpse of Lucien was then exhibited, as there were some who doubted about his death. Being afraid of losing his life if the people began to attack himself and his few followers, Bartholomew offered to give up the castle to them and depart from Monaco, if suffered to do so unmolested. His proposition was accepted, and he proceeded in the direction of Turbia, openly lamenting that he had omitted to kill his uncle's wife and cast his little children into the sea.

Augustin, Bishop of Grasse, now became Lord of Monaco, Roccabruna, and Mentone, and guardian of his brother's children. His first thought was to avenge his brother's death, applying for aid with that object in view to the Emperor Charles V. and to Francis I. of France: Both issued orders for the arrest and imprisonment of Bartholomew, if he were found within their dominions. Before Augustin could act as a temporal ruler he required permission from the Pope. The Papal chair was then occupied by Clement VII., who, when Cardinal de Medici, had made Augustin's acquaintance at the Lateran Council in 1517. All difficulty in the way of Augustin ruling over Monaco was removed by a Bull of Clement's, dated the 11th of the kalends of March, 1523, in which the Lord of Monaco was recognized as not bearing allegiance to any temporal superior, and in which Augustin was dispensed from such of his ecclesiastical obligations as might interfere with the new office which he occupied.

While all the rulers over Monaco have been tenacious of their independence, they have seldom objected to maintain it under the wing of a protector, and they have generally found the protectors for whom they sought in Spain, France, and Italy. Augustin Grimaldi solicited the protection of the Emperor Charles V. It is probable that his brother Lucien had a like desire, and was anxious to have no further association with France. The overtures made by Augustin were favourably entertained, and Leonard Grimaldi, his cousin, was despatched to Burgos to complete the arrangements. He arrived there at the end of May 1525, and he settled matters so rapidly with the Chancellor Mercurino de Gattinara that a treaty was signed on the 7th of June.

When

When Augustin read the first article of the treaty, he declined to ratify it, declaring that a grievous blunder had been made. The obnoxious article provided that the Lord of Monaco was to acknowledge himself the liegeman of the Emperor, that he undertook to swear fealty to his superior, and that Monaco was to be converted into a fief of the Empire. This was equivalent to an express renunciation of Monaco's independence, and there is nothing upon which the rulers of Monaco have set greater store than upon their freedom from the control of a master. From first to last, this small Principality has acted as if it belonged to what was accounted during the Middle Ages as the aristocracy among States. A poor peer may be less enviable than a rich one, yet a peer is not a commoner, and independent States, however small, are naturally proud of their privileges and most anxious to preserve them. Again and again before Augustin negociated with Charles V., the rulers of Monaco acted in the belief that they had no earthly superiors. In 1421 a treaty of navigation was concluded between Florence and Monaco on the understanding that both were free contracting parties; a year later an alliance was concluded between Ambrose, then Lord of Monaco, and the King of Naples. In 1501, Louis XII. of France acknowledged the independence of Monaco, and ten years later he expressly recognized that the Lord of Monaco derived his position 'from God and his sword.' Lucien I. affirmed that he exercised authority 'by the grace of God and his sword;' and when Raphael Rostan visited him as an envoy from Marseilles to protest against the tolls which he had imposed upon the Marseilles shipping, Lucien haughtily informed the envoy: 'I am not bound to France, to Genoa, or to any other Power, not even to Spain; I am ready to show friendship to any one who desires it; but if my aid is not invoked, I shall stay at home.'

These being the recognized principles and practice of the Grimaldis, it is obvious that Augustin Grimaldi would not readily submit to do homage to Charles V. Nor was that humiliation imposed upon him. He despatched a plenipotentiary, Pierre Colle, who, unlike Augustin's cousin Leonard, was learned in the canon and civil law, and who put Augustin's case so forcibly, that Charles V. admitted the propriety of what was advanced, and agreed to sign a declaration recognizing and correcting the mistakes in the treaty. This declaration was to the effect that Monaco was 'independent;' its ruler was named in it Charles's 'friend and ally.' A Convention modifying the treaty signed at Burgos on the 7th of June, 1524, was signed at Tordesillas on the 5th of November in that year.

year. Among other stipulations was one to the effect that, in the event of the Emperor becoming master of Paris, the nephews of Augustin should have two seats in the Parliament there, or else one in that Parliament and one in the Parliament of Toulouse.

The Convention solemnly executed at Tordesillas averted for the moment all the dangers which Augustin dreaded, yet the clauses in the treaty which the declaration rendered inoperative were the cause of much controversy many years afterwards. The declaration had disappeared; the treaty was remembered. There was a disputed succession, and the Marquis Grimaldi of Cagnes, basing his claim upon the treaty, called in question the right of Honoré III. to rule. He failed in his contention, even though the principal document could not be produced. Monsieur Saige recently found the original parchment, to which the great seal of the Emperor is appended by threads of gold.

Two months after Charles V. had become the protector of Monaco the battle of Pavia was fought, and Francis I. was taken prisoner and carried to Madrid, staying at Monaco on the way, a place over which he had laboured to obtain the Protectorate which was now exercised by the Emperor. Four years later Charles V. visited Monaco and stayed three days there as the guest of the Lord Bishop, and during his stay he consented to further modifications in the treaty of Burgos. There is a tradition that, after a grand entertainment in the Castle, the Emperor went on a balcony to show himself to the crowd of enthusiastic Monégasques which had assembled. 'I greet you, people of Monaco!' was the exclamation which he is said to have uttered; and he is supposed to have added, 'I create you all nobles.' This is the explanation of the current statement about Monaco having had an order of nobility.

Augustin Grimaldi died suddenly on the 14th of April, 1532. To what extent his design to avenge his brother's death was actually carried out is a moot point. He has been charged with having adopted high-handed measures to slay Bartholomew Doria, the murderer; but that he really compassed his death has not been proved. All that can be stated is that Bartholomew disappeared. There is no doubt that Augustin Grimaldi was a very astute man. That he was guilty of foul play towards his nephew is the more improbable when we consider Talleyrand's saying: 'Did a clever, wise man ever need to commit crimes? Those are the means employed by political fools.' It was rumoured that Augustin was poisoned, but this assertion has never been authenticated. Less tragic, but more curious, is another episode which occurred during Augustin's period of

rule. In common with his forerunners he laid great store upon the independence of Monaco, yet he negotiated its sale to the Republic of Genoa, and agreed to the terms which were offered. We might be justified in concluding from this fact that the independence of the rock was prized by some of its Lords because it increased its value, just as a slave-dealer preserves the chastity of his female slaves in order to enhance their price.

Augustin desired to be a ruler of a part of the coast after divesting himself of authority over Monaco. The conditions of the bargain were that, on surrendering Monaco, he was to receive 250,000 ducats, irrespective of the value of the stores and munitions of war, and that the Republic of Genoa was to grant him in return the sovereignty over Ventimiglia. He had acquired, as he thought, the lordship over Saint Agnes, a small stronghold in the mountains dominating Roccabruna and Gorbio, and he fancied that, as the ruler of Ventimiglia and the adjoining territory, he would be a greater personage than the Lord of Monaco. The inhabitants of Saint Agnes refused to receive him as their Lord; he restored the fief to the Duke of Savoy, and this was the end of the negotiations, Augustin dying as Lord Bishop of Monaco, and his nephew Honoré I. succeeding him. After Honoré became ruler, Charles V. appointed Francisco de Valençuela to be Resident at Monaco, this being the first time a diplomatic representative had been accredited to the Lord of Monaco.

The protectorate of a great Power over a small one nearly always ends in a manner similar to that of a lion over a lamb: the greater Power becomes master in the end just as a lamb finds its euthanasia in the belly of the lion. The only chance of the small State is to change its protector in time, just as the lamb's life may possibly be prolonged should two lions fight for the privilege of devouring it, and should it escape while they are so occupied.

Happily for Monaco as an independent Principality, the Spanish Protectorate over it, which began in 1524, was exchanged for a French Protectorate in 1641. The changes that had been wrought in the interval were not many. Perhaps the most noteworthy, while Augustin was the guardian of Honoré I., was the construction of the great cistern to hold water sufficient for two years' supply. The most tragic was the assassination of Hercules Grimaldi by his subjects, on the alleged ground that he had dishonoured many of their wives and daughters. The French had tried to gain possession of the rock, and were on the point of succeeding when, as is related by over-credulous chroniclers, Saint Dévôte appeared and put the assailants to flight.

flight. It is indubitable that the Spaniards had rendered themselves obnoxious to the ruler and people of Monaco, disregarding pledges and conventions, and treating the place as their own. Not less intolerable was the failure of the Spaniards to make the payments which had been agreed upon when the Protectorate of Spain was established. Francis I. had been jealous of Charles V., and tried to circumvent him when Augustin Grimaldi was negotiating. The jealousy of France had not slumbered. The importance of exercising control over Monaco had grown more apparent. In one of the secret archives preserved in the Palace at Monaco there is the following phrase, which fitly and fully represents the view taken by those who coveted it: 'Monaco may be called the key of Genoa, and the port of Provence.'

Honoré II. chafed under the Spanish yoke. The stipulations in the treaty of Burgos, and the subsequent conventions, were wholly disregarded by Spain; the Lord of Monaco was treated as a vassal, being made to pay for the maintenance of the Spanish garrison, and never receiving any of the subsidies to which he was entitled. As we have stated already, he was the first ruler who took the title of Prince, all the official documents which he issued being preceded with the phrase, 'Honoratus princeps et dominus Monæci.' His new title was recognized, and his successors continued to use it.

As the result of secret negotiations between Richelieu and Prince Honoré II., the details of which show that the great desire of the Prince was to escape from subjection to Spain, a treaty was concluded at Peronne, in 1641, between him and Louis XIII. A contemporary printed copy of that document is now before us, and we shall make a few extracts from it, showing the nature of the more important clauses.

Louis, King of France and Navarre, states at the outset that it is well known that he employs his arms with the main object of defending, aiding, and protecting Princes, States, and peoples who are oppressed or ill-treated, and that his 'dear and well-beloved cousin, the Prince of Monaco,' being in that category, had offered some time before to place himself, his family, and his Principality, under his protection, and, to show his confidence in Louis' justice and honourable dealing, had agreed to accept a French garrison in Monaco instead of a Spanish one. After this preamble, it is set forth that the Spaniards, having almost dispossessed the Prince of his sovereignty over the place and fortunes of Monaco, the King has hearkened to the Prince's request to employ the power which God has given him 'to aid neighbouring Princes to preserve theirs.'

The treaty of Peronne, which was signed by an agent of Richelieu on the 14th of September, 1641, was ratified by Louis XIII. at St. Germain on the 11th of January, 1643. A Convention had been concluded as far back as 1636 between an agent empowered by Richelieu and the Prince of Monaco, but it seems that the execution of the definitive treaty was postponed till after the expulsion of the Spanish garrison from Monaco, and to expel the Spaniards was no light task.

Within two months after the signing of the treaty at Peronne, Honoré II. carried into effect the plan which he had long and carefully prepared, and he succeeded in his object after a hand-to-hand fight, in which eight Spaniards were killed and seventy wounded. Five days later the French garrison entered Monaco amid the rejoicings of the people. The Spanish Protectorate lasted a century and a quarter. At its termination a few Spanish soldiers, who had married and become the fathers of families, elected to make Monaco their new home, and they remained behind when their comrades departed. The marks of Spanish blood in the population of the city are clearly visible at the present day.

When Augustin Grimaldi entered into a treaty with Charles V., he was deprived of all his honours and possessions in France, and he received others from the Emperor by way of compensation. Honoré II. now lost all the possessions and honours which he and his predecessors had enjoyed within the dominion of the Spanish crown, and he naturally looked for compensation at the hands of Louis XIII. Nor did he look in vain. The conditions on this head in the treaty of Peronne were amply fulfilled. When Honoré visited Louis in the camp before Perpignan which he was besieging, the King received him with great cordiality, presenting to him the Collar of the Order of St. Michael, and the Collar of the Order of the Holy Ghost, which he had worn, saying as he did so, 'My cousin, I do not treat you in the common way; I dispense with the usual ceremonies, as you are an exception, and I do this on account of your merit, which I wish to honour, and in order to manifest my inclination, of which I trust that you will feel fully assured. Remember, moreover, that the King of Spain has never conferred the Order of the Golden Fleece in France in the same manner as I now confer upon you the Order of the Holy Ghost in Spain.' The King honoured and gratified the Prince with substantial as well as titular distinctions, the Duchy of Valentinois being one of them, the result being that, by accepting the Protectorate of France and renouncing that of Spain, the Prince was a gainer. Quite as noteworthy as the dignities and
possessions

possessions which Honoré received from France was the right to coin money bearing his effigy and arms, which was to be current in France as well as in Monaco. The Prince of Monaco's effigy and arms now figure on gold pieces worth twenty and one hundred francs each; yet, though identical in other respects with French coins of the like value, they are not legal tenders in France.

Impressed with the gravity of the change in his relations to Spain, and wishing the chief Powers of Europe to sanction what had occurred, Honoré II. issued a manifesto to them, explaining and defending his conduct, which he submitted 'to the impartial judgment of the world,' and which was formally approved by the Congress at Münster in 1648. We have already stated that Honoré II. was the first Lord of Monaco who was generally recognized as 'Prince.' Charles V. had created Augustin Grimaldi a prince, but the title does not seem to have been commonly used in his day. Honoré went farther, and intimated that he was to be entitled Serene Highness instead of Excellency; his ambition in this respect did not meet with any rebuff, and he was formally styled, as each of his successors has been since then, 'His Serene Highness the Prince of Monaco.'

Charles, the first Lord of Monaco, was one of the vanquished at Crécy; it is noteworthy that Honoré, who was the ruler who raised Monaco to a higher position than it had ever occupied, was called upon when the Royal authority was in abeyance in England to aid the proscribed King Charles II. against Cromwell.

The fleet under the command of Prince Rupert remained faithful to the Royal cause after the execution of Charles I. and the triumph of the Parliament. But another fleet was soon created, and Robert Blake was appointed to the supreme command of it, with the title of 'General of the Sea;' Charles, the heir to the throne of England, was then at Edinburgh, where he had been proclaimed King of Scotland, and had assented to the Solemn League and Covenant as a preliminary to being crowned at Scone. While Charles was dwelling among his Scottish subjects, and being instructed as to his religious duties, Blake was striving to capture the fleet under the command of Rupert. It was blockaded for six months in Kinsale harbour; after running the blockade, it reached the Tagus, whither Blake followed it. After various attempts to escape, Rupert's fleet was attacked and destroyed, with the exception of two ships, in the harbour of Malaga, the Parliament according Blake a vote of thanks for his victory. He had the further reward of being appointed Warden of the Cinque Ports.

James,

James, Duke of York, was in Paris while his elder brother was planning a scheme of campaign in Edinburgh, and James was anxious to make what arrangements he could in order that the fleet commanded by Rupert should escape the vigilance and vengeance of Blake. He thought that a place of refuge for it might be found in the harbour and under the guns of Monaco. With the object of interesting Honoré II. in his design, he despatched his private secretary to him, addressing a letter to the Prince at the same time. This letter, which is in the Duke's handwriting, is preserved among the secret archives of Monaco. No account of the negotiations is extant, so far as we know; but we infer from the course of events that Prince Honoré did not render the service which was requested of him.

Nineteen years after the Duke of York made an appeal to the Prince of Monaco on behalf of his brother King Charles, the Prince and the King were at variance on account of the payment of what were styled the dues of Monaco. This is the first dispute of the kind concerning an English ship of which there is any record, yet it is the second in which English merchants were concerned on the one side and a Grimaldi on the other. In 1305, Edward I. of England complained to Philip IV. of France about the injury done to English commerce by Rainier Grimaldi, the brother of Francis, who vainly struggled to become the acknowledged Lord of Monaco, and the father of Charles Grimaldi, who succeeded in rising to that position. Rainier held the rank of Admiral in the French service; his likeness may be seen in the great hall at Versailles, which contains the portraits of French admirals. Philip's reply was in the nature of a counter-charge, and it was agreed that a mixed commission should be appointed to consider the respective claims for damage preferred by English and French merchants. In Sir John Burrough's work, published in 1651, and entitled '*The Sovereignty of the British Seas*,' the case of the English merchants, as placed before the Commissioners, is translated from the old Norman French, and the passage relating to Rainier Grimaldi is to the effect that 'he wrongfully assumed the office of the admiraltie in the said sea of England, by the commission of the King of France, and used the same one year, and more, taking the people and merchants of the kingdome of England, and of other places passing through the sea with their goods, and delivered the people, so taken to the prison of the said King of France in the ports of the said kingdome, as to him forfeited, and accrewing.' The result of the Commission's inquiries is unknown; but it may be inferred that the persons aggrieved did not receive redress,

redress, as Rainier Grimaldi was neither reprimanded nor punished.

While Rainier Grimaldi may have been chargeable with piracy, his successors, who were Lords of Monaco, thought themselves perfectly justified in levying dues upon passing vessels. They had no other way of raising a revenue. In the Middle Ages the stranger had to pay for the privilege of traversing a foreign State; it was quite as reasonable that the Lords of Monaco should levy a toll on passing vessels. Even in our day the traveller throughout the sparsely settled parts of the Canadian or American North-West has to pay toll for using a convenient ford over a river by the owner of the land on both sides, and the Lords of Monaco considered the sea near their rock as a part of their possessions. The Genoese on the one side, the inhabitants of Nice on the other, frequently yet vainly protested against what they considered an exaction. After a time this toll was regarded as a matter of course, and the agent appointed by the Prince of Monaco to receive it at Marseilles did not find any difficulty in collecting it.

Honoré II. had farmed out the right to levy dues on shipping which passed close to, or which entered the port of, his Principality, when John Finch, the English Consul at Pisa, complained to him of the capture of an English vessel by a Monaco brigantine for non-payment of dues. The Prince replied that he could do no more than request the farmers of the dues to be as lenient as possible in their demands. This did not satisfy John Finch, who wrote a letter in reply protesting against the right of the Prince to exact dues from English ships, and expressing the hope that the vessel would be released. Charles II. of England was not disposed to enter into a dispute with a Prince like Honoré of Monaco, who was under the protection of the King of France, to whom Charles was under great obligations; the result being that the dues had to be paid before the release of the vessel. Writing from Nice in 1764, Smollett states that French and English vessels were then absolved from paying dues to the Prince of Monaco, on the ground that both Powers had obtained this privilege by a single payment of a large amount. There is no trace in our Foreign Office of any arrangement with a Prince of Monaco to this effect, and it is possible that the French and English vessels simply declined to pay toll. In any case, the dues of Monaco were not levied after the close of the eighteenth century.

Louis I., grandson and successor of Honoré, had another success in relation to Charles II. When a young man, Louis had shown great courage and audacity as a volunteer on board

De Ruyter's

De Ruyter's fleet at the battle of the Texel. Later, he displayed as great boldness in his love affairs, leaving his wife and following the Duchess of Mazarin to London and disputing her favours with Charles II.; and when the latter in a fit of jealousy withdrew the pension of four thousand pounds which he had settled upon the Duchess, the former settled upon her a pension of the like amount. After returning to Monaco, he busied himself with administrative reform, and he also drew up a code of laws in which the punishment of adulterers ranged from two years at the galleys to death. This Prince acted as ambassador at Rome for Louis XIV., and displayed an amount of pomp which excited the admiration of the Romans and impoverished his subjects.

Prince Louis continued on amicable terms with our royal family, and he strongly sympathized with what befel them at the Revolution in 1688. A letter from Mary of Modena, the wife of James II., written at St. Germain on the 23rd of February, 1689, shows that Prince Louis had condoled with her, and also what her own feelings were at the time. The Queen wrote in French; the following is a translation of her letter:—

‘MY COUSIN,—Your letter has enabled me to understand that the same feelings of zeal and affection which you have always manifested for whatever affects me, have now caused you to sympathize both in the losses which we have had, owing to the late revolutions in England, and also in our good fortune in having safely escaped from such a terrible outbreak. I confess that my joy in seeing the King, my master, and the little Prince of Wales in safety, almost makes me forget the rest of what has happened; but I hope that the Divine Mercy will soon be extended to those who suffer for its sake, and that the same justice will not long suffer such enormous crimes to remain unpunished. As regards other matters, I shall be very glad to see you in these parts, as you lead me to think by your letter I may do, for the company of friends like you is not one of the least consolations which may be enjoyed at present by, my cousin, your affectionate cousin, MARIA R.’

The correspondence between the deposed royal family of England at St. Germain and the Prince of Monaco appears to have been actively kept up. Upon the death of James II. in 1701, his widow thus writes to Anthony, Prince of Monaco, the son and successor of Louis; again we translate from the French original:—

‘MY COUSIN,—I have received the letter which you wrote to me concerning the death of the King, my master and very dear husband; my great grief does not hinder me from feeling keenly the sympathy which

which you display in so gratifying a way, and I beg that you will believe that I am, with sentiments of marked esteem, my cousin, your affectionate cousin, MARIA R.'

The son of James II., whom we know as the old Pretender, but who was regarded at Monaco as James III., wrote to the Prince as follows: his letter, like all the correspondence between the English Court and its members which is preserved among the archives in the Palace at Monaco, being in French:—

'MY COUSIN,—We have received that which you wrote to us concerning the death of the King, my father; we are greatly indebted to you for the feeling way in which you unite with our great sorrow, and we assure you that we shall reciprocate all these testimonies of your friendship by every token which we can give of our own. We pray God, then, my cousin, that He will have you in His holy and safe keeping. Given at St. Germain en Laye, the 14th of November, 1701. Your affectionate cousin, JACQUES.'

Honoré III. was brought into as close association with the House of Brunswick as his predecessors had been with the House of Stuart. He began his career by fighting against the English at Fontenoy, being in command there of a regiment which he raised in Monaco and placed at the disposal of his protector and ally, Louis XV. He fought in other battles also, and he was promoted to a high rank in the French army for his gallantry. After peace was signed, he returned to his principality, where he led a quiet life, varied by visits to Paris.

While he was in his palace on the 3rd of September, 1767, the news was brought to him of the arrival of a vessel bearing the Royal Standard of England and having on board the Duke of York, brother of George III. The Duke had been seized with illness while voyaging from Marseilles to Genoa, and he now sought hospitality from the Prince of Monaco. This was instantly and lavishly accorded to him, one of the finest rooms in the Palace being placed at his disposal, and everything being done that could be devised to restore him to health. All was in vain, and, after lingering for eleven days, the Duke died. The beautiful room in which he breathed his last is called, and is now shown to visitors as, 'the York Room.'

By the law of Monaco at that time, the goods of an alien dying in the principality were forfeited to the Prince, a similar law then prevailing in other and larger States. Immediately after the Duke's death the Mayor of the Tower at Monaco applied to

to the Prince for instructions with regard to the property of the deceased, and he received from the Prince a decree to the effect that, owing to the 'respect and veneration which he entertained and would always entertain for the King of England,' the Prince would on this occasion, which was personally afflicting to himself, renounce all claim to the property of the deceased.

A frigate was despatched from England to bring back the remains, and the King signed and sent the following letter to the Prince from St. James's on the 21st of October, 1767 :—

'MY COUSIN,—When I heard the sad news of the death of my very dear brother, the Duke of York, I was told at the same time how assiduous were your efforts to do whatever might tend to restore him to health or lighten his sufferings; the attachment which you have shown for one who is so closely related to me has inspired me with the keenest sentiments of esteem and gratitude towards you. I pray God that He have you in His holy keeping and grant you every kind of happiness. I am very truly, my cousin, your good cousin, GEORGE R.'

We have seen how Louis I. went to London as a rival to Charles II. in the affections of the Duchess of Mazarin; he was the first Prince of Monaco who visited the English Court during the reign of the Stuarts. Honoré III. was the first who visited England as an honoured guest after the Revolution of 1688, his object being to thank George III. in person for the present of six hunters, and the purpose of the King in receiving him as a guest being to repeat his thanks orally for the Prince's kindness to the Duke of York. With the exception of a few references in Horace Walpole's letters, there are not many contemporary notices of this visit. Writing to Sir Horace Mann on the 31st of March, 1768, Walpole says: 'I must finish, for Lord Hertford is this moment come in, and insists on my dining with the Prince of Monaco, who is come over to thank the King for the presents His Majesty sent him on his kindness and attention to the late Duke of York.'

An account of the Prince's visit, which lasted two months, was written by his secretary; it is preserved among the Monaco archives, and has been reproduced in the appendix to the second volume of Métiévier's '*Monaco and its Princes*.' We shall translate the more noteworthy passages in this account. No inkling is given of the Prince's impressions of England and the English, nor is there any reference to the agitation about Wilkes, which was then at its height, and which gave great concern to the representatives of foreign potentates, the Austrian ambassador complaining, but without receiving redress, of having had his carriage stopped, and having been
compelled

compelled by the mob to shout for 'Wilkes and Liberty.' It is possible that the Prince of Monaco may have had some experience of the same kind; but his secretary confines himself to noting, with the keenness and care of the minister of an Indian Prince, how many cannon were fired in his honour, and states with undisguised satisfaction that he was welcomed with twenty-one discharges from great guns, which, he adds, 'is a royal salute.' He also states that, when leaving the 'Bellona' at Portsmouth, the Prince was not only saluted with cannon, but the yards were manned and three cheers were given by the sailors in his honour, which, as the secretary explains, 'is another sort of salute and honour used at sea.'

Prince Honoré was not only shown all the sights at Portsmouth, but he was taken by Lord Granby, the Commander-in-Chief, and General Conway, one of the Secretaries of State, to Greenwich and Woolwich in a finely decorated barge; they sailed down 'the beautiful river Thames, passing through a forest of vessels and merchantmen at anchor on either side, the whole forming a striking spectacle.' The Prince admired Greenwich Hospital and was charmed with the gardens. At Woolwich he was greatly struck with the vast store of munitions of war, with the mountains of cannon-balls and bomb-shells. Royal salutes were fired as he embarked and disembarked. In the evening he was entertained at Lord Granby's country seat on the Thames, the dinner being 'splendid and excellently served, and the wines being many, exquisite, and rare.' The writer of this account omits to record that the Prince visited Newmarket and Cambridge; was entertained at the Mansion House, where the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland, of Northumberland and Grafton, the Marquess of Granby, and the Earls of Sandwich and Harcourt were invited to meet him; that he attended a review at Wimbledon, and was the guest afterwards of Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill. Before the Prince's departure from this country he had a long private audience, first with the King and next with the Queen, who pressed him to revisit England. The Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland, and the Princess Amelia were all most gracious to him, and, judging from his secretary's narrative, he appears to have thoroughly enjoyed his visit.

The reign of Honoré III. was free from anxieties and trials till towards its close. He had property in France which yielded him such a revenue as enabled him to be generous with regard to his subjects in Monaco. No complaint had been made, nor could any be justly made, against him as a ruler. But when the French Revolution broke out, the Prince of Monaco was
stigmatized

stigmatized by the French as a tyrant, and accused of crimes which he had not committed. He had never injured any one in France; but, being an aristocrat who had large possessions there, this was deemed a sufficient reason for condemning him to death. Though a feeble old man, his advanced age did not inspire respect, nor did innocence serve as any excuse in the eyes of those who, during the dreadful days of the Reign of Terror, took a fiendish delight in keeping the guillotine at work. By an accident, the Prince of Monaco escaped decapitation; but he did not long survive his trial, and he died a natural death on the 12th of March, 1795. His worst enemies could not accuse him of anything more wicked than a liking for doing things on a grand scale.

The wife of Joseph, his second son, was at once a victim and a heroine. She fled from France with her husband, leaving two daughters under the care of trustworthy persons, and she and her husband only followed the example of other emigrants in leaving a country where their lives were in jeopardy. But her heart yearned after her children, and she returned to France, with the result of being arrested and thrown into prison. She was tried and condemned to death; that she was an aristocrat could not be denied, therefore she was held to be a cumberer of the earth. Her life would have been spared if she had persisted in affirming that she expected to become a mother. For the sake of her infant daughters she made the necessary declaration; but she withdrew it, after having gained time to cut off her blond hair with a piece of broken glass, in order that her children might preserve it as a memorial of their mother. In the letter which she wrote avowing this design, she signed herself a 'foreign princess who died owing to the injustice of French judges.' She begged for a little rouge before going to the scaffold, in order that her pallid cheeks might not betray her feelings, and she died at the age of twenty-seven with a composure which did as much honour to her sex as her execution cast discredit upon her judges. If her execution had been postponed for thirty hours, she would have escaped. Four days after her death, which was simply a brutal murder, the guillotine proved itself to be not wholly detestable by cutting off Robespierre's head.

The people of Monaco were not any wiser than the people of France. When the French overturned everything that was old simply because of its antiquity, and decreed that everything was to become new simply because they were anxious to have fresh toys to cherish or destroy, the Monégasques met and agreed, first, that the Palace of their Princes should be plundered; secondly, that

that their Principality should be united to France. The French Republic graciously consented to merge the independent territory of Monaco, which their kings had respected, into the Department of the Maritime Alps. It was easy to make this change; it was as easy to undo it; but the damage caused to the Palace, which was perpetrated with even greater ease, could neither be palliated nor atoned for.

At the beginning of the French Revolution, the Palace at Monaco was a museum of rare and beautiful objects. One Prince after another had employed the first painters of the day to decorate it; had bought the works of the greatest artists to furnish and adorn it; had lavished their private fortunes in order to render the Palace a delight to the eye. One of them, Anthony I., had been obliged to part with some of the silver plate, the production of the unrivalled workmen of Genoa, in order to fortify his capital; but additions which were made by his successors compensated for this loss. Prince Anthony was a man of fine tastes; he wrote verses, and he set them to music; he patronized artists, men of letters and musicians, being an intimate friend of Lulli, who, at his death, bequeathed to him the bâton which he had used as a conductor. When the Prince's correspondence with eminent persons is published, a new light will be thrown upon many things and persons during the eighteenth century.

When Monaco was incorporated with the French Republic, the rulers of France appointed a commissioner to examine and report upon the Palace and its contents. M. Vignaly, whom they entrusted with this duty, was a native of the Principality; he possessed some knowledge of art, being a great admirer of the old Italian Masters; but he cared nothing for the painters of the eighteenth century, many of whose masterpieces were among the ornaments of the Palace. He made a careful examination and an elaborate report, his recommendations being approved and acted upon. Out of the hundreds of valuable paintings, he pronounced sixty-four to be worth retaining. They were stored up; but only seventeen of the number are now in the Palace, the rest having been appropriated by persons who knew their value, and who had no hesitation in carrying away all the portable property upon which they could lay their hands. M. Vignaly estimated the priceless works of art in silver and gold at their value in ounces; bronzes he regarded as rubbish; what he did not like was sold by auction, and thus one of the finest collections of the eighteenth century was scattered over the earth. Many of the choicest works in museums and private houses once formed
part

part of the treasures at Monaco. For a time the Palace was used as a hospital for the wounded after Bonaparte's victories in Italy, and from 1806 to 1814 it was the poor-house of the Department of the Maritime Alps.

In the treaty of peace signed at Paris on the 30th of May, 1814, it was provided that 'the Principality of Monaco should be replaced in the position which it occupied before the 1st of January, 1792.' On the 17th of June, 1814, the municipal representatives of the three communes composing the Principality, met at Monaco, and swore allegiance to Honoré IV. That Prince being unable to govern, owing to bad health, his brother Joseph was appointed regent, and during Joseph's absence from Monaco a detachment of Austrian troops appeared and occupied it; however, this occupation lasted a short time only. The Duke of Valentinois, afterwards Honoré V., claimed the right, which his uncle admitted, to act as regent, and he started for Monaco on the 1st of March, 1815. At Cannes he met Bonaparte, who had landed that day from Elba at the Gulf of St. Juan. On reaching Nice he related what had happened, the result being that the Governor of Nice deemed it prudent to ask Colonel Burke, in command of an English force, to proceed to Monaco and occupy it. In the treaty of peace signed at Paris on the 20th of November, 1815, it was stipulated that 'the relations which were re-established between France and Monaco in 1814 shall cease for ever, and the same relations shall prevail between this Principality and His Majesty the King of Sardinia.' The English occupation of Monaco then ceased.

From the time of Monaco gaining its independence down to the French Revolution in 1848, its domestic history is a record of oppression on the part of the rulers, and of suffering on the part of the people. The Monaco dues were no longer levied; the properties belonging to the Princes in France did not yield the revenues which they used to do; while Honoré V. and Florestan I. had as expensive tastes as any of their predecessors, and could not obtain money wherewith to gratify them except by grinding the faces of their subjects. No wood could be hewn, no oil could be made, no bread could be baked, without the payment of a heavy tax. The dwellers in the communes of Roccabruna and Mentone felt these exactions the most keenly, the inhabitants of the city of Monaco being less affected by them. The result was the revolt of Roccabruna and Mentone, both forming for a short time a small free state. The inhabitants desired annexation to Sardinia. On the 18th of September, 1848, King Charles Albert issued a decree extending his protection over the two communes; but, as the Prince of Monaco

Monaco protested against this as an act of usurpation, they virtually remained free to do as they pleased.

After the war in which France had enabled Italy to regain its independence and to complete its unity was over, the inhabitants of Roccabruna and Mentone were called upon to declare by their votes whether or no they desired annexation to France, and they voted in favour of the change rather than resume their connexion with Monaco. The hereditary Prince, who was afterwards known as Charles III., then protested against what had occurred. A treaty was concluded on the 2nd of February, 1861, according to which the communes of Roccabruna and Mentone were to be acquired by France on condition of a payment of 4,000,000 francs. It must be remembered that if they were sold by Prince Charles, the rulers of Monaco had originally acquired them by purchase: hence the transaction is not unprecedented; moreover, as the inhabitants had voted by an enormous majority for annexation to France, they had no reason to complain of the transfer.

Yet the loss to Monaco was very serious, as the communes of Roccabruna and Mentone had paid the greater proportion of the taxes. It was impossible to re-establish the dues of Monaco; the steam vessels trading between the different points of the Riviera had no occasion to approach the rock on which Monaco stands, while sailing vessels had ceased to hug the shore. The necessity for raising a revenue had given Prince Florestan much concern, and several schemes were considered, when, in 1856, the proposal was made to establish public gaming-tables at Monaco on the model of those which were then open and flourishing in Baden-Baden, Homburg, Wiesbaden, and Spa. A large bathing establishment was a part of the project, the sea-bathing at Monaco being excellent, and it was hoped that those who came to bathe would remain to play. The concession asked for was granted, the company which established the gaming-tables being prepared to pay a large sum for the privilege, and to make an annual payment in addition.

The gaming-tables at Monaco did not prove so attractive and remunerative as had been anticipated. The place was difficult of access, and those who were anxious to risk and prepared to lose their money at play could then do so more readily near the banks of the Rhine.

At first the gaming-room was in a building opposite the Palace; in 1859 it was resolved to build a Casino on what was known as the 'Spélugues,' and what now bears the name of Monte Carlo. While the Casino and a hotel were building, M. Blanc, one of the founders and the director of the Casino

at

at Homburg, bought the concession and a large quantity of land at Monaco, and in 1863 he entered into the arrangement with Prince Charles III., under which the proprietors of the Casino now carry on their business, and have the right to do so for a considerable number of years. M. Blanc had an intimate experience of the business. When he visited Homburg and persuaded the Landgrave to give him a concession to establish gaming-tables, he found the ground at the springs a swamp, and he converted it into the garden which it now is, and he built the Casino which still remains the best-planned and most imposing edifice of the kind which is to be seen anywhere. His ideas with regard to Monaco were as grand and practical as those which he had carried into effect at Homburg. M. Blanc is the creator of Monte Carlo.

Since the establishment of public gaming-tables there has been no question of ways and means at Monaco, the annual payment made by the proprietors of the Casino being sufficient for all purposes of the Government. Indeed, finding he had sufficient funds at his disposal, the Prince made the gratifying announcement in the month of February, 1869, that all taxes were abolished in Monaco. He had found an easier and more certain source of income than the dues upon which his predecessors relied, and for which they had to struggle. None of the natives of the Principality, nor any of the persons who work for their daily bread in the Department of the Maritime Alps, are allowed to enter the gaming-rooms. Thus the strangers who play and lose money maintain the Government of Monaco, and the gaming-tables serve to levy indirect taxes; the new arrangement being the old one in a different form, the present dues of Monaco being voluntarily paid by gamblers, whereas the old ones were paid under compulsion by shipowners.

The shareholders in the company founded by M. Blanc have received large dividends; yet, when the company was formed and appealed to the public for subscriptions, the response was slight. The original capital was fifteen million francs, and not more than a third was subscribed by the public, M. Blanc and his family taking the major portion. It is not true, as is commonly stated, that admission to the gaming-tables is free to all. In Italy or Austria any one may buy a lottery ticket; but at Monte Carlo those only who obtain tickets of admission can enter the rooms, and the Administration has reserved the right to withhold these tickets without assigning any reason.

We have no intention of entering into a discussion as to the ethics of gaming, nor shall we waste time in enquiring whether there

there be any difference in degree between gaming at Monte Carlo and in the clubs of France and other countries where *baccara* is played, or between gaming anywhere and gambling on a Stock Exchange and betting on the Turf. It is enough to say at present that, if gaming be wicked in itself, it is not wickeder at Monte Carlo than at any other place. We are less impressed with the wickedness than with the folly of gaming. The gamester is certain to lose his money, and his folly is its own punishment. Those who honestly desire to exhibit gaming in its most unpleasant aspect should abstain from repeating stories of imaginary suicides at Monte Carlo, and they should set forth the simple and incontrovertible facts.

A *roulette* table or a *trente et quarante* table is a machine for producing a profit under certain conditions, chief of which is the necessity for the play being constant during a stated period. The croupiers and the inspector at each table receive salaries, and no profit can be made by the table till the return has been sufficient to pay them. Thus if the play went on for one hour only, the outlay might be greater than the return. In the same way a stockbroker could not thrive if his clients were so few, and the business which he transacted was so small, that the commissions which he received did not suffice to pay the rent of his offices and the salaries to his clerks. But if the broker's business be large and sound, he must make a large profit out of his commissions. In like manner, when players keep a gaming-table going for a given number of hours, the profit of the table is a certainty. No foul play is required to augment it. Indeed, the perfect fairness of the game at Monte Carlo is ensured by the chance of profit being increased thereby. What the keepers of the tables do is to ensure for themselves a commission upon all the money which passes through their hands, and this commission is so large, that a *roulette* table, when the game is brisk, may be counted upon yielding a profit of 200*l.* in a day. The stakes need not be large; the losses of each player may be small, yet the 'bank' must win largely in the end.

If the 'bank' were able to speak and disposed to give good advice to players, the statement which it might make would be as follows:—

'I am at your service if you wish to play at *roulette* or *trente et quarante*. At the former you must not stake less than five nor more than six thousand francs at a time; at the latter the minimum stake is twenty and the maximum twelve thousand francs. When zero turns up at *roulette*, which it does at irregular intervals, I secure a profit; when a *refait* occurs at *trente et quarante*, as must happen now

and then, I also secure a profit in addition to what I may chance to make in either case during the interval when I pay less to the winners than I receive from the losers. The most favourable condition for any player is not to lose, except when *zero* turns up or a *refait* occurs, and then the player will find at the end of a few hours or a few days that he has seventy-five pounds in his pocket instead of the hundred with which he started. I am always cool and collected; my nerves are made of brass and iron, and I am a passionless machine; the player is frequently flurried and excited; his human nerves are affected by what he calls his ill-luck or his good luck; he is a mortal who has feelings, fancies, and superstitions, and who displays his folly by pitting himself against me. The inevitable result of the contest must be the transference of the money in his pockets into my coffers. And this result is not rendered impossible when the player wins a large amount and carries it away with him; on the contrary, I am confident that he will then prove one of my best customers. The player who has won largely, and has strength of mind to go away, seldom if ever displays his wisdom by staying away. He spends his winnings, and then he thinks that he will return and enrich himself again at my expense. If he won by playing in a particular way, he will play the same game again, even though it may be that such a game is a losing one at the time; believing in his luck and in the goodness of his system, he will go on playing it in the hope of retrieving his losses, and his last end will be empty pockets. There is but one infallible system, and one piece of advice which will cause no regret to those who follow it: never play if you would never lose.'

The wise visitors to Monte Carlo, and their number is not small, are those who feast upon the beauties of the place, who attend the fine concerts, and who never stake a coin in the gaming-rooms. A small English colony has been established there, and few members of it contribute to the profits of the Casino. There is an English hotel; an English banker, who is also Vice-Consul; there are several English physicians; there is an English chemist and an English church. The story of the church, which has not been told in any of the books yet written about Monaco, is a curious one. The Principality of Monaco is the only place in Europe wherein no Protestant service or church is tolerated. The English residents there, and the visitors to it, found the absence of the services of their Church a great deprivation, and they set themselves to find a remedy. Mr. Edward Smith, the English banker and now Vice-Consul, devised a plan which was carried into effect in 1882. This was to acquire a site immediately behind the English quarter and erect a church upon it. Whoever enters the church enters French territory. A year ago the small church had to be doubled in size; and though accom-

modation

modation is provided for upwards of three hundred persons, there is barely room in the height of the season for all who wish to attend service on Sunday. The church has been erected and is maintained by contributions from the English who reside at or who visit Monaco.

At the present day the small Principality of Monaco enjoys greater independence than at any other period in its long and eventful history. Its sovereignty is acknowledged by all the Powers of Europe and America. No protector is now required to shield the Prince from the assaults of envious and powerful neighbours; no foreign garrison in the city now interferes with the absolute authority of the Prince. It is true that the Principality is very small, yet the life of a state is not always proportioned to its size. A large State may be dismembered; a small one may be absorbed, but the risk of dismemberment is even greater than that of absorption, as the powerful State may arrogantly begin the war which leads to its ruin, whereas the small one is always anxious to keep on good terms with its neighbours. Besides, however much a powerful neighbour may covet the small State, the danger of offending another by annexing it is generally too great a risk. Hence the tiny Republics of San Marino and Andorre have survived for centuries, and may outlast revolutions which change the map of Europe. Hence the tiny Principalities of Monaco and Montenegro may count upon immunity from attack or interference.

Both of these Principalities are interesting subjects of study, as both have preserved the form of despotic government which was common enough during the Middle Ages, but which has been superseded by representative government in all the other civilized parts of Europe, Russia alone excepted. In Monaco, as in Russia, the ruler is supreme. Even in Russia there are elected bodies that manage local or parish affairs; but in Monaco voting is unknown. Yet if the Monégasques never vote, they are untaxed, and, what is an exception equally prized, the conscription is unknown among them. A guard of honour consisting of seventy men and a police force of forty men suffice for ceremonial purposes and the maintenance of law and order.

A conclusive proof of the contentment of the Monégasques is the rapid increase in the population of the Principality. It has risen from less than three to upwards of twelve thousand in the course of a very few years. Formerly the inhabitants found it very hard to gain a livelihood; now the proportion of those who are rich is marked, while there are scarcely any paupers. It is true that, as the large increase in the number of houses has

caused a demand for labour and there is a danger of overbuilding, the time may arrive when a check will be put upon the prosperity which is so marked at present. As it is, the natural beauties of the spot have been marred by the builder, and the popularity of Monaco may prove its bane. Hotels and villas now cover areas which used to be adorned with olive, orange, and lemon trees, and those who visit the Principality now cannot form any conception of its natural charms in the earlier and primitive days when the people were much poorer and luxuries were few and costly.

It must be admitted that the Principality is well, if rigidly, governed. The precautions which are taken to preserve the health of the inhabitants are many and praiseworthy. So complete are the sanitary arrangements that, when cholera raged along the Riviera a few years ago, there were no cases in Monaco excepting those of persons who had brought the disease with them. If the authorities learn that a case of fever has occurred in a hotel, they will order the hotel to be closed till all risk of infection is at an end. They are laudably anxious to hinder adulteration. Every barrel of wine coming by sea or land is chemically tested by officials charged with that duty before it can be offered for sale; if tests were applied after the wine had passed into the hands of hotel and restaurant keepers, the supervision would be complete. No pawnbroker is allowed to ply his vocation in the Principality; what the late Sir Arthur Helps styled the sin of great cities has every obstacle thrown in its way, no disorderly house being tolerated in Monaco. In short, gaming is the only vice which has official sanction. Unfortunately, as Burke said in his great speech on 'Economical Reform,' 'Gaming is coeval with human nature. It belongs to us all.' If, then, people will play at *roulette* or *trente et quarante*, and injure their health as well as lose their money by so doing, they are not more blameworthy for playing at Monte Carlo than at other places where gaming is sanctioned. In the club-houses of Paris and other cities in France, and at many French health-resorts, *baccara* is played by day and night. At Monte Carlo there is no play during the night, and there is no cheating.

The late Prince of Monaco expended very large sums in restoring his Palace and repairing the damage wrought at the time of the first French Revolution. Though not containing so many works of art now as formerly, it has again become a museum of beautiful things. A finer situation than that which it occupies is not to be found in Europe, and the master of such a splendid and picturesque abode might justly be styled a favourite

favourite of fortune. The late Prince Charles could not always enjoy the charms of art and nature with which he was surrounded. During the last twenty years of his life he was afflicted with entire loss of sight, a deprivation which he courageously bore, and which did not hinder him from exercising a minute and unremitting supervision over his Principality.

Prince Albert I., the reigning Prince of Monaco, is in some respects a more noteworthy man than his father. He has devoted many years to scientific research, the department of marine zoology being that in which he has laboured with fruitful results. He has also exhibited much ingenuity in solving some of the problems of the Gulf Stream, the Institute of France having recognized the value of his discoveries. Prince Albert is credited with a desire to close the gaming-tables in his Principality. Though a sovereign Prince whose will is law to his subjects, he cannot disregard the monetary obligations which he has inherited. If the Great Powers of Europe engage to pay him a yearly subsidy of not less than two million francs, he will doubtless be as ready as his late father would have been to compensate all concerned, and then to forbid any other form of gaming within his dominions than that which is permitted within those of the French Republic. Whether the Great Powers are prepared to resume paying the dues of Monaco is a question to which the replies may reveal a marked divergence of opinion.

It is indisputable that many of the rulers over Monaco, from its earliest days as a sovereign State down to those in which we live, have been men of note. They have all had difficult parts to play. With few exceptions, the Lords and Princes of Monaco have displayed both tact and patriotism, both courage and wisdom, and they have succeeded, in the face of difficulties apparently insurmountable, in maintaining their independence. When the publication of the 'Archives' is completed, a memorable addition will be made to historical literature. The small Principality of Monaco may then be regarded with greater respect than has yet been shown to it, because the materials have been lacking hitherto for weighing and appreciating its many struggles and triumphs, its chequered and fascinating history.

ART. III.—*William George Ward and the Oxford Movement.*
By Wilfred Ward. London, 1889.

THIS is a charming example of the biographer's art. Happy in the character of its subject, it is equally happy in the skill with which the materials have been handled. Not every son can be trusted to produce a fair delineation of a parent's life, or is able to inspire his readers with confidence in the discrimination or judgment brought by him to the execution of so delicate an undertaking. The habit of admiration, the idealization begotten of affectionate regard, the excusable desire to create an attractive portrait by smoothing away roughnesses and passing lightly over defects, are disturbing influences for which the student of human nature too often finds it necessary to make liberal allowance, if he would know the men of a past generation as they really were, and not as fond memory delights to present them to the public view. But in regard to the volume before us, if it is at first approached with the distrust which experience has taught, we are sure that the feeling will gradually fade away as the reader advances, and before the end is reached will be replaced by its opposite. Not that a page or even a phrase will be met with, the tone of which is inconsistent with the dictates of filial piety; on the contrary, a genuine admiration and pride will be felt to possess the writer's heart, as stroke by stroke his father's portrait grows under his hands. But the whole spirit of the work is one of fearless candour and even-handed justice. There is no trace in it of the narrow partisanship which to exalt one depreciates the rest; none of the controversial animus which strikes unfair blows rather than miss its mark; none even of the timidity that eliminates eccentricities and weaknesses lest they should lower the dignity and impair the harmony of the portraiture. Everything is here, without disguise or reticence, that went to make up the remarkable personality of the subject: the stout, ungainly, moonfaced figure; the boisterous manner and mighty laugh; the curious one-sidedness of the rare intellectual development; the mingled pugnacity and tenderness of the character; the addiction to paradox and banter even on the most solemn subjects; the combination of self-reliant audacity with an amusing frankness of self-depreciation; the unbounded vivacity and love of fun which neither a profound moral earnestness could curb, nor a constitutional tendency to depression could expel: everything is here, in full and honest exhibition, making up a union of qualities which to an acute observer suggested the idea of

Socrates

Socrates and Falstaff rolled together in one. It is this variety, this succession of contrasts, this play of cross-lights, that makes the biography so happy, as we have said, in its subject. It furnishes constant entertainment, and forbids even the graver pages to be dull. The writer had only to yield himself to the guidance of his materials to be led on 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe,' and achieve the distinction of instructing while he pleases, and pleasing while he instructs.

To the narrowed circle of the survivors of the Oxford generation, in the bosom of which arose the movement commonly known as 'Tractarian,' Mr. Ward's volume must be especially interesting. Often as the story of that movement has been told, no such vivid and complete picture has yet been laid before us of the most critical moments of its development, and the influences by which it was hurried on to a premature catastrophe. And not only may the memories of the excitements, the struggles, the amusing episodes of that stirring period be here pleasantly revived, at the distance of half a century, in the minds of those who in their impressible youth were spectators of the drama, and perchance actors in some of its scenes; they will probably discover in these pages explanations of a good deal that was perplexing at the time, and thus be helped to a more connected and intelligent view of the movement as a whole. But not to such veterans alone is the interest of the volume limited. No one to whom the Anglican Church is dear, no one who appreciates its great part in the life of the nation, can regard with indifference the stormy birth in those days of the modern parties which invade its peace with the turmoil of their warfare, if on the other hand they bear witness to its vitality, and preserve its atmosphere from stagnation. For good or for evil, our National Church still bears deeply stamped upon it the impress of the Oxford movement, and he would be a bold pretender to the prophetic gift who would undertake to predict to what issues the impulse then given may possibly lead before its strength shall be spent.

The title chosen by the author for his book suggests its incompleteness as a biography. In fact it deals only with the earlier portion of his father's life, down to the great dislocation caused in it by the secession to Rome, and postpones the account of the ensuing 'Catholic life' to a future occasion. But we certainly have here the most exciting and instructive part of the story. Abundant as Mr. Ward's literary activity was in the service of his new masters, after he had finally turned his back on the Church of his fathers, in acknowledgment of which he received an honorary degree from the late

late Pope shortly after the close of the Vatican Council in 1870, the many years of his career subsequent to his transfer of ecclesiastical allegiance were not comparable for interest with the shorter period of development and conflict which preceded them. The eager and impetuous spirit, to borrow the phrase of his most intimate fellow-convert, Father Oakeley, was henceforth 'tamed and kept in order' by the strong hand of Rome. Indeed, when on reaching the end of the volume now in our possession we recall the dates of the events through which it has conducted us, we can scarcely escape a feeling of surprise at the youthfulness of the protagonist, who before he had completed his thirty-third year had, as Cardinal Newman writes, 'cut into the original movement at an angle,' snatched the direction of it from its hesitating leaders, set the entire religious world of England in a blaze, and provoked his University to launch at his head the fiercest bolt in its armoury—summary degradation from all his degrees. For the knowledge of what his father was in those immature years of bright audacity and skilful fence, the biographer is of necessity indebted to others; but so excellent have been the sources of his information, that we are scarcely sensible of any loss which the narrative may have suffered from the absence of the compiler's direct personal observation. In the preface we are informed that he very frequently conversed with his father on the subject of his Oxford days, taking down many anecdotes from his lips; and those who remember the elder Ward's tenacious memory, excessive frankness, and lively enjoyment of stories which raised a laugh against himself, will not question the trustworthiness of the amusing incidents and minor biographical details with which those conversations have enriched the book. But in addition to this source of information, the writer has been singularly fortunate in the assistance he has derived from a large number of his father's Oxford contemporaries and acquaintances, who to ample means of observing brought the insight and judgment necessary to turn those opportunities to admirable account. From the reminiscences kindly supplied by these survivors of that brilliant Academical circle we obtain a vivid conception of the strongly marked personality, which in spite of very considerable antagonisms, both intellectual and religious, was able to attract to itself the regard and sympathy of so many superior minds. The result is a portraiture of the man in his sparkling and combative prime, which for brightness and charm must be allowed to rank high amongst the most successful specimens of the art of psychological delineation. The one thing wanting is a fuller record of the smart table-talk,

talk, the dialectical encounters and wit-combats, which enlivened the common room at Balliol, when the subject of the memoir brought into that venerable haunt of collegiate leisure a stir and animation to which it had long been a stranger; but for want of a diarist, a modern Boswell, amongst the Fellows, such a source of entertainment is beyond our reach.

William George Ward came of the family of Wards, who for several generations had been squires of Northwood in the Isle of Wight, and was born in the spring of 1812. He may be cited as an instance of one of those curious freaks of heredity which set all calculation at defiance. Neither from his father, who besides being a Tory member for the City of London, a director of the Bank of England, and a considerable authority on matters of finance, was also 'a famous cricketer, the proprietor of Lord's Cricket Ground, and the most successful batsman of his day,' nor from his grandfather, 'a very eminent merchant,' did he appear to derive any special aptitude or bent of character; athletics, sport, and business being equally distasteful to him. But from his great grandmother, 'a Spanish lady named Raphael, of a family originally from Genoa,' a strain appears to have passed into his blood which became the predominant factor of his temperament. In its exuberant vivacity, its emotional intensity and enthusiasm, its passion for music and the drama, its taste for a florid, somewhat overblown, style of religion, his nature was eminently southern in type, and contrasted strongly with the sensitive reserve and severe self-restraint that were characteristic of the older leaders of the movement into which he threw himself as a new and not altogether congenial force. But if his temperament savoured in a very marked degree of the south, it met with a corrective, or rather a sturdy antagonist, in the severe intellectual element which he drew from his northern blood; and the conflict between the opposite tendencies showed itself in many an eccentricity and contradiction during his childhood. He is still remembered as 'a clumsy-looking boy, often sitting apart from the rest of the company, biting his nails, seldom opening his mouth, and generally looking bored to death.' For poetry and romance he professed much contempt, greatly preferring to their charms the cold, stern fellowship of mathematics and logic; yet the intensest pleasure of his young life was found in the theatre, the enjoyment of which he conciliated with the demands of his intellectual faculty by habitually occupying the time between the acts with the perusal of some mathematical book. As an illustrative incident the following is worth quoting:—

'Once

'Once when staying with his relatives at Cobham Park he was taken to a children's dance in the neighbourhood, much against his will, and on being asked by his hostess how he was enjoying himself, replied with the utmost bluntness, "I expected to find it a bore, but now that I am here I find it even worse than I had thought." Before the evening was over his *ennui* had reached an intensity past endurance, and without waiting for the end of the party he made his way home alone through the muddy roads and pelting rain, and arrived wet through, his evening shoes covered with dirt, and generally in a very sorry plight, but intensely relieved to have got away at any cost. His uncle had pity on him, and never asked him to go to another party.'

From a private seminary at the age of thirteen he passed to Winchester, and had for contemporaries there several who attained honourable distinction in future years; one of whom, the present Earl of Selborne, furnishes to the biography a very interesting sketch of his life and ways at the famous school, and gives amusing specimens of his verse-making, for two or three of which we must find room. The boy's chief objects in this compulsory department of work seem to have been: first, never to exceed the minimum number of lines required; and secondly, to reduce his compositions to the lowest level of bathos by way of protest against the waste of time. Thus when he writes on 'The Spanish Captives sacrificed to the Mexican God of War,' in competition for a gold medal, he begins with a wretched pun:—

'Far from a merry key I now must sing,
Though to America my muse takes wing.'

'The Hebrides' being set as a subject, he opens with—

'There are some islands in the Northern seas—
At least I'm told so—called the Hebrides.'

And presently continues—

'These people have but very little wood;
They therefore can't build ships. They wish they could.'

On another occasion the 'Mariner's Compass' is the theme, and, having occupied all but the last three of the required lines with prosaic preliminaries, he huddles up the description of the instrument in the following specification:—

'The various points and quarters of the sky
Are painted on a card beneath a hole,
Atop's a magnet pointing to the pole.'

Notwithstanding this ostentation of incapacity, he really became a very good Latin scholar, and in his last year carried
off

off the gold medal for prose composition in that language. If anything, however, could compete with his early devotion to mathematics, it was certainly not the dead languages, but the very modern systems of political economy and philosophy, as set forth in the writings of Bentham and Mill. By such unusual studies, before he was eighteen, his mind began to be trained in that metaphysical method which in later years he applied with much success to an investigation into the grounds of religious belief. Generally popular among his companions at Winchester he never became, nor perhaps was it in his character to aim at being so, although he felt a craving for esteem, and used to complain pathetically of being misunderstood both at school and at home. He was too little in touch with his comrades in their common interests, their sports and pleasures, and his oddities made him a puzzle to them. 'The elephant' was their nickname for him. A deep-seated strain of melancholy, too, in his constitution, aggravated by frequent and severe headaches, gave him an air of morbidness which must have been the reverse of attractive to the denizens of the playground, full of health and activity and keen for physical enjoyment. He used to say of himself in later years, 'I never was a boy,' and that his school-days were the least happy period of his life. But underneath his uncouth ways and perplexing peculiarities there appears to have been a growing seriousness in his view of life as a solemn trust from the Creator, and a moral sensitiveness, almost amounting to Puritanism, which, as the biographer says, 'led to a horror at the immorality prevalent at Winchester, startling in its degree to most of those who conversed with him on the subject.' Thus mentally equipped, and looking forward to holy-orders as his ultimate destination, he was launched on a University career at Oxford in his nineteenth year.

Of his undergraduate period but a short account is given, yet sufficient to show how rapidly he was metamorphosed by the freer life and more stimulating influences of the University. The shy, awkward lad shed his skin, and emerged as the brilliant debater of the Union in its palmiest days, of which he was ere long saluted as the Tory Chief. 'There goes old Ward, the walking incarnation of the Union,' is said to have been Cardwell's exclamation, as the heavy figure rolled up the street. He had entered at Christ Church as a Commoner, but owing to some embarrassment in his father's circumstances, and the consequent importance of his standing sufficiently well in the final class-lists to gain a fellowship, he found it expedient to degrade a year in order to obtain a longer time for preparation, which

which he was enabled to do by migrating on a scholarship to Lincoln; from which college accordingly he graduated in 1834, taking a double second. It seems as if a double first was easily within his reach, had he been steadier in application to the necessary studies, and indulged less his curious constitutional distaste for certain branches of knowledge. In abstract mathematics, for instance, he was pre-eminent for the rapidity and accuracy of his work; but for the manifold applications of the science to physics, which for most minds are the more attractive part of it, he felt an overpowering disgust. 'The study of friction,' he would complain, 'makes me feel literally sick'; and nothing would induce him to work at what was so uncongenial with his mental tastes. So also it was with his classics. As far as acquaintance with the languages went, he was admirably proficient; but when his attention was called to the collateral branches of scholarship, such as the history of the times, the characters and circumstances of the authors, the genesis and relations of their works, he would proclaim his profound incapacity for such matters: 'they were not in his line.' The following amusing account of his *vivâ voce* examination for his degree illustrates this peculiarity, and shows how much it stood in the way of his success:—

'Considerable curiosity was felt as to how Ward would acquit himself, and the audience was large. One of Cicero's letters to his brother Quintus is chosen, and the examiner tells Ward to turn to a particular part. Ward reads it admirably, his voice being excellent, his intonation and inflections faultless, and his sense of the meaning and spirit of the passage leaving nothing to be desired. Attention is aroused. The audience—consisting of a large number of undergraduates and a good sprinkling of dons—is on the *qui vive*. Here is a first-rate man evidently. The construing comes next, which, if not quite so exceptionally good as the reading, still quite bears out the expectation of a display of first-class ability. The examiner, in obvious good humour, says at the end, "Very well, Mr. Ward, and now let me ask you, What are the principal letters which we have now extant of Cicero? To whom were they written?"—Ward (without the slightest hesitation), "I really don't know."—The examiner (surprised, and after a short pause), "The letter from which you have just construed a passage was written on the eve of a very eventful time; can you tell me something of the events which followed immediately afterwards?"—Ward, "I know nothing whatever about them." This was said with perfect gravity, and in a tone of philosophic resignation.—"Take your time, Mr. Ward," says the examiner; "you are nervous."—"No, sir," replies Ward, "it's not nervousness; pure ignorance." The examiner made another attempt. "In what year was it written?" Ward (with energy), "I haven't the slightest idea." (Father Faber used to say that as the examination

tion proceeded he began to give his answers in a tone of resentment, as though the questions were impertinent ones.) His frank confessions of ignorance attracted the attention of the well-known Dr. Jenkyns of Balliol, and drew from him an often-quoted malaprop: "There is a candid *ingenuity* about the fellow which pleases me," he remarked to a friend. Ward's scholarship, however, went for a good deal; and though in the face of his disregard of the required historical and collateral work a first class was out of the question, the examiners gave him a second.

In the interval between his examinations for honours in classics and mathematics, Ward was elected to an open fellowship at Balliol, in company with the late Archbishop Tait. The liberty and stability of position thus assured him allowed free scope for the ripening of his characteristic peculiarities of mind and taste, and before long he became fairly established in the very centre of the younger intellectual life of the University. In the immense 'go' of his temperament, the joyousness of his manner, the swiftness of his mental play, the amusing frankness and startling paradoxes of his speech, was found an attraction that drew to him even those with whom he had few principles in common. 'There could not be a more genial and good-tempered disputant,' says one of his contemporaries. 'No one,' writes another, 'could help admiring the manliness and kindness of his character, his zeal for truth and boldness in searching for it, and the wonderful brilliance of his conversation.' 'One of the cleverest and most brilliant men I ever came across,' is the testimony of another. 'To hear him argue was indeed a treat,' says a fourth. 'There was no more amusing companion to be found in Oxford,' adds a fifth. And so on, all from men whose estimates cannot be distrusted. We have already alluded to the common-room at Balliol as the scene of many a brilliant encounter of wits, in which Ward usually carried off the palm, and we take the opportunity here of giving a specimen of the fun in the following extract:—

'The dialectical duel between Mr. Ward and Mr. Tait seems to have been a never-failing source of entertainment before this audience. Graphic pictures are given by those who were present of trivial events, which seem, however, to bring past scenes before us. On one occasion Mr. Tait having three or four times made answers which he deemed unanswerable, but getting each time a prompt and effective retort, bent on having the last word, goes to the common-room door, fires off his last volley, and slams the door before Ward's counter-fire can reach him. On another, he retires discomfited to put on his surplice, as it is service time, but bethinks himself in the vestry of a crushing answer, goes back, surplice and all, to the common-room, and discharges it in triumph.

Mr. Ward

Mr. Ward turns it inside out in a moment, and adds, amid the roars of laughter which follow his reply, "If you hadn't anything better than that to say, it was hardly worth while coming all the way back in your surplice." And again, there is the story of a climax in one of the arguments, in which Mr. Ward, "dialectically invincible," is deprived of his power of repartee by the intervention of unexpected physical forces. The argument is at its height; the attention of all concentrated in turn on the next move on either side. Mr. Ward comes across the room at a point in the debate, saying, "This is splendid; I will show you that you have committed yourself to three different statements totally inconsistent with each other." As he says this he leans his whole weight on the back of a chair. Before point two has been registered on his fingers, a crash is heard; the intellectual and physical weight has been too much for the chair, which collapses abruptly and prostrates the victor in the moment of his triumph.'

To possess such intellectual gifts without being conscious of their eminence would have been impossible, but Ward was remarkably free from the personal vanity with which such eminence is too often accompanied. It was his habit, we are told, to view himself from the outside, as if he were another person; to judge his own character, gifts, and peculiarities, as though he were an onlooker at his own life. On the other hand, he would speak in unmeasured terms of his moral deficiencies, and lament over the distance between his conduct and his own standard of self-discipline and devoutness. 'Intellect, my dear Henry,' he once remarked to one of the Wilberforces, 'is a wretched gift,—absolutely worthless. Now my intellect is in some respects almost infinite, and yet I don't value it a bit.' 'A sermon bores me to death,' he would exclaim, 'but I was always a most disedifying man'; and he would expatiate with boisterous delight on the preternatural sagacity of a baby, who submitted with perfect composure to the baptismal function till the words were reached, 'Ye shall call upon him to hear sermons,' when it set up a howl which stopped the service for a time. Not long sermons only, but even the preceding prayers frequently so exasperated him that, to use his own words, he came out of church in a state of rebellion against God for inflicting on him anything so intolerable. The Communion Office in particular sometimes made him feel so wicked that he abstained from participation. 'If I might only go to the play first,' he once said provokingly to an Evangelical friend, 'I should feel pious enough, but the Communion Service makes me impious.'

The exaggeration manifest in such confessions as these was partly due to a morbid pleasure in revealing the worst side of his

his nature, that no one might take him for better than he really was; but partly also to his enjoyment in blurting out paradoxical and startling utterances. 'He had a mischievous delight in making the moderates stare,' says one of his intimates. Two typical instances of this are given by the biographer in the following passage:—

'In discussing the question of equivocation, as to how far it is lawful on occasion, he maintained, as against those who admit the lawfulness of words literally true but misleading, that the more straightforward principle is that occasionally when duties conflict, another duty may be more imperative than the duty of truthfulness. But he expressed it thus: "Make yourself clear that you are justified in deception, and then lie like a trooper." So, too, in reference to his pet aversion, the typical Churchman of those days—the dignitary of moderate views and immoderate income, with his want of enthusiasm, his serene self-satisfaction, his selfishness, his love of place and power—he would say: "If any man be called 'moderate' or 'venerable,' beware of him; if he is called both, you may be sure he is a scoundrel.'"

Round a man of this mental temperament good stories naturally cluster, illustrative of the flashing audacities of his conversation, and of such a considerable number are preserved in the biography. On one occasion we hear of him sitting at dinner next to the select preacher of the day, who, unconscious of the slumbering volcano at his side, insisted on making his sermon the topic of small talk. Unluckily, Ward had all the afternoon been boiling over with indignation that a sermon of that sort should be tolerated in Oxford; but trying to be civil and to keep on safe ground, he contented himself with asking, 'How much do they pay you for these sermons?' 'Five pounds,' was the answer; which being received in silence, was followed by, 'Don't you think that enough?' 'I don't know,' burst out Ward, 'I wouldn't have preached it for fifty!' On another occasion, airing his scorn for history, he exclaimed that he would as soon know all about Mr. Smith getting up in the morning, having his breakfast, and going to the City in a 'bus, as about the details of Cambyzes conquering Egypt. Of his intellectual adroitness, here is a fair specimen. Some one was adducing against the practical working of Romanism the familiar fact that Italian bandits go on their expeditions fortified with prayers to the Madonna, and with her pictures or medals hanging round their necks. 'Granted,' said Ward, 'but supposing you catch two murderers or thieves, and on one find nothing but his weapons, while the other has a Madonna on his breast, which is there most hope of? For one there is no ground

ground of hope whatever, but there is some good, something to work on, in the other.' Of swift rejoinder, the following is a good instance. In course of discussion at Balliol, his colleague Tait charged him with holding opinions which were not the right ones for a Fellow of that College to entertain; and the retort came like lightning, 'I should like to know whose opinions, yours or mine, agree most with those of the founders.'

To the leaning of his temperament towards drollery and frolic, which often carried him away when dealing with matters the least lending themselves to a comic treatment, we have already made brief allusion; but it entered so largely into the personality of the man that it deserves somewhat ampler notice. For several years he was College lecturer in mathematics, a subject second to none in severity of aspect and impatience of fun; yet his pupils assure us that even over dry formulas and complex analyses he would throw a glamour which turned the lesson into an occasion of genial and even merry intercourse. For a curious instance of this, the volume is indebted to Dr. Temple, the present Bishop of London, who, on coming up to Oxford, went to Ward to be privately coached. He had brought for examination some exercises which had been set to test his proficiency, and with extraordinary rapidity the tutor went through and corrected them, occasionally pointing out easier methods, or noting points of special interest. For a quarter of an hour or so, the work went on at high pressure, and then—

'Mr. Ward got up and stood with his back to the fire, and somewhat to his pupil's surprise, asked abruptly, "Have you been to London lately?" and then proceeded, "You should go to the Olympic and see 'Olympic Devils,' by Planché; it is quite as good as or better than 'Olympic Revels.' I saw the piece last week." And forthwith the grave mathematical tutor commenced giving an accurate and dramatic sketch of the plot of the burlesque. The *symposia* of the gods in Olympus were graphically described, and Planché's amusing rhymes repeated with great gusto and perfect accuracy. For example, the chorus of gods at dinner to the tune of "The Roast Beef of Old England":

'If mortals who cannot exist upon air
Could see us at dinner, ye gods, how they'd stare;
See us hydrogen quaff, and on oxygen fare,
Singing, "Oh, the roast beef of Olympus,
And oh, the Olympic roast beef."

'Or again, Orpheus' monologue in Tartarus, in which he remarks:

'Tis said that marriages are made above,
And so, perhaps, a few may be by love;
But from this smell of brimstone I should say
They must be making matches here all day.

'The

'The whole play was gone through, the songs and dances indicated, the merits of Madame Vestris as Orpheus discussed, and the peculiarities of Mr. Bland as Pluto, of the three Misses Ireland as the three Fates. The whole cast was remembered down to the most unimportant super.'

Another little anecdote contributed by the same witness may be given here. Several years after Temple became a Fellow of Balliol, he organized a party of college dons with a contingent of their lady friends, on a line which was somewhat novel, and with difficulty persuaded Ward, then in the thick of his theological conflicts, to join them. His scruples once overcome, he became the life of the party, filling his fellow guests with admiration of his singing, his conversation, his unflagging powers of enjoyment and of amusing his company. Walking back afterwards with Temple, he exclaimed: 'My dear Temple, what a delightful evening—one of the pleasantest I ever spent; and what charming ladies—I could have proposed to any one of them on the spot!'

The same period of exciting strife furnishes another humorous trait. As Bursar of his College, Ward was sending out a quantity of circulars, one of which addressed to a clergyman, being directed 'Mr. A. B.,' evoked from the scandalized recipient a letter of serious remonstrance and regret. He knew that Mr. Ward's opinions were extreme, but was not prepared to find him retaining his position at Oxford while denying the validity of Anglican orders. In reply Ward, veiling his amusement with a tone of grave concern, offered his hearty apologies for the mistake. It was not really his, but the college steward's, whom he had entrusted with writing the addresses on the circulars. He had accordingly sent for that functionary, and cross-examined him closely; and now he had great pleasure in informing 'Mr. A. B.' that 'the result of the examination showed that the steward had no doubt whatever of the validity of Mr. A. B.'s orders.'

It was, after all, in the indulgence of his musical and dramatical tastes that the comic side of Ward's character came out into most glaring exhibition, when he was surrounded by his familiar friends and ventured on letting himself go with the freest *abandon*. It was then, as Dean Church reports, that he might be seen taking off dramatic scenes from the operas in vogue, singing with his magnificent voice impassioned parts from Mozart or Rossini, or acting the despairing lover on his knees before an extemporised Donna Elvira, represented by some grave college tutor driven into fits by the grotesqueness of the situation. Another favourite amusement of his, we are told,

was to sketch a *ballet d'action* on some event of University interest; on which occasions the solemn Master of his College, Dr. Jenkyns, would frequently be the subject of personation, his peculiarities of manner under the varying emotions of wrath, pleasure, and amazement, being ludicrously represented by the pirouettes and pantomimic attitudes of the dance, amidst uproarious laughter from the spectators. The story survives that in one of these frolics the fun was so fast and furious, that one of the tutors sent his scout from below to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, and received the report, 'It's honly Mr. Ward, sir. 'E's a hacting of a cherubym.'

For these amusing freaks of his father's Oxford life the biographer gives a pathetic apology, in explaining that they were in reality his means of escape from 'the insupportable attacks of melancholy to which he was subject,' and which by unfitting him for work left his abnormally active and speculative mind to prey on itself. When real life seemed intolerable, he sought to lose himself for a time by plunging into an ideal world of music and heart-easing mirth; and the relief he experienced corresponded in intensity with the mental distress from which he craved deliverance. But the pathos, to the eye of the spectator, was scarcely discernible amidst the comedy of the situation, as may be inferred from the following record of one of these escapades:—

'After he had joined the Newmanites he considerably curtailed the amount of dramatic and musical recreation he allowed himself. He never entered a theatre at all for eleven years, and in Lent, by Dr. Pusey's advice, as the ordinary corporal austerities injured his health, he made it a rule to forego all music whatever. One Lent, when three weeks had passed in this way, he met Coffin in the High Street and said, "I have such an awful fit of depression that I feel as if I should go out of my mind; don't you think that a little music for once may be allowed?" After some discussion it was agreed that a little strictly sacred music might pass. Beginning with Cherubini's "O Salutaris," they gradually passed to "Possenti Numi" in the *Flauto Magico*. But this opened a book containing songs somewhat lighter, and the duet between Papageno and Papagena followed. The music waxed faster and livelier till it culminated in "Largo al factotum," the lightest and raciest of buffo songs, in the middle of which one of the company suddenly recollected that the room in Christ Church in which he was singing was separated only by a thin wall from Dr. Pusey's own rooms.'

In gathering together the foregoing illustrations of Ward's peculiar temperament and mental constitution, before proceeding to consider the steps by which his connection with
Oxford

Oxford and the Anglican Church was brought to a premature conclusion, we have gladly followed his biographer's leading; because it is only by keeping in mind what in science is called the 'personal equation,' that this part of his career can be adequately accounted for and judged. At the time when he became a Fellow of Balliol, nothing could have appeared more unlikely than the catastrophe which the near future had in store for him; Romanism, especially of the extreme type into which he threw himself, was the last thing one could have supposed capable of attracting him, whether on the side of intellect or of taste. At that period he might have been fairly described as a rationalist, with a tendency to scepticism held in check by moral earnestness. As was well said of him by a very distinguished writer in this Review, as far back as 1844, he owed his mental culture chiefly to the younger Mill; a statement which is now confirmed by his son, who writes that 'the strongest directly intellectual influence exercised upon him was that of Mill and Bentham.' He himself, on looking back to that period of his life, confessed that he had been 'enmeshed in the toils of a false philosophy which could have had no other legitimate issue except a further and further descent towards the gulf of utter infidelity.' Thus nurtured at the most critical time of intellectual expansion, constitutionally prone to push principles to their extremes without making allowance for limiting circumstances, and trained to the exercise of an unsparing logic on every subject that engaged his attention, in neither the old nor the new Anglicanism could he find much to satisfy him. Such definite religious ideas as he started with were of the undogmatic type of the Oriel school as originated by Whately, only with Ward they soon became tempered, rather than changed, by the moral enthusiasm which he caught from Arnold's presentation of them. At this stage of his religious development he was ordained Deacon on his Fellowship as a title, subscribing the Articles, as he says, in a non-natural sense; a course which he justified to himself on the ground that men of such opposite theological opinions subscribed, as to give the sanction of universal custom to the most forced methods of interpretation. How little his reception of holy orders meant to him at that time may be inferred from the remark of one of his younger contemporaries: 'We undergraduates became conscious of his having become a clergyman chiefly by his reading the prayers occasionally in the College Chapel for the chaplain-fellow.' It may be added here that before he advanced to Priest's orders, two years and a half later, he had gone over to the opposite pole of religious thought, and then renewed his subscription

subscription in a sense equally non-natural, the strain being now in the opposite direction, only, as he acknowledged, somewhat more intense. It is worth noticing also that during the six years in which he held the status of an Anglican priest, he never really believed in his own orders, nor experienced any vocation for the priestly office. Hence, emphatically as he had pronounced in favour of a celibate clergy, he was sensible of no real inconsistency when, six months before his surrender to Rome, he married and thus rendered himself incapable of being more than a 'Catholic layman.' This sense of the insecurity of his ground, which went on widening the divergence between himself and the anti-Romanist section of the Oxford movement, finds lively expression in the following passage of the biography:—

'A Catholic priest at Old Hall was put somewhat out of countenance when, in answer to his rather sneering remark, "I suppose you call yourself a Catholic, Mr. Ward," he received the reply, "Oh dear, no! you are a Catholic, I am a Puseyite." He did not believe himself to be a priest, or to have the power of forgiving sins. He heard confessions according to the Puseyite practice, but would not give absolution, and at the end of his confession knelt down with his penitent, and joined with him in a prayer for forgiveness. . . . The theory that the English Church was, as an external institution, a living branch of Catholicism, he distinctly looked on, during these closing years of the movement, as faltering and hair-splitting and unreal, just as the contention that the Articles were really Catholic would be. When Macmullen said to him one day, "Bear in mind that you are really on our principles a priest of God," Ward broke off the discourse, saying, "If that is the case, the whole thing is infernal humbug."

But we must go back to the earlier time, in which for a moment he found rest in accepting Arnold for his master. The older Anglicanism, whether of the high or low type, wore in his eyes too much of the air of an illogical compromise to satisfy his instinctive craving for systematic completeness. He could not discover in it any coherent basis, any reason for believing just so much and no more. 'How the principles of "Conservative Anglicanism" can be placed on any philosophical basis at all,' he wrote, 'or how they can be so much as stated plainly and consistently without disclosing features which would repel the most cowardly and most indolent, I have never been able to learn.' Towards the newer Anglicanism which was in process of rapid evolution in the Tracts his feeling may be gathered from his answer, when urged to go and hear Newman, who had then begun to stir to its depths the religious thought of Oxford

by

by his sermons at St. Mary's,—‘Why should I go and listen to such myths?’ As for the æsthetic taste for Gothic architecture, vestments, and impressive ritual to which the modern High Church school now owes so many of its adherents, Ward had little of it at any time. There is a good story of Pugin’s visiting his rooms at Balliol, and saying of him, ‘What an extraordinary thing that so glorious a man as Ward should be living in a room without mullions to the windows!’ Meeting him afterwards, he taxed him with this deficiency, and was greatly shocked by the reply, ‘What are mullions? I haven’t the most distant idea what they are like.’ After his secession Pugin designed for him a house, but finding lancet windows and other features of pure Gothic forbidden on the score of their obstructing light and air, he became depressed and angry. ‘I assure you,’ he wrote, ‘if I had known Ward would have turned out so badly, I would never have designed a respectable house for him.’ In his view Ward was one of those who had fallen from grace, like Newman and Faber, who after their conversion deserted Gothic for the Italian architecture of the Renaissance and modern Rome. The quarrel with the infuriated Gothickist was brought to a climax by Ward’s attack on rood-screens as undevotional. On reading the violent letter in which Pugin denounced him for this as ‘a greater enemy to true Christianity than the most rabid Exeter Hall fanatic,’ Ward remarked, ‘I knew Pugin was strong in rood-screens; I didn’t know he was so good a hand at rude letters.’

It seemed then as if, at the period of his ordination, Ward was anchored in the harbour of Arnoldism, and in no danger of finding it insecure, unless perchance against the insidious approaches of scepticism, creeping in under the disguise of logical consistency. Soon, however, it dawned on his restless mind that there was a risk on this side, against which more effectual protection was needed than a system of ‘candid intellectual criticism,’ guarded only by the moral sense, could afford. Whither would the principle of free enquiry lead? he asked. Could any certainty be attained by it? Would it not take a man of exceptional genius at least five times the length of an ordinary human life to obtain by this method so much as a faint notion on which side truth lies? And as he was really in earnest, and recognized that his temperament laid him peculiarly open to the eruptions of speculative doubt, the pressure of such questions forced from his soul the cry for an external guide in spiritual matters. ‘A deep cry,’ he wrote, ‘is heard from human nature,—Teach us the truth, for we cannot find it for ourselves, yet we need it more than anything else on earth.’

earth.' The answer which he elaborated was the turning-point of his religious career. Intellect, he argued, must stand aside, and allow conscience to take the lead. Obedience to conscience augments its spiritual perceptiveness, and trains it into an organ for recognizing the voice which speaks with divine authority. But what conscience primarily bows down before is goodness, and where it discerns goodness it trusts implicitly. 'Holy men,' he wrote, 'are the great fountains from which moral and religious truth flows to the world. If there be a living authoritative tribunal, their spiritual experience furnishes materials for the decrees of that tribunal.' But where are the voices of the holy heard, where is their experience registered and translated into religious dogmas, except in the Church? And what if this conception of the Church teaching with divine authority, and accrediting its teaching by the note of ascetic saintliness, points the eager enquirer to the great, unbroken communion of Rome, rather than to an isolated and hybrid organization, speaking with ambiguous utterances, like the reformed Church of England? It is easy to see that when this last question formulated itself in his thoughts, as it did before he had any idea of throwing himself into the Oxford movement, he was theoretically already on the incline which ends in Rome; and we have an explanation of what, three years later, he replied to Pusey's remonstrance against the pace at which he was going,—'I think it was far from unlikely that when I became serious enough (if ever I should do so) to really feel such questions of practical importance, I might have joined the Roman Church.'

In this wavering and unsatisfied frame of mind, he found ready to his hand in Newman a guide who appeared to point to a sure resting-place. Jockeyed into St. Mary's by a friend just as the great preacher was ascending the pulpit, he was at once taken captive by the unearthly accents which breathed forth the very spirit of holiness, mingled with profound submission to the voice and discipline of the Catholic Church. A convert of Ward's temperament could not fail to be an enthusiastic one. 'My creed is very short,' he soon came to exclaim, 'Credo in Newmannum.' How at the very outset he committed himself blindfold to his new leader's guidance appears amusingly in a discussion with Mr. Bonamy Price of Rugby, whom he went down to consult before making his face-about public. 'Have you examined the evidence for so and so?' asked Price. 'Oh dear, no,' replied Ward. 'Then why do you adopt it?' 'John Newman says it is so.' 'Can you state the evidence on which you contradict the view you have hitherto held?' Again 'No'

'No' rolled from his lips, and again he took his stand on what Newman said. 'Then Newman is your sole authority. Has he worked a miracle on which to claim your assent?' At this Ward burst out angrily, 'Had I known beforehand the treatment I was to receive here, I should never have come.'

The publication at this juncture of the elder Froude's *Remains*, by Newman and Keble, gave additional force to the attraction which drew Ward into the movement. In contrast with Arnoldism, Froude's views struck him as 'thorough.' The former seemed at every turn to stop short: whereas 'the boldness, completeness, the uncompromising tone of the *Remains* took hold of his imagination.' Especially was Froude's line acceptable to him for its audacious denunciation of the Anglican Reformers and their work, in which the editors avowed their concurrence, to the considerable startling of their more cautious followers. 'I am quite certain,' wrote Ward in 1840, 'I never could have followed the Tracts' teaching as long as the writers upheld the Reformation; my conscience would not have allowed it.' But here he found Newman declaring his general acquiescence in the opinion, 'that the persons chiefly instrumental in that great change were not, as a party, to be trusted on ecclesiastical and theological questions, nor yet to be imitated in their practical handling of the unspeakably awful matters with which they were concerned.' This advance in the movement filled Ward for the moment with unbounded satisfaction. Of the book which thus committed the leaders to a wider separation from orthodox Anglicanism he wrote to Pusey, 'It is little to say that it delighted me more than any book of the kind I ever read.' 'It seemed *literally* to make him jump for joy,' says another of his friends.

In fact, however, it only whetted his appetite for a further step Romewards, and the condition of the party of movement favoured his snatching the guidance of it in a considerable degree from the hands which had hitherto held the reins. Pusey had been already distanced and left behind. Newman was harassed by doubts about his own *via-media* theory, and his leadership became weakened through his uncertainty whither he was drifting. Opportunity was thus given for the younger and more self-confident spirits, with Ward at their head, to push forward. Their immediate aim was not formally to exchange Anglicanism for Romanism, but to extend Anglicanism so as to give Romanism a settled home within it. In other words, they aimed at establishing the position, that the English formularies offered no bar to the holding of any amount of Roman doctrine which those who subscribed to them saw their way to accept

accept. It must be borne in mind that, in their psychological history, this new school differed essentially from the original Tractarians. They had not, like these, started with the attempt to revive the tradition of the Laudian school, and been pushed on by their convictions unwillingly, little by little, into views which the Caroline divines had never reached. Rome was already in their hearts when they started; Rome was their practical model; reunion with it their ideal of perfection, however unattainable under the complex hindrances of their position. 'Your father,' writes Cardinal Newman to the biographer, 'was never a Tractarian, never a Puseyite, never a Newmanite.' The alternative was now pressed on Newman's notice, between the indefinite expansion of Anglicanism in the direction of Rome, or the secession of the advanced party. The result was the publication of the celebrated Tract 90, which argued, or was understood to argue, that the Articles might honestly be explained so as to leave uncondemned all the peculiar doctrines of Rome. 'Ward worried him into writing Tract 90,' said Archbishop Tait.

On the sensation produced throughout England by this tract, and the lively controversy that ensued, it is needless here to dwell. Enough to remark that the contention was no new one, having been anticipated two centuries earlier in a Latin treatise, published in 1634, and dedicated to Charles I. by Dr. Christopher Davidson, known after his secession to Rome as 'Franciscus a Sancta Clara.' A similar line of argument may be found also in an anonymous treatise bearing date 1705, and entitled 'An Essay towards Catholic Communion,' which the non-juror Spinckes smartly dissected. What was new was the open advocacy of this sophistical mode of interpretation by a leading cleric of the English Church. Hence the outburst of alarm and indignation which brought the series of Tracts to an end, and drove Newman into retirement at Littlemore to wrestle in silence with his mental difficulties. What we have to do with is Ward's part in the *mêlée*. Having got the famous Tract he was not satisfied with it, nor with Newman's apology for it to his Bishop. It was too reticent, too ambiguous, to please such a lover of extreme outspokenness. What he desired was a clear declaration on behalf of his party, that forced or non-natural interpretations of the Articles were justifiable and even necessary, on the ground that the Reformers themselves were not straightforward or honest men, and purposely made the documents double-faced, to satisfy Protestant sentiment on one side, and retain Catholics on the other. Newman, he was sure, held this view of them privately, but shrank from asserting it in public.

public. To force this view into prominence Ward conceived to be a duty, and he carried it out by publishing two pamphlets, in which he charged the Reformers with perjury as well as rebellion, enlarged with withering contempt on the decayed condition and present degradation of the English Church, and yet justified his remaining in it by throwing the challenge to desert it for Rome into the shape of the absurd question, 'How can you profess to be the son of your own mother, when you have come to think another lady more religious?'

These trenchant productions had two consequences: Ward's resignation of his College-lectureship, and a more marked division of the Tractarians into two camps, 'The Romanisers and the Puseyites,' as the biographer designates them. Over the events of the next three years we must pass lightly. How with untiring activity Ward mustered and led the vanguard of the movement, aired his views in the '*British Critic*,' pestered Newman for more explicit utterances, cultivated intimacy with leading English Romanists, urged both Churches to prepare for reunion by purging out their abuses, and shocked grave heads in the University by his audacities and paradoxes, may be read in the pages before us. The soberer members of the party looked on him with alarm as their 'enfant terrible.' 'For many years,' wrote one of them, 'my idea of Ward has been as of a huge young cuckoo, growing bigger and bigger, and elbowing the legitimate progeny over the side of the little nest.' Ward himself rejoiced in the tumult of the battle. The more the moderates were exasperated by his audacious denunciations of everything to which clung a Protestant taint, the sooner he expected to realize the grand aim of undoing the work of the Reformation. 'Protestantism,' he wrote, 'is a demon which will cruelly rend the body from which it is preparing to depart.' His position was fast becoming one of very unstable equilibrium. The tolerant editor of the '*British Critic*,' Mr. T. Mozley, who had succeeded Newman in that office, tells us that he 'read Ward's articles as fast as they came from the press, not only from duty, but with a certain pleasurable excitement akin to that some children have in playing on the edge of a precipice.' In reply to expressions of wonder from his Roman Catholic friends why he did not at once come over to them, Ward pleaded two reasons. One was 'the great importance (if it be lawful) of remaining in our present position with the hope of "poisoning" as many as possible.' The other was loyalty to Newman. 'You Catholics,' he said, 'know what it is to have a Pope. Well, Newman is my Pope. Without his sanction, I cannot move.'

A catastrophe

A catastrophe was inevitable, and it was hastened by the action of one of the moderates, Mr. Palmer, of Worcester College, the thoroughly Anglican author of the '*Origines Liturgicæ*.' In his alarm at Ward's audacities in the '*British Critic*,' he entreated Newman to interfere, and exert his authority to coerce his unruly disciple. But he found Newman inexorable. The great leader was himself writhing in the toils, and eating out his heart in retirement. 'The heads of the Church,' he complained, 'had thought fit to condemn and silence him, and they would now have to deal with younger men whom it was not in his power to restrain.' Failing here, Palmer poured out his griefs in a bulky pamphlet, in which, by a clear and telling narrative, he emphasized the contrast between the legitimate aims with which the movement began, and the fatal bias now impressed on it by the new school, and invoked all sincere Anglicans to repudiate these traitors in their camp. Of this pamphlet, which attained a very large circulation, the immediate result was the suppression of the '*British Critic*,' followed after a few months by the publication of Ward's '*Apologia*' in a large volume—'fat, awkward, and ungainly as yourself,' as the Master of his College bluntly told him—under the title, '*The Ideal of a Christian Church considered in comparison with existing practice*.'

Many as are the exceptions which we must take both to the theory set forth in this work, and to its polemical application, we cannot refrain from admiring the lofty philosophical and religious tone of several portions of it, as well as its vigour and utter frankness. Dean Stanley scarcely did it justice when, in 1841, he said it had probably by that time become 'one of the obsolete curiosities of literature.' Ward thoroughly let himself go in it, and showed himself both at his best and his worst. His cue was not to deny or extenuate his Romanizing, but to defend and glory in it. Nothing could be truer than what Palmer, looking back from a distance of forty years, afterwards wrote about it: 'The charges I had made were completely established by the confession of the culprit.' The line taken by the author may be briefly put in this way. Out of his own consciousness he frames an idea of what the Church ought to be—Heaven's organ in the world for saving souls, speaking and ruling among men with divine authority, guiding her children with unceasing oversight both in faith and conduct, nurturing the highest types of ascetic sanctity, enforcing restorative discipline upon offenders, upholding the cause of the poor and weak, denouncing fearlessly the iniquities of secular governments. Of the right of such a Church to implicit and unlimited obedience the proof is addressed to the conscience, not to the intellect;

intellect; to receive it the attitude of faith is necessary; the assurance of the truth will come through obedience. Vain here is judicial enquiry, vain the logical appeal of the individual mind to Scripture or history: the eye of the soul, purified by obedience and turned reverently towards the Church, will feel her divineness, and recognize her right to command by its sense of the spiritual benefits which she imparts. Then follows the application. What actual Church corresponds most closely with this ideal—the Anglican with its ambiguous and contradictory formularies, its servitude to the secular power, its lack of discipline and direction, its neglect of provision for the nurture of saintliness, its worship of wealth, its want of sympathy and care for the poor, its insular complacency and self-righteousness; or the Church of Rome, the large-hearted mother of saints, with its definite teaching in all the spheres of belief and conduct, its strenuous moral discipline, the manifoldness of its instruments for unfolding the spiritual life and promoting the noblest manifestations of self-dedication and unworldliness? If the answer is in favour of the latter, as surely it must be, then the pressing duty of Anglicans is, not to abandon at once the position in which Providence has placed them, but to regard Rome as their model, to draw near to her by imitation, to introduce her methods of discipline, and embrace her teaching with docility and thankfulness.

Such in brief was the tenor of the book, and of course its sting lay in the application. Utterly impracticable as the theory was, which entrusted the discrimination of the one true Church from the unauthorised pretenders to a sort of elective affinity in the seeker, unaided by reason, Scripture, or history, it might easily have passed without offence as no worse than the dream of a high-souled enthusiast. But when, with his constitutional passion for sweeping aside every qualifying consideration, and stating every proposition or principle in its barest, extremest form, the writer went on, not only to insist on 'the plain marks of Divine wisdom and authority in the Roman Church,' but to proclaim the duty of his own Church to 'repent in sorrow and bitterness of heart the great sin of deserting her communion, and to sue humbly at her feet for pardon and restoration,' his brother Churchmen outside his own narrow following very naturally held up their hands in horror, and were loud in dissent and repudiation. Even Newman shook his head and exclaimed, 'It won't do!' One can fancy the faces of the soberer members of the party as they turned over the pages, and found the Reformation of the English Church styled 'that miserable event, wholly destitute of all claims on

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our sympathy and regard;’ and the Church itself branded as ‘corrupt to its very core,’ its form of religion ‘no gospel at all,’ its condition ‘almost apostate,’ its teaching a phrase ‘to which no sense whatever can be attached.’ Nothing could have been more irritating, especially to those who had been for years labouring, with but indifferent success, to persuade the world that they were not Romanists at heart. Even then, however, the situation had its comic side. The old Master of Balliol, whom Ward had so often taken off, ‘was found pacing up and down his room with the book in his hand—shortly after its appearance—quoting in accents of astonishment and horror some of its strong expressions. “We are a corrupted Church!” “We are in a degraded condition!” “We are to mourn our corruptions in penitential abasement!” “We are to sue for pardon at the feet of Rome humbly”; and then the word “*humbly*” he repeated, in a yet deeper tone of horror.’ Such a man as Ward could not be allowed any longer to officiate in the College Chapel, and the result was the scene described in the following passage:—

‘This prohibition was made shortly before the feast of SS. Simon and Jude in 1844. On that day, in the ordinary course of things, he was to read the Epistle at the Communion service on one side of the Communion table, while Dr. Jenkyns, as senior ecclesiastic, read the Gospel on the other side. Mr. Ward expected some sort of protest from the Master, and he was not disappointed. A scene long remembered by the undergraduates who were present followed. Directly the Master saw Mr. Ward advancing to the Epistle side of the table he shot forth from his place and rushed to the Gospel side, and just as Mr. Ward was beginning, commenced in his loudest tones, “The Epistle is read in the first chapter of S. Jude.” Mr. Ward made no further attempt to continue, and the Master, now thoroughly aroused, read *at him* across the Communion table. The words of the Epistle were singularly appropriate to the situation, and the Master, with ominous pauses and looks at the irreverent Puseyite, who had sown sedition in the Church and blasphemed the Heads of Houses, read as follows slowly and emphatically: “For there are certain men crept in unawares” (pause, and look at Mr. Ward) “who were before of old ordained unto this condemnation” (pause and look), “ungodly men” (pause and look);—and a little later, still more slowly and bitterly, he read, “they speak evil of dignities!”’

No wonder that after Ward’s marriage Dr. Jenkyns’ old servant expressed his deep gratitude to Mrs. Ward for having carried off her husband from the College. ‘Oh ma’am,’ he cried out, ‘you don’t know—he was leading the poor Master such a life of it.’

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The vehement controversy stirred up by the 'Ideal,' culminating after six months in the action of the University to purge itself of the audacious author, is too familiar a portion of history to need prolonged notice here. The line taken by the authorities was a very simple one. Ward's degrees had been conferred on the faith of his subscription to the Articles. He now openly avowed that he had subscribed in a non-natural sense, and in so subscribing had not renounced a single Roman doctrine. The conclusion drawn was, that the avowal was so inconsistent with his good faith that his degrees were justly forfeited and ought to be taken from him. But the authorities unfortunately were not content to stop there. To prevent the scandal of such non-natural subscription in the future, they proposed to require from the subscriber a declaration that he subscribed in the very same sense as that in which he sincerely believed the Articles to have been originally set forth, and to be now imposed by the University. Against this proposal the outcry from every side was so great that it was speedily withdrawn. Men of all parties ridiculed the idea of identifying the original sense of the Articles, word by word, even supposing it capable of being clearly ascertained, with the sense which the University at any particular time might happen to put upon them, even supposing it had any right to put a sense on them at all; and looking at the very different schools of thought which had always been embraced within the Anglican Church, they saw the danger to the Church itself of refusing all liberty of individual interpretation. Mr. Maurice did not hesitate to say, 'I believe there is one and only one person in the University, who can with perfect comfort to himself take this test, and that person is Mr. Ward.' But the withdrawal of the proposal, though necessitated by the circumstances, carried with it an inconvenient consequence. It weakened the case against Mr. Ward personally, by leaving it without a precise logical basis. For if it were tacitly allowed—and the withdrawal meant no less—that some degree of liberty in subscription was necessary and was in fact claimed by everybody, then all that Ward had been guilty of was pushing the claim for himself beyond permissible limits. But who was to say exactly where the permissible limit stood? The charge of bad faith had, in fact, dwindled into one of blamable excess in the use of a conceded right. This aspect of the question was forcibly urged by Ward, in an address issued to the members of Convocation a month before the case came on for decision. 'All of you,' he pleaded, 'High, Low, or Broad, find difficulties in some part or other of the Articles and Formularies, and so far subscribe in a non-natural

natural or strained sense. Is my subscription different in *kind* from yours? If you are honestly convinced that it is so lax as to differ absolutely in *kind*, vote against me; but if not, vote for me.' On the other hand, common sense said that there must be some limit to the use of the conceded freedom, otherwise subscription would be a farce, and the Church liable to be ravaged by every kind of erroneous doctrine. Where precisely the limit was to be drawn, it might be difficult to define in the abstract; it was much less difficult to be sure that in a particular instance it had been flagrantly overstepped. So the case was put by Dr. Tait: 'Why is Mr. Ward to be blamed? The answer is obvious: liberty may degenerate into license, and in his case it has done so. He has raised the standard of rebellion against the Church whose minister he is.'

On the appointed day, February 13th, 1845, which was to decide Ward's fate, the Sheldonian Theatre was packed almost to suffocation by fifteen hundred members of Convocation, gathered from all parts of the country for the great battle of Armageddon, as Stanley called it; a considerable number of them curious but neutral, while the vast majority were swayed by those eager and impassioned feelings which ecclesiastical conflicts have a peculiar power to arouse. The interest centred in Ward's speech, the usual custom of carrying on the proceedings in Latin having been set aside in his favour, to allow him a freer opportunity of defending himself in the vernacular. The reports show it to have been of a singularly uncompromising character, unsoftened by the slightest attempt at conciliation. No candidate for martyrdom could have done more to provoke the passions of his audience. For upwards of an hour he held the crowd by his rapid and argumentative declamation, as he urged that the English Church was so hopelessly illogical, and its formularies so self-contradictory, as to make subscription in any natural or definite sense impossible, and therefore to leave every one free to choose his own sense. That freedom was all he claimed for himself, who, as he repeated twenty times over, held the whole cycle of Roman doctrine; and he defied his hearers, whether High Church or Low Church, whether Calvinistic or Arminian, to show that their subscriptions were not as unnatural as his own. 'They would never have let Ward speak in English,' whispered Stanley to Jowett, 'if they had known how well he could speak.'

That he should be condemned was inevitable, as far as his published views and his idea of subscription were concerned, and on this count of the indictment the votes were nearly two to one against him. But the penalty of degradation was enforced by

by only a small majority, the votes being 569 to 511. That so many should have taken his side is remarkable, considering the provocation and the alarm. 'It is really a phenomenon to me,' wrote Canon Mozley two days afterwards. But men of the most opposite views felt that severity to Ward meant danger to themselves. Their position in the Church depended on the allowance of a wide laxity of interpretation. To draw the bond of subscription tightly would be to squeeze them out, as well as the present offender. The High Church Proctors accordingly, although they had acquiesced in silence while the charges against Ward were put to the vote, rose up in their places as soon as it was proposed to add a condemnation of Tract 90, and summarily stopped the proceedings by their mysterious Veto. On the other hand, the whole liberal or broad party took their stand beside their Romanizing brother. Stanley even wrote the peroration with which Ward concluded his speech, as we learn from the following interesting statement in the biography:—

'Ward walked back from the theatre in company with Tait, who had voted against him on the first count. In the course of this walk Tait warmly praised the peroration of Mr. Ward's speech, which consisted of an eloquent appeal to all those who loved the liberty which rightfully belonged to English Churchmen, to make common cause with him. Mr. Ward had read the peroration, the rest of the speech being delivered without notes or manuscript. Ward's reply was characteristically candid: "I am glad you liked it. Those rhetorical efforts are out of my line; but Stanley said there should be something of the kind. He wrote it for me."'

Ward took his sentence with his customary light-heartedness. His first thought was of the ludicrousness of his new position, as an *undergraduate* Fellow of Balliol, now that he was degraded from his degrees. What would the old Master make of it? 'They can't expect me to wear an undergraduate's cap and gown; I suppose I must wear my beaver.' These jocosities in Pusey's room after their return from the theatre provoked a remonstrance from Manning, whom Ward then met for the first time, against such levity in so serious a crisis. A conversation followed in which Ward repeated that amazing opinion expressed in the 'Ideal,' that the Lutheran doctrine of Justification was worse than Atheism. 'The most Lutheran book I have ever read,' retorted Manning, 'was called "The Ideal of a Christian Church."' Next morning Ward astonished his friends, on their assembling to discuss the situation, by singing to the tune of a popular ballad some doggerel verses he had composed on the previous day's proceedings, using his faculty
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of mimicry to take off the solemn Heads of Colleges who had been instrumental to his condemnation. For this indifference to consequences there was a secret reason, besides the constitutional buoyancy of his temperament. On the eve of the battle he had become engaged to the lady whom he married a few weeks after it had been fought and lost; and as the marriage would of necessity terminate his connection with Balliol, he could afford to view the penal action of the University with equanimity. Only a few, however, of his intimate friends were let into the secret till the critical day was past. Considering the exasperated state of public feeling, it was deemed inexpedient to risk the possible consequences of a disclosure of the engagement.

We have now reached the closing scene of the portion of Ward's life dealt with in the volume before us. Early in the summer following his marriage, he was writing a review article on the recently published Memoir of Blanco White, the well-known Spanish priest who from Romanism had passed through Atheism into Anglicanism, and thence lapsed into his final Unitarian creed; and Mrs. Ward assisted her husband by copying the manuscript for the press. In this article he gave definite expression to the view in which for the last two or three years he had come to rest, that the Church of Rome is the one true Church. Earnest disciple as Mrs. Ward, under Oakeley's teaching, had been for several years of the Tractarian leaders, the attitude of a person who, while continuing to be an Anglican, absolutely believed to this extent in the Roman Church, came upon her as a surprise; and it so powerfully affected her mind, already ripe for a change, that by the time she had copied half the article she exclaimed, 'I cannot stand it: I shall go and be received into the Catholic Church.' It was but a woman's emotional cry of surprise and impatience, but it opened Ward's eyes to his own position. It flashed upon him that the fetters which had kept him an unwilling prisoner within the Anglican communion were already hanging loose on his limbs, and needed but a shake to fall off. Turning to his wife, he said, 'A little sooner or a little later makes no difference: I will go with you.'

Before applying formally for reception by Rome he issued an explanatory letter to some of his old comrades, to show why he felt justified in now taking a step, of which but a short year ago he had written in the 'Ideal':—'The idea of leaving our Church has never been before my mind as an immediately practical one; my present feeling is that I should commit a mortal sin by doing so.' In two respects, he said, circumstances

stances had materially changed. Then he had reason to believe 'that there is nothing to hinder anyone in our Church, who may please, from holding all Roman doctrine; and that all those who, being in doubt of the English Church's claims, have resolved on living a stricter life in her communion, have found an ever-increasing strength and support in her ordinances.' That the former of these two beliefs was unfounded had been put beyond doubt by the recent action of the bishops and the ecclesiastical courts: that the latter had become untenable no one could question who knew what was generally known now, alluding to Newman's intimation to his friends that he no longer found peace in the Anglican ordinances. Thus both of his two main supports in continuing an Anglican had given way; and although he would allow his friends opportunity to argue or remonstrate with him, he could not hold out any hope of their shaking his resolve to secede. In the ensuing month he and his wife were received into the Church of Rome. A month later Newman passed over, and almost immediately was followed by Oakeley. Pusey's remark on the secessions somewhat later was characteristic, and used to be gleefully retailed by Ward:—

'It is very sad. And all who have left us have deteriorated so much—all, that is, with two exceptions. One exception is Newman, whose nature is so beautiful, so perfect, that nothing, not even going over to Rome, could change him. The other exception is Ward. Ward had got so bad already that with him further deterioration was impossible.'

The foregoing story, which we have endeavoured to exhibit in a shape somewhat more continuous than that in which the biography presents it, cannot escape having a moral; but what precisely the just moral is will probably be a matter of controversy, even among those who agree in pronouncing Ward's lapse into the Roman communion a grievous blunder. To some minds it may illustrate the risk of dallying in any way with Rome; of opening the ears at all to the voice of the enchantress who sits on the seven hills, and spreads her lures to catch the unwary and unstable. Others may draw from it the admonition, that to seek a basis for belief in the authority of the Church is to enter on a course which has no logical conclusion short of complete submission to the decrees of the Vatican; for how is a dividing line to be traced between what is patristic and what is mediæval, or what reason is there for accepting without enquiry the voice of the Church at Nicæa, which does not equally apply to the Church speaking at Trent or at Rome? Others, again, may read in it the lesson of the inadequacy of the

religious instincts or intuitions to discriminate between the true and the false, the genuine and the counterfeit, in neglect of guidance from the intellect informed by Scripture, history, and experience. Without impugning the pertinence and worth of such inferences as these, we are inclined to draw a somewhat different one as the chief lesson to be derived from the story of Ward's perversion, if we may venture to employ the phrase. What it seems to us to enforce most prominently is the need of intellectual patience in dealing with religious or ecclesiastical difficulties. We read in it a warning to curb hasty impulses; to refuse indulgence to vague feelings of dissatisfaction; to try honestly to make the best of our position, instead of quarrelling with it because it seems to be an imperfect one. The root of the matter is that there is no royal road to certainty, no *organon* for the summary extinction of doubts. As much in the sphere of religion as in the social and political domains, infallibility and perfection are mere dreams of the imagination. Conviction of the truth does not become ours at the command of some external authority. It grows by contributions from many sources; from the history of the past, from personal experience, from spiritual intuition, from conscientious following of the light, from the influences exerted on us by our fellow-men who are eminent for goodness. It never ceases to grow, so long as we are faithful to what we have attained: and though in this world it can never attain a logical completeness, the humble and patient will always find it sufficient for their practical needs. If Anglicans, then, of whatever school, will only cultivate mutual tolerance, and sincerely endeavour to make the best of the system in which Providence has placed them, they may well be content to leave to ecclesiastical Utopians the vain quest for a Church whose voice will silence all disputes, satisfy all doubts, and impose unanimity with an authority beyond contradiction.

ART. IV.—*The Battle Abbey Roll, with some Account of the Norman Lineages.* By the Duchess of Cleveland. 3 vols. London, 1889.

THE task of writing the story of our ancient Norman families could hardly have fallen into better hands than those of the Duchess of Cleveland. A personal interest in the famous Abbey led her, we suppose, to undertake a most formidable work, the completion of which must have involved the labour of years. She has 'waded' through a multitude of county histories and wandered across an arid desert of records and chartularies; the pursuit of truth, to use her own words, has led her into 'a path bristling with thorns, and beset with pitfalls;' but she has succeeded in attaining her object to an extent which deserves the highest congratulation: she has not only told again in a clear and picturesque style the tale of the great land-holding families, but she has incidentally illustrated a course of English History by her collection of anecdotes and family traditions and 'vivid pictures of manners and customs which have long since passed away.'

A dry catalogue of descents might be more acceptable to the professional hunter of pedigrees; but to readers who have no personal interest in territories and dignities, what would be the interest in the line of Punchardon, surnamed '*le gros Veneur*,' without the legend of the Wild Huntsman stalking 'by blasted ash or lightning-shivered oak'? What could they care for Clifford without the tradition of the Black Butcher of Wakefield, the hiding of the Shepherd Lord and the loves of the 'Banished Man,' or for the proud De Vere without his mystic star, or for Albini without the legend of the leap into the lion's den at a lady's command?

The famous Roll of Battle Abbey is believed to have been compiled in obedience to a clause in the Conqueror's foundation-charter, enjoining the monks to pray for the souls of those who by labour and valour had helped him to win the kingdom. The Abbey was intended to be a 'chantry for the slain,' as well as a memorial of victory; and the bede-roll of the Conqueror's companions was, it is said, hung up on the walls of the church, and read out once a year to the faithful at the Feast of St. Calixtus. Such is the document stigmatized by an eminent historian as a fruitful source of falsehood and a transparent fiction, and such is the roll of fame which Sir Egerton Brydges pronounced to be 'a disgusting forgery,' while others called it the chimera of some idle herald's brain, a mere creature of fraud and fable. We shall endeavor

vour to state what is known as to what we must still regard as a venerable record, premising only that it is no part of our task to defend the errors in its extant copies, and that in our opinion, even if it were a manifest forgery of the monks, it would still form a good foundation for the historical fabric which the Duchess of Cleveland has now connected with it.

The modern form of the tradition is due apparently to John Foxe, who took his account of the matter partly from Guillaume Tayleur, a Norman writer, and partly, as he said, out of the *Annals of Normandy*, 'whereof one very ancient written book in parchment remained in the custody of this writer.' He set forth in his '*Acts and Monuments*' what he had learned from these foreign authorities:—

'The day after the battell, very early in the morning, Odo Bishop of Bayeux sung masse for those that were departed. The Duke after that, desirous to know the estate of his battell and what people he had therein lost and were slaine, caused to come to him a clerke that had written their names when they were embarked at St. Valerie, and commanded him to call them all by their names, who called them that had bin at the battell and passed the seas with Duke William.'

Then follows Foxe's own list of the names of those that were at the Conquest of England. The first part of the catalogue, from Bishop Odo to Amauri de Thouars, is evidently borrowed from Normandy. The supplement, which begins with 'John de Mandevile and Adam Undevile' and ends with 'R. Estraunge and Thomas Savage,' is described as having been taken out of the old English Chronicles dealing with the names of other Normans, 'which seemed to remain alive after the battell, and to be advanced in the seigniories of this land.' It is nearly identical with a list embodied in the '*Chronicle of John Bromton*,' who was Abbot of Jervaulx in the year 1436. 'He tells us,' says the Duchess, 'that he found it written, without telling us where, and introduces it in a piece of old French verse, in which he announces his intention of giving a catalogue of those who came over with the Conqueror.' But, finding that the names given at the font are often changed, as Edmund into Edward, Baldwin into Bernard, Godwin into Godard, and Elys into Edwine, he contents himself with giving the surnames only, which were not changed. We may note, however, that Foxe attempted, with conspicuous ill-success, to reproduce the actual personal names. Then follow 240 surnames, arranged in a rhythmical jargon, beginning with 'Maundevyle et Daundevyle' and ending as before with 'Straunge et Sauvage.' There is nothing to show that either of these lists

had

had been collated with any copy of the Battle Abbey Roll. We get closer to the traces of the original record when we come to Holinshed, whose work was published in 1577. He professed to note in a table all the 'noble captains' and gentlemen who took part in the Conquest, 'as we find them written in the Chronicles of Normandie by one William Tayleur;' but, inasmuch as many of them were only described by reference to their estates, he thought it convenient, as he said, 'to make out the partakers of the roll, which sometime belonged to Battell Abbie.' This is the origin of the long list of 629 names, which the Duchess of Cleveland has adopted as the basis of her work. Another list was preserved by Duchesne. It contains a much smaller number of entries, some of the names themselves being different; but the Duchess has shown, by an elaborate comparison of their contents, that both these catalogues must have been derived from some common original. Duchesne's list seems to have been given to him by Camden, who copied it from 'Stowe's Chronicle,' and Stowe expressly states that his catalogue was transcribed from 'a table sometime in Battell Abbey.' Grafton, who wrote a few years earlier, used yet another list, given to him by his friend the Clarencieux King at Arms, which appears to have been obtained from the same original source. Sir William Dugdale refused to treat the entries in any of these rolls as having any legal validity. He blamed their great errors, 'or rather falsities,' attributing them to the 'subtilty of some monks of old,' who had gratified their patrons by the insertion of their names into that 'ancient catalogue;' and he points in support of his allegation to the recurrence of English local names. The learned Camden's words show that he too had little patience with the record: 'Whosoever considereth it well, shall find it always to be forged, and those names to be inserted which the time in every age favoured, and were never mentioned in the notable record of Domesday.' But, after all, however just these criticisms may be, it is clear that they all tend to show that some old document was preserved at the Abbey, which professed to enumerate the Conqueror's companions. Perhaps it may have been in reality rather a record of the families which from time to time claimed the coveted descent, 'in order to introduce a little of the Norman sap into the family tree.'

The problem now arises, whether there is actual evidence that any known person ever saw the document in question. We think that such evidence certainly exists. Before the suppression of the Abbey, John Leland, the famous antiquary, obtained leave from Henry VIII. to visit the various monasteries

teries and preserve whatever MSS. he thought valuable. We know that he visited Battle Abbey by his curious list of the books in the library, including the 'entire prophecy of Hildeward,' and Clement of Llanton's work 'on the spiritual wings and feathers of the Cherubim.' Again, in his 'Collectanea,' we find an actual transcript of the Battle Abbey Roll, containing very precise notes; and in some of these he called attention to certain dots or points upon the Roll, which were accurately reproduced in his copy. Thus, after the entry of 'Otinell et St. Thomer,' he places two dots in the succeeding line, with the note '*Sic cum duobus punctis*;' under 'Maihermer et Muschet' he places another dot, noting that it was marked under the further side of the seventh letter, and so on in several other instances. It must be clear, therefore, that he was copying an actual document, which the world knew as the Roll of Battle Abbey. His list contains 495 names arranged in 247 lines. Each line consists of two names with a single exception. The names generally begin with the same initial letter; but with this exception no attempt seems to have been made to arrange them in alphabetical order. The Duchess of Cleveland has taken the trouble of sorting out the lines according to the initial letters. She has discovered that more than half of them keep the same order among themselves as the names in Holinshed's list, and she rightly infers that this can hardly be an accidental coincidence. The following extract will explain the nature of the document:—

'Aumaryll et Deyncourt,
Bertrem et Buttencourt,
Biard et Biford,
Bardolf et Basset,
Deyville et Darcy,
Pygot et Percy,
Gurnay et Greilly,
Tregos et Treyilly,
Camoys et Cameville,
Hautein et Hanville.'

There are several blank lines, marked with the dots already noticed, as if spaces had been left for inserting suitable names when the opportunity arose; but the rhythmical character of the couplets must have made it rather difficult to make an unsuspected interpolation. The Duchess of Cleveland regards the list as an abbreviated or 'popular' edition, curtailed and rendered more palatable by its 'jangle of rhyme.' Leland restores to us at least forty names that would otherwise be lost:—

'He

'He enables us to note the exact place where Avenal, Byron, and Vipont stood on the original Roll, and in many cases also helps us to recover the original spelling. Thus, for example, his "Pygot et Percy" identifies for us the name given as "Pery" in Holinshed and as Pecy in Duchesne.'

There are two copies of the Roll among the Lansdowne MSS., besides several independent lists of the knights who took part in the Conquest. One of these is in the Harleian Collection, and another among the Norfolk MSS. at the College of Arms. The latter may have been the copy which was lent to Grafton when writing his Chronicle. None of them are of much importance, as compared with Leland's list or Bromton's ancient bede-roll. There is, however, one very important document, the significance of which the Duchess hardly appears to recognize. It is a list taken by Hearne from the collection of William of Worcester. It is prefaced by the five lines of verse which are said to have formed the superscription of the Battle Abbey Roll; an English translation, 'painted on a tablet,' remained in the parish church of Battle until late in the last century. Mr. Lower gives the following copy of this translation in his book on 'English Surnames':—

'This place of war is Battel called, because in battle here
Quite conquerèd and overthrown the English nation were;
This slaughter happenèd to them upon St. Celix's Day,
The year whereof, 1066, this number doth away.'

In the copy taken from William of Worcester another line is added,—

'Et tunc præteritos præsens numerus notat annos.'
(This number here denotes the years passed by.)

The numerals CCCLIII are written in the margin, and this seems to show that the list of names immediately following the verses must have been written in the 353rd year after the battle. This would give us the year 1419, 'when William of Worcester was a boy of four years old,' as the time when the Roll was put together. Hearne, an authority of pre-eminent importance in such matters, believed that the verses in question were undoubtedly copied 'from some noted register of Battle Abbey.' 'I certainly do not consider,' he adds, 'that the names were taken from the well-known Roll of which Leland made use, and which clearly differs from this register, as in fact it does from that given by John Stowe; but, whatever the register may have been, it was certainly a noteworthy monument of antiquity.' The Duchess of Cleveland admits the justness of these remarks. She points out, however, that the names are so
'mangled

'mangled and distorted by their strange orthography' as to be mostly unrecognizable. Among other instances she mentions 'Seintbrewel,' which we should take to be 'Saint Briavel;' 'Spigurnel,' and 'Cunli' and 'Welbi,' which one would think might stand for Cunliffe and Welby respectively. Most of our readers will agree that there is no special difficulty as to the occurrence of 'Gunter' and 'Escot,' or even of Fetiplace and Ferebrace, which are all recognizable as ordinary names that may well have been on the Battle Abbey Roll in its fifteenth-century form. We agree that it may be difficult to deal with some of these 'maltreated patronymics;' but, taken together, it is clear that their occurrence is of great importance as showing that in early times there were fresh editions of the Roll in which the monks may have inserted the names 'which the time in every age favoured.' But, however many may have been the documents which at different times have figured as the original record, it seems certain that they have all long since disappeared. It is not even known what became of the list which was current in Leland's time. According to the family tradition it passed into the hands of Sir Anthony Browne, when he acquired 'the house and site' of the monastery, together with the Conqueror's sword and coronation-robe. All these precious heirlooms are believed to have been transferred to Cowdray, when Lord Montague changed his residence; and there they seem to have been destroyed, with many other accumulated treasures, in the disastrous fire of 1793:—

'This,' says the Duchess, 'is the only explanation that I have ever heard given of the disappearance of the Roll; and, though I can certainly furnish no proofs in confirmation of the statement, there would seem to be no particular reason for doubting its probability.'

The custom of using hereditary surnames appears to have been established in Normandy about the time of the invasion of England. Mr. Freeman has pointed out that the practice began in this country with the Conquest, and 'may be set down as one of its results.' Of the two kinds of surnames, the personal description and the local or territorial designation, the latter was the more readily adopted. The local name, as the historian has shown, ceased to be really descriptive when the main interests of 'Robert of Bruce' or 'William of Percy' were no longer Norman, but English. 'When the name no longer suggested a thought of the place, Bruce and Percy became surnames in the modern sense.' Conversely, we have to remember that, in searching for indications of Norman descent, the only sure sign is 'a local surname taken from a place in Normandy.'

Normandy.' But, even when that sign appears, we have to be careful in assuming that the family came over to England with the Conqueror. Holinshed's list, for example, includes the family of De Maulay, and a 'Seigneur de Meulay' is found in Tailleux's catalogue. Yet nothing is better established than the fact that the De Maulays, lords of Doncaster and Barons of Mulgrave, came over from Poitou as late as the reign of King John. 'Peter de Maulay,' says the Duchess, 'is obviously an interpolation;' and there must, we may be sure, be many more of the same kind. There may, of course, be various other reasons for doubting a connection based only on a similarity of names. The common West-country name of Pavey has been much too readily derived from Pavia, or from the families of Pavée de Provençère and Pavée de Vendevre, whose history is recorded in the 'Nobiliaire de Normandie.' It would take a strong argument to convince us that every Brett and Brito came from 'Brette in Maine,' or that the name denoted anything but the fact of coming from Brittany. The Bovills of Suffolk and Hereford may have had a home at Beuville by Caen; but it is clear that none of the other families of the name are connected with them, 'unless it be the Bevils of Chesterton.' The ancient race of Pomeroy may have been, as some maintain, the Castellans of the Château de la Pommeraie, which some call Château Ganne, not far from Falaise; but it requires a robust faith to believe that there could be no other 'pommeraie,' or orchard, to give a name to the family. The lords of Berry-Pomeroy were known to all for their 'bold rider's leap,' 'out over the cliff, out into the night, three hundred feet of fall,' and for their ownership of the 'wishing-beech,' round which a man to gain his wish must walk three times in the track of the sun.

There are many personal names in Holinshed's list, of which it can only be said that they may possibly have belonged to Norman families, though they never had any right to a place on the Abbey Roll. The Duchess rules out their pretensions with a firm hand; but we are thankful that she has nevertheless preserved in many cases their picturesque and ancient traditions. The heiress of 'Fitz Fitz,' when not driving in her horrible 'coach of bones,' runs out from the old gate at Fitzford in the form of a black hound with glowing eyes and fiery tongue. Of Fynemore's house in Gloucestershire, it was said that a body lay buried under the steps, 'and that the spirit rises whenever grass grows on the stone stair.' Fitz-Rainold was the ancestor of De Poynings, who left to his heir a ruby ring 'which is the charter of the heritage of Poynning.' Fitz-Othes may doubtless be the name of the son of Otho, the goldsmith who made the

Conqueror's

Conqueror's monument at Caen out of 'a mass of gold and silver and precious stones;' but nothing will persuade us to agree with the Duchess, that one of the junior branches of this baronial line undoubtedly gave birth to Robin Hood. We would as soon believe, with Dr. Gale, that he was in reality Robert Earl of Huntingdon, though 'pipl could him Robin Heud,' as the spurious inscription ran. 'His true name,' says Thoroton, 'was Robert Fitzooth, but, agreeably to the custom of dropping the Norman addition "Fitz," and the two last letters being turned into "d," he was vulgarly called "Ood" or Hood.' We would rather that the Duchess had omitted this illustrious descent, and given us another rousing ballad about the celebrated 'prince of thieves.' Under the name of Fitz-Hugh we have an amusing story from Camden of William Belward, the Cheshire knight, 'each of whose sons took different surnames, while their sons in turn took different names from their fathers.' They altered their names 'in respect of habitation' to Egerton, Cotgrave, and Overton; 'in respect of colour' to Gough, which means red; 'in respect of learning' to Kenclarke, and 'as to quality' to Goodman; in respect of stature to Little, and 'in respect to the Christian name of one of them' to Richardson, though all were descended from William Belward. The Duchess adds that the name of 'Cholmondeley' should also have been included in the list. There are many titles of office, such as Chamberlain and Dispenser, which were entered in Domesday Book, and have found a place in course of time in the Battle Abbey Roll. Some of these titles may have been adopted at once as family names; but there is, of course, great difficulty in tracing such descents. There is not so much trouble in the case of the rough nicknames which were far more likely to stick. Mr. Freeman has remarked that in the case of kings and princes these were hardly used 'in a formal way' until, in the course of a generation or two, it became necessary to distinguish them from others of the same name; 'but among the smaller bearers of names of this kind, as Flambard, Losinga, and the less intelligible Peverel, they seem to have become hereditary very early.' The Duchess of Cleveland has made out a very interesting list of the nicknames which she has found in the Battle Abbey Roll and among the early records of England and Normandy. There are 'Taillebois' and 'Taillefer,' and the victorious name of Talbot; and we might add 'Deus-salvet-dominas' or 'God save the dames,' with 'Douceparole' and 'Playndamour' and 'Agnes la Belle,' and 'Agnes the Evil Woman' or 'Mala-mulier.'

'There

'There is the good-looking man, Belhomme, Belteste, Bello Viso, and Belebarbe with the beautiful beard; the ugly man, Vis de Chien, and Mal Tailli. The man whose cap sits awry, Tort Chapel; the more unfortunate one whose neck or hand is crooked, Tort Col and Tortemayns; Le Malvenu and Saunchef speak for themselves; but others are more difficult of interpretation, such as Megresauce, Seignesauce, Eil de Bœuf, . . . Bat les Boes, Bat Lapel, Uldebert Bona-Filia, and Dionysia Escorche-bœuf. 'Pie de Lièvre must, I fear, have been a runaway, as Oil de Larrun was a thief.'

The lord of Braibœuf took his name from a castle near Torigny, but 'Front-de-bœuf' was as much a nickname as 'Skin-the-Bull' and 'Beat-the-Ox' in the Duchess of Cleveland's list. 'Trachelion' refers to some forgotten deed of prowess; 'Vis de Leu' and 'Lovel' keep up the peasants' old comparison between the wolf and the Norman baron; Malbys, or 'Mala Bestia,' the Evil Beast, was another nickname of this kind, which in all probability was thoroughly well deserved. 'Acaster Malbis, near York, which alone keeps the name of this family in remembrance, is believed to have been one of their residences.' The Caprons seem to have got their name from some forgotten anecdote about a hood or 'chaperoun.' We note with some dismay that one of the authorities cited by the Duchess considered it extremely probable that the 'Caperoun' of the Battle Abbey Roll was the ancestor of the Quaifes, even though they have a family tradition that their forefather got his name at Hastings, by wearing a coif instead of a helmet. This is as bad as some of the false etymologies from Camden which the Duchess has taken the trouble to expose, as Coigners from the *quince*, Zouch from the *souche* or trunk of a tree, Cheney from the *oak-grove*, and Curzon from the *stock of a vine*, with other titles of Norman families taken, as was supposed, 'from trees near their habitations.' It would be easy to get a store of similar instances from the heraldic cognizances, some of which bore a 'canting' reference to actual claim of descent from the Swan-knight; the Scudamores might trace their name to some passionate feat rewarded with the 'Shield of Love,' and the lineage of Crevequer, or 'De Crepito Corde,' might on the same system of guess-work be traced to their badge of the Broken Heart. The Duchess of Cleveland has not indulged in fancies of this kind. She has in several cases reproved the exuberant etymologies of the older school of genealogists. In one instance only has she permitted herself to base a decision on a mere conjecture, and even this instance will have, we think, to be reconsidered. A family called Taverner was long settled at Elmham, in Norfolk, where Ralph Le Taverner lived at the end
of

of the thirteenth century. He is believed to have been a distant relation of the preacher of the celebrated sermon beginning with, 'I have brought you some fine Bisketts, baked in the oven of Charity and carefully conserved for the chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation.' A John Taverner, in an earlier age, is said to have fought bravely at Agincourt. But the name of the family signifies only a tavern-keeper, whose 'green busche' is a sign 'for to tell that within is wyne to sell.' 'It is simply impossible,' says the Duchess, 'that so thoroughly plebeian a name was not surreptitiously introduced into the Roll.' The fact may have been so, but the reason alleged is hardly sufficient. In the course of verifying a great number of the references to the *Calendarium Genealogicum* and other guides to the public records, we found the inquisition taken on the death of one of these Taverners in the reign of Edward I., and we noticed with some interest that the main finding of the jury was that the deceased was a Norman. In the same calendar is to be found a very instructive verdict taken in the 52nd year of Henry III., with respect to an estate called Trienstone. The land was held by services of castleguard, as part of the barony of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. The jurors were summoned to consider the claim of the Crown to a forfeiture, and they found that the land in question had been given immediately after the Conquest to a knight named Trian. He was succeeded by Hugh and Robert, his son and grandson respectively; and so the said Trian, Hugh, and Robert held it without any adverse claim from the time of King William the Bastard until the time of King John, who seized it as forfeited, with all other lands then held by Norman barons in England, and banished the said Robert Trian, the last tenant, from England. There are entries of several similar forfeitures in the record called the *Testa de Nevil*, of which the Duchess of Cleveland has made use in some parts of her work. It will be remembered that, when Philip of France seized on Normandy and the lands of Englishmen in the Duchy, the King of England was driven to retaliate by taking into his own hands all the estates in this country which were then in the possession of Normans. The records bearing upon this transaction are of great importance in connection with the history of the Normans in England. But it is probable that the existing editions of the Battle Abbey Roll are of far too late a date to include any notice of the families thus banished to the Continent.

Every kind of historical chronicle appears to have been searched for interesting illustrations of the pedigrees mentioned
in

in the record. The reader must study for himself the bede-roll of the Percies and Mortimers, the tragedy of the Lindsays, the splendour of 'victorious Warwick,' and of the young Duke who was crowned King of the Isle of Wight and held the lordship of the Channel Isles at the rent of a red rose. We can only choose an example here and there to serve as a sample of the work. We will just mention the house of d'Oily, the cradle of whose race was at Ouilly-le-Basset, in the arrondissement of Falaise, and whose kinsmen at home were represented at the Assembly of Nobles in 1789. We choose them in this place for the sake of a legend worthy of a place in the political satire of 'Reynard the Fox,' which is told of the Countess Edith, the founder of Oseney Priory. She used, as Leland tells us, to walk out of Oxford Castle for solace, and noticed that, as often as she came to a certain tree, the magpies used to gather and chatter as if they were speaking to her. Thereupon she sent for her Confessor, Canon Radulf of St. Frideswide's, and asked his counsel: 'to whom he answered, after that he had seen the fashion of the Pies, Chattering only at her coming, that she should build some Chirch or Monasterie at that place; then she entreatid her husband to build a Priorie, and so he did, making Radulf the first Prior.' Of Saint Leger, who came from St. Leger, near Avranches, we are told that there is a 'fond tradition,' that the Conqueror leaned on his arm before he made his famous stumble on English ground, and swore that with his two hands he had taken seisin of England. The descendant of this Robert de Saint Leger was the first Viceroy of Ireland, to whom (says Fuller) 'all the Irish nobility made their solemn submission, falling down at his feet upon their knees, laying aside their girdles, skenes, and caps: this was the fourth solemn submission of the Irish to the Kings of England.' We pass to the St. Clairs of Roslyn, who once made Scotland 'ring with their renown,' and whose 'proud chapel' with the uncoffined knights has blazed so often with a mysterious flame:

'Blazed battlement and pinnet, high
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair,
So still they blaze when Fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.'

We are interested in noticing how much good use has been made of the article on the 'Orkneyinga Saga,' which appeared a few years ago in this Review. William de St. Clair married the heiress of Orkney and Caithness, whose forefather Sigurd, according to a grisly legend, had died of a scratch from the swinging head of his enemy 'Maelbrigd with the Buck-tooth,'
Sigurd's

Sigurd's brother and successor is remembered for having carved the 'blood-eagle' on the body of his foeman Halfdane. Another Sigurd fell fighting against Brian Boroimh at the great Battle of Clontarf, where Odin himself was thought to have been seen under the raven-flag, 'riding an apple-grey horse and holding a halberd in his hand.' Then we come to Thorfinn, 'greedy of wealth and renown,' and the mild St. Magnus, who was foully slain by Hakon the Crusader, and so down to Isabel de St. Clair again. We are reminded by these references to the old Sagas, that many a story might be found in the Chronicles of the Kings of Norway to illustrate the record of our noble families. The Duchess of Cleveland tells us how the cruel Hugh le Preux, the second Earl of Shrewsbury, was shot through the heart by a Norse archer from a ship of the 'black fleet of Norrway.' The story is also told by Giraldus Cambrensis, and it appears in a very striking form in the following passage from the 'Heimskringla':—

'King Magnus shot with the bow; but Hugo the Brave was all over in armour, so that nothing was bare about him, except one eye. King Magnus let fly an arrow at him, as also did a man who was beside the king. They both struck him at once. The one shaft hit the nose-screen of the helmet, which was bent by it on one side, and the other arrow hit the earl's eye, and went through his head, and that was found to be the king's. Earl Hugo fell, and the English fled, with the loss of many people.'

The History of the Soulis family introduces us to the legend of their familiar sprite 'Redcap,' and the Wizard Lord who was carried to the Nine Stane Rigg:

'And they wound him up in a sheet of lead,
A sheet of lead for a funeral pall,
And they plunged him into the cauldron red,
And melted him, lead and bones and all.'

The name of Conyers, 'the stately cedar that overshadowed both Durham and Yorkshire,' recalls the remembrance of the wyvern, or 'fiery flying serpent,' which John Conyers overthrew with the falchion that stood for the charter of his inheritance. The last of his race was found in the workhouse of Chester-le-Street, and was barely saved from dying in a pauper's grave. Sir Bernard Burke caps this with the story of the last 'Castleton,' who followed the humble trade of a breeches-maker, and of 'Rokeby,' whose nobility 'ebbed out with a carpenter,' a hundred years ago. Somerville of Linton, 'brave even to madness,' was the slayer of another legendary worm, 'in length three Scots yards, and somewhat bigger than an ordinarie man's leg.'

leg.' It was one of his family who established the gift of the 'Wichnor bacon,' which had to be earned in the same way as the more celebrated Flitch of Dunmow. 'Hear ye, Syr Philippe de Somerville, maintainer [of this bacon,' said the fortunate recipient, 'that I, sythe I married my wife, wold not have changed her for none other, fairer ne fouler, richer ne poorer, ne for none other descended of greater lineage,'—and so forth. A very opposite view of the blessings of wedlock was shown by that Sir John Camois who sold his wife Margaret with all her goods and chattels. The curious deed is preserved by Dugdale, with the names of the eight attesting witnesses. The Duchess of Cleveland points out that the contracting parties evidently believed the deed to be valid. 'The right of a man to sell his wife long continued to be a favourite article of belief in England.' She adds that some of the ignorant even now believe it, and the following curious list of examples certainly goes far to maintain her statement:—

'The instances of such sales within the present century are too numerous to quote. Sometimes a halter is placed round the wife's neck, and the market price varies from 40*l.* and a supper (this is quite an exceptional case) to a quatern of gin and a bull pup. In 1815 a woman was put up to auction on the market-place of Pontefract, and changed hands for half-a-guinea; in 1820 a "decent-looking man" brought his wife into the cattle market at Canterbury, hired a pen, and sold her to a townsman for 5*s.* On one occasion a beer-shop keeper at Little Horton (near Bradford) had the sale announced beforehand by the village bellman; on another (in 1877), the articles of sale were actually drawn up by an attorney. A woman who had fetched the unusual price of 15*l.* defended her claim as the heiress to some property, in 1825, against her husband's relations, on the plea that a sale in the market-place constituted a legal divorce. As recently as 1881 a Sheffield artisan disposed of his helpmate for a quart of beer.'

Many of the Norman families must have been destroyed in the Wars of the Roses, in which we are told that all the contending princes acted on the maxim, 'Kill the nobles, and spare the commons.' Many more, no doubt, have lost their property under more ordinary circumstances, and have relapsed into poverty and obscurity. We can readily believe the statement that families now in the humblest social position are entitled to use 'baronial and historical names,' though few of them may be able to show an 'authenticated male descent.' Of the great array of ancient names whose history has been told by the Duchess of Cleveland, very few, as she remarks, are now borne by representatives in the male line. Of the great house
of

of Beauchamp, we are told that not a single 'heir-male' remains; 'not one of the many fair branches put forth by the stately and far-reaching tree survives.' Of Malebisse, in the same way, it is said that the line ended in females, two Yorkshire families now claiming to represent the co-heiresses. The Duchess of Cleveland explains the matter in this way:—

'Genealogists, as a rule, are solely occupied with making out the descent of a title or estate, and thus the erratic female baronies, conveyed by heiresses, are sedulously traced through a succession of uninteresting families, while the disinherited younger branches of the parent stock are ignored. These must, of necessity, frequently have sunk into insignificance.'

There is, doubtless, a presumption of law in favour of 'male succession' to dignities. But the passages quoted above seem to imply a much more startling theory. The descent of an estate to an heiress is treated as being in some sense a disinheriting of the collaterals who might have claimed through males. The family, which traces a Norman lineage through daughters, is regarded as quite uninteresting, when compared with representatives in an authenticated line of male descent. We know that it has been decided, on the highest legal authority, that a man is not 'related' to his mother; but it can hardly be maintained that descent through a son is nearer than descent from a daughter. If this theory were upheld, it would deal a cruel blow to the numberless families who trace their royal descent from Edward III., or through Queen Matilda to the Anglo-Saxon Kings. But, in reality, there is nothing in the point, except a slight confusion between the notions of steps in a pedigree and of descents which establish the right to a dignity or a landed estate.

We are sorry that we must now part from an interesting and even fascinating subject. We have no doubt that the laborious investigations of the antiquary might produce a list of the Conqueror's companions which would be more historically exact. We know, indeed, that at Dives, where William's fleet was assembled, there hangs in the old Norman church a tablet containing the names of those who by Domesday Book or the local records of Normandy are shown to have taken part in the Conquest of England. But this does not in any way diminish the success attained by the Duchess of Cleveland through her skilful treatment of a subject, which might in other hands have fatigued or repelled all who were not personally concerned with the landmarks or traditions of the past.

- ART. V.—1. *Sämmtliche Werke*. Von Heinrich Heine. Hamburg, 1876.
 2. *Memoiren*. Von Heinrich Heine. Hamburg, 1885.
 3. *H. Heine's Leben und Werke*. Von Adolf Strodtmann. Hamburg, 1884.
 4. *H. Heine*. Von Robert Proelss. Stuttgart, 1886.*

UNDER the name of Euphorion in the 'graceful little fantasy piece called Helena,' afterwards embodied in the 'Second Part of Faust,' Goethe, as is well known, celebrated the genius and early death of Byron. To the old poet in Weimar reading 'Manfred' and 'Childe Harold,' it appeared that their author belonged to the new race of men which he had long ago foreboded in 'Werther,' 'Wilhelm Meister,' and the opening scenes of his mightiest tragedy. For these scenes, which to a philosophic eye excel in power and purpose the 'Gretchen Romance' up to which they lead, are a valediction to the mediæval, nay, to the Christian world of thought, and a longing for some yet undisclosed ideal. But the child of Faust and Helen, who was to combine the mysterious beauty of Romanticism with Greek lightness and mental suffering with eternal youth, *Heiterkeit mit Selbst-Bewusstsein*, but who was snatched from men's sight in a blaze of glory while his lyre lay dashed on the ground, would seem to have glanced out upon Europe in the hero poet who died at Missolonghi in 1824. Him, therefore, Goethe canonized. He made of his poems a shining constellation in the firmament which was to spread its crystal over a renewed earth. And yet, as the years go on, Byron seems less and less to maintain that skyey altitude. In vain has Mr. Arnold exalted him as the 'greatest elementary power' since Shakspeare, if he must allow in the same breath that he had 'little culture' and 'no ideas.' To a generation unacquainted with Byron, the modern spirit does not incarnate itself in 'Don Juan.' For the type of which Goethe was in search we must look elsewhere.

Curiously enough, the old man himself, had he chosen, might have discovered the offspring of Faust and Helen nearer home, in the shy, not over-tall, and fair, or red-haired youth, who once paid him a brief, unsatisfactory visit, and remarked to him on the goodness of the plums which grew along the Jena road. But there were difficulties in the way. Byron, an English lord, travelling through Europe, and recording in distinguished verse his distinguished impression of the battle-

* This, the latest account of Heine, is well-informed, severe, and luminous, but less comprehensive than Strodtmann.

fields, classic ruins, and Grecian Isles which he haughtily gazed upon, in the silent, sardonic manner of Corinne's Lord Neville, or Julie's Lord Edward, must have struck Goethe as the very pattern of aristocratic genius. He was the *reisender Engländer* in perfection, and unquestionably a poet of a high order. Accustomed himself to strive after the opposite distinctions of a man of courts and a son of the Muses, Goethe could not fail to be impressed, when a young patrician of four-and-twenty flashed upon the scene, and with easy magnificence claimed all the honours as by right of nature. 'This surely,' we may fancy him pointing out to Eckermann, 'must be Euphorion—this, and not the Jew poet from Düsseldorf whose lyrics they are singing in University beer-houses.' What, after all, was Heine but a student out at elbows, whose Jewish kinsfolk were making greasy money on the Dreckwall at Hamburg, who had neither travelled nor fought, and to whom Hellenic literature meant the Greek grammar which he had conned under a disbanded Jesuit, in the old Franciscan cloister of his native town? Between Byron and such a one the contrast was great indeed. Heine seemed by no means fit to be translated to the stars, and his discarded lyre and raiment would but serve to remind men of the Judengasse in which his ancestors spent their sordid lives, or, at best, might fetch the price of old clothes when sold in a German Wardour Street.

Wonderful are the ways of history! The gods go about disguised, and Euphorion, in a fit of anger, will betray to a quick ear the high nasal tones which tell of *Piut* and *Selicha*—chanted age after age in the Hebrew synagogue. Goethe was no prophet when he canonized Byron. Not Byron, but Heine remains, and is sure to remain as a living emblem of the century in which the romantic was married to the plastic genius. He is their true offspring. Like yet unlike them both, he bears on his brow the light of a fresh ideal, and in his heart the spirit of modern thought. Heine is at once the child of the age and its embodiment, often fantastic, oftener still a mocker of it as of himself, but always its true effigies. He is not Greek-classic, nor medieval-Romantic, any more than Beethoven is Palestrina, or Raffaele Frà Angelico. Yet in a true sense he, like all writers that have greatly influenced their generation, is 'made and moulded of things past.' He is originality itself, so individual that hardly a page of his prose writings betrays imitation of a model; while his verse, which at the beginning borrowed some touches of Rückert and Uhland, speedily struck its wings free and soared aloft into its own ether. He is cosmopolitan, not in the mere artistic sense, like those poets who have delighted in pictures of

of the East, or of Greece and Italy, because of their foreign colour and intense sunshine, but as one to whom, in his best moments, all mankind (not excluding John Bull, whom he hated) are a single family, and his home is wherever a human heart throbs or suffers. And throughout he remains a Hebrew by his pathos and energy, a German by his dreamy Pantheistic speculation, a Rhinelander by the one grain of sentiment which even cynical Paris cannot quite neutralize in him, and above all the singer of the 'Lyrical Intermezzo,' with its wild passion and its unaffected simplicity, from whose lips the tale of love, a thousand times repeated, comes to us like strange, most melancholy music, in an unattempted key. What Heine thought, and sang, and suffered will long continue to interest, not Germany alone, but Europe. For to him, far more than to Byron, the line of 'Wallenstein' applies; truly his life 'was a battle and a march,'—a battle for the new ideas that are striving to make an end of the old, a march from combat to combat and from suffering to suffering, until he sank on the field in the afternoon of a dubious day.

Whether we look on him as a pioneer of freedom and intellect, or as a rebel against the Divine order of things, we cannot question the fact that he clothed, in words and imagery of the most affecting and most striking loveliness, those thoughts which are now shaking our institutions to their centre. He was not, and he could not be, a leader of men. But he knew how to combine art with life, and life with art. If his strains were not Tyrtæan, they were Orphic; not, as he mockingly said, like those of Goethe, 'beautifully objective,' but full of the present and the immediate, as though the century had made him its voice, and sang or moaned through his eloquent lips; as by the hands of others it fought against the Metternichs and the Bourbons. There are those who would read the chronicle of the first half of that age in Victor Hugo; but Heine, whether as lyric or historian, has drunk more deeply of its spirit, and shows us many more of its facets. He goes to the quick, while Hugo is solemnly gesticulating, or mouthing his rants of Tamburlane. And he has infinite wit and humour,—qualities in which the French dithyrambic poet was singularly wanting. Heine gives us life, not caricature; his very exaggerations have a design in them; neither is he, like Hugo, their dupe. He has an unflinching, almost too powerful, sense of the prose reality of things, while out of their dusty sordidness he can extract the finest poetry. He is no realist, in the slang or technical meaning of the phrase; but no one was ever less deceived by rhetoric, ornament, or outside tinsel. He has the coarser traits of Swift

and Rabelais,—in a painful degree, English readers will be apt to fancy,—in such wise, at all events, as to prove that if he was a true poet, his poetry did not take leave of the world around him. It rendered back not idle imaginings, but what he saw and felt. This, indeed, he has in common with the highest singers, from Homer to Tennyson. What is peculiar to him is the form in which his poetical spirit clothed itself, and the range of vision over which he looked out. To comprehend either we must study his life. For in Heine, the poet and his poetry are one; we cannot separate them. He is personal by necessity, and is always descanting on his own feelings. It is the quintessence of the subjective style. Let us enquire, then, what manner of man he was.

Heinrich Heine was born at Düsseldorf on December 13th, 1799. It is amusing to note that Mr. Arnold, in repeated editions of his 'Essays in Criticism,' speaks of Heine as 'born at Hamburg;' although, since he recommends the 'Reisebilder' to English readers, and translates passages from them, we might suppose he had read them himself, and must be acquainted with the humorous reference to the house in the Bolkerstrasse which the poet says he always thought of when he spoke of 'going home.'* 'Yes, madam,' he exclaims in the 'Buch Le Grand,' 'here was I born, and I remark it expressly in case that after my death seven cities—Schilda, Krähwinkel, Polkwitz, Bockum, Dülken, Göttingen, and Schoppenstädt—should contend for the honour of being my native city.' The date of his birth, however, has given rise to considerable discussion, now set at rest by his biographer Herr Adolf Strodtmann, with the help of the church register of 'the Evangelical congregation of St. Martin's at Heiligenstadt,' where Heine went through the ceremony of baptism, and was required to give a legal account of himself to 'Master Gottlob Christian Grimm,' who had the doubtful honour of opening to him the doors of the Church and of Prussian society by this religious rite.†

He came of undistinguished Jewish parentage on both sides. His father, Samson Heine, who was born at Hanover, August 19th, 1764, was one of six surviving children, all brought up in straitened circumstances, and with little or no education. But they seem to have inherited the genius of their race for money making. Isaac, the eldest brother, who settled at Bordeaux, left a considerable fortune, and his sons Armand and

* 'Reisebilder,' vol. i. p. 224.

† Strodtmann, since publishing the early correspondence of Heine's mother, inclines to 1797 as the year of the poet's birth,—on insufficient grounds as it appears to Proelss, p. 4.

Michel became heads of the well-known banking firm of Oppenheim and Fould in Paris; while the third brother, Solomon, of whom we shall often hear in the sequel, setting out in his seventeenth year from his father's house in Hanover, 'with a pair of leather breeches and sixteen groschen in the pocket of them,' made a pilgrimage to Hamburg, and there by his thrift and industry rose from the counter of the money-changer to the highest position in the realm of finance, and to the ownership of hundreds of thousands. The less-favoured Samson took a different course, and was by no means so lucky. Business led him in December 1798 to Düsseldorf, where he made the acquaintance of a Jewish doctor of medicine, Simon van Geldern, whose ancestor, Isaac, had come out of Holland into the Duchy of Jülich-Berg about the year 1700. He was not noble, though the Heines liked to picture him as such. The Jews had no family-names until in various countries they were compelled by law to assume them, and Van Geldern does but mean 'from Guelders.' Isaac, however, was a rich man, and his sons and grandsons, who practised medicine as the only profession, besides banking, open to Israelites, imitated the founder of their house, in their efforts to succour and raise up their down-trodden brethren. These traits survived in Samson Heine's friend, Simon van Geldern; while much of the turn for literature, which seems to have been hereditary in this family, was inherited by his sister, named Betty. In spite of her domestic duties (for she acted as Simon's housekeeper), she became an accomplished woman, and a diligent reader of Rousseau and Goethe. She was near thirty, and had refused several offers of marriage. Samson Heine fell in love with her at first sight, and on February 1st, 1799, they were made man and wife, after the briefest of courtships, as the Jewish custom, which is somewhat Oriental, recommends. In a small one-storeyed house, 602 Bolkerstrasse, they set up a retail shop for cloth and manufactured articles, which so far prospered that, during the wars of Napoleon, Samson Heine was able to undertake contracts for cloth—we are not told to what extent—for the French army. Such was the mean little abode in which Heinrich Heine first saw the light. His father was only a merchant in the Scotch sense of the term, and, even so, a singularly unfortunate one. He was always struggling with poverty, and, in spite of his dealings with the French clothing commissariat, always suffering loss. Abilities of any kind he did not possess in a marked degree. When we have said that he admired Napoleon enthusiastically, and arrayed himself in the uniform of the Garde Mobile at Düsseldorf during the French occupation between

1806 and 1809, we may dismiss him from the tableau of his son's existence.*

Although Harry Heine, for so he was originally named, has left us many charmingly comic as well as serious pictures of the times when he was a boy, and of the political changes undergone by his native state, it is not easy to write a connected account of his early years. The French influence predominated out of doors; at home he was brought up in a careful observance of the Jewish traditions. Both left indelible traces on his mind and character. To the oppressed people of Israel, now at length declared equal before the law with their fellow-countrymen, Napoleon appeared like the long-expected Messiah whose advent all but a rationalizing few were still taught to look for. Patriotism, if we mean thereby devotion to the institutions of the Holy Roman Empire, was hardly to be supposed in men whom its laws denounced after the tyrannous fashion of the Imperial Jurists, *Non licet esse vos*. There had never been a time in the remembrance of the German Jews when they were not liable to be plundered and persecuted. The miserable record of suffering reaches down to the days of Lessing. And Nathan the Wise might have alluded to things perpetrated in the eighteenth century as demonstration plain of the spirit in which so-called Christians still regarded the children of Israel, and of the calumnies repeated against them age after age by ignorance and prejudice.† They were not only excommunicated but socially ostracized. Their schools, their books, their very existence as a religious people, were always in danger. There was no justice for them, and little mercy. Bearing these things in mind, we cannot be astonished that a man who with the sword of Charlemagne, as he said, in his right hand, proclaimed liberty, equality, and fraternity; who invited the Jews to take their place as French citizens in a conquering Empire; and who beat down their enemies, whether Ritterthum or Pfaffenthum, under his feet, should have roused the keenest enthusiasm in a people to whom hero-worship is the grandest of traditions. Napoleon was to be their Moses and their Judas Maccabæus. He had set them free from the yoke of the Gentiles; and though he laid heavy contributions on the cities in which they dwelt, and did not spare them any more than the rest of mankind, they were content, knowing that medieval ignorance and ferocity could not hurt them while he ruled. It was not only a change of servitude; it was the end of a dismal epoch which had lasted from the days of Titus and Hadrian. No wonder that they

* But see Proelss, p. 5, and Heine's 'Memoiren.'

† Vide Zunz, 'Synagogale Poesie des Mittelalters,' vol. i. pp. 348-356.

addressed the new Emperor in the language of the Prophets, with high felicitation, and a warmth that knew no bounds.

But even the Germans, defeated over and over again in their Kaiserlich uniform, welcomed the ideas of the 'Great Nation.' In Rhineland, especially, whither something of the French spirit has always penetrated, the Holy Roman Empire was a name which called forth no enthusiasm. And though the Elector, Karl Theodor, Maximilian, Joseph IV., and Duke William of Bavaria had governed upon what were called 'enlightened principles,' there was but faint lamentation when, on March 20th, 1806, William abdicated in favour of Joachim Murat, who became, for the time being, Grand Duke of Berg. It is not unpleasant to remember the well-meant efforts of Murat, a rough but open-hearted cuirassier, to make his people happy and to win their affections. Where it was possible he stood between them and Napoleon, lightened the burden of conscription, aided manufactures, and demeaned himself as a German Prince to whom the Confederation of the Rhine was not merely the title of a French province, but a more or less independent union of States. However, in the summer of 1808, Murat received further promotion in the shape of the crown of Naples; and on March 3rd, 1809, the so-called Duchy was bestowed on the little Prince Royal of Holland, known to later generations as Napoleon III. Long afterwards, Heine, to spite his German kinsfolk and flatter the then occupant of the Tuileries, took a malicious pleasure in describing Louis Napoleon as his 'lawful sovereign,' whose principality on the Rhine had been forcibly occupied by the Prussians but never ceded to them.* Under the personal rule of the Emperor, which now ensued, the last remnants of feudalism were swept away, the Code Napoléon was introduced, schools were set up on the French pattern, the nobles were allowed to marry peasants, and, in short, a new world began to rise on the ruins of the old. It was a stirring time for the 'German Michael,' who had fallen asleep for a century or two, since about the date of the Westphalian Peace, and who required to be well shaken before he would open his eyes and look round about him. The beating of the French drum roused him at last, and those who, like Heine, were boys in the time of Napoleon, never quite lost the impetus which was then given to them.

With many humorous touches, Heine has told us of his schools and schoolmasters; of his first lessons in the alphabet

* 'Geständnisse,' vol. xiv. p. 235.

under the bespectacled Frau Hindermans, where he was the only boy among a dozen girls; of his attendance at the Jewish school of Herr Rintelssohn in company with his fast friend Joseph Neunzig, whose father was a brewer and baker living a few doors off in the Bolkerstrasse; of the little Wilhelm von Witzeski, whose real name was Fritz, and who, in trying to rescue a kitten from the water at Harry's request, was drowned near the Franciscan convent; of his German master at the Lyceum, the Rector Schallmeyer, formerly a Jesuit, to whose free-thinking lessons in philosophy Heine chose to attribute some of his scepticism; and of the Abbé Daulnoy, whose efforts to teach his refractory pupil the French equivalent for *der Glaube* have set all the world laughing since they were described in the 'Reisebilder.' Nor are there wanting fanciful arabesques to set off these school histories, the most famous among them being the legend of Harry's boyish courtship of Josepha, the headsman's pale-faced but lovely daughter, who was niece to the 'Witch of Goch,' and in whose company he listened to tales of horror and of the grimmest folk-lore from the wrinkled lips of the aunt. This Josepha it was who secretly watched the burial of the axe which had cut off a hundred heads, —a mysterious ceremony performed at midnight, in the midst of a solemn wood, by the executioner and his assistants, all in red mantles. Heine says the sword was dug up again by the witch of Goch and employed in her incantations. Of all which we may believe as much as we find amusing. And generally, on this occasion, it is to be remarked that the poet indulges the traditional privilege of his craft, 'to lie pleasantly,' like Mendez Pinto, and is not to be believed on his word or his oath, unless corroborated from an independent source. He would have agreed with Bacon, 'But I cannot tell, this same truth is a naked and open daylight that doth not show the masks and mummeries and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candlelights.' There is large expenditure of 'candlelights' in Heine's reminiscences. Sketching his *curriculum vitæ* in a sober document to Professor Hugo at Göttingen in 1825, when he was to take his degree in Canon and Civil Law, he narrates, without a smile, that his father's name was the romantic sounding Siegmund,—we have seen that it was Samson,—and that the old man had served in the army, as after a fashion he had, viz. by following the commissariat. In like manner he varied the date of his own birth according to fancy, and spoke of himself as of the same age as the nineteenth century, when writing the autobiographical account for Philarètes

Chasles,

Charles, which we read in his works.* To make a serious charge of these flourishings and *capriccios* would be absurd. What they prove is the unconquerable disposition of their inventor to play with everything he touched, and to pull it into the shape his imagination suggested at the moment. He was so far of the mediæval temper that he could never write or rehearse a history, but only a legend. He preferred his *vinum dæmonum* to the clearest water. His was not a scientific mind; and there is no doubt that he could be false and perfidious, though with the naïve mischievousness of a child rather than the deliberately planned malice of the grown man.

He read, as he tells us in an exquisite page, Tieck's version of 'Don Quixote,' and never lost the impression which it made on him. He underwent 'much Latin, birching, and geography;' studied 'Gulliver's Travels,' and discussed Spinoza and Rationalism with a yellow-faced, precocious boy whom some called the 'herring philosopher,' because he seldom had anything but herrings to eat, and some 'the atheist,' because he did not believe like his companions. Meanwhile great events were hurrying forward. The French Empire was falling, after thousands of young men from the Fatherland had perished on Spanish battle-fields or amidst the ice of the Beresina, and the ancient dynasties were raising their heads once more. On November 10th, 1813, three weeks after the 'Battle of the Nations' at Leipzig, an advanced guard of Russian dragoons occupied Düsseldorf. Then came Waterloo, *Und der Kaiser, der Kaiser gefangen*, as Heine sang in the first of the moving lyrics which made his name known. But in 1815, among the youth of the *Tugendbund* or Virtuous Brotherhood, we find the poet himself enrolled. He was not brave by temperament; and though he fought three duels in the course of his earthly pilgrimage, they were all forced upon him. Joseph Neunzig, his young school friend, marched out of Düsseldorf on campaign, but 'Red Harry' and most of his comrades stayed on duty at home. Once, in May 1812, he had seen Napoleon riding through the Allee of the Prince's Gardens in his native town, 'the eyes of eternity set in an imperial marble face.' He was on his way to Dresden, to Borodino, to Moscow. *Morituri te salutant*, writes Heine of the Old Guard whom he saw around the mighty man — *les pensifs grenadiers* Hugo has called them, and by a curious coincidence the German poet almost translates him in his own description, *So schauerlich ergeben, so mitwissend ernst*. He would hardly have faced them at La Haye Sainte had he been there.

* Vol. xiii. p. 5.

Instead of combating at Waterloo, he was taken by his father in 1815 to the Frankfort Messe, or Fair, and entered as clerk, without salary, *Volontär*, in the bank of Messrs. Rindskopf. He stayed there two months, and came home again. 'Heaven knows,' he remarked to his brother Gustav some years before his death, in telling the story, 'I was quite willing to become a banker; it was often the wish of my heart, but I could never succeed in it. I have long been convinced that the government of the world is destined to be theirs by and by.' However, he saw the interior of the Frankfort Jewry, which he has painted with terrible truth in the 'Rabbi von Bacharach'; and he caught a glimpse of the revolutionary critic and publicist, Ludwig Börne, whose life he was afterwards to write in his peculiar fashion and to his own lasting discredit.

But how could he live at home? His parents were not rich; he had no friends except in the narrow Jewish circle at Düsseldorf, and the Restoration—which German Liberals, from their experience of Prince Metternich's power and persecutions were wont to call the reign of Mitternacht—was now closing to him and those of his religion the avenues which Napoleon's cannon had burst open. His uncle Solomon was, meanwhile, a thriving man at Hamburg. Thither went the unwilling nephew, to set up a house of commission for English manufactured goods, under the style and title of Harry Heine & Co., which, as might have been expected, came to a speedy end, in the spring of 1819. There is something irresistibly comic in the picture of Heine selling Manchester cotton goods on commission. Hamburg he hated ever after; and the ludicrous description of its ways and its people, with the powerful vignette of Hamburg in winter which we may read in Herr von Schnabelewopski's 'Memoirs,' are proof that he had suffered, as only a poet could, in that grim prison of the soul. 'Well I understood,' he exclaims as he thinks of it all, 'that the stars are no beings of love and sympathy, but glittering deceptions of the night, everlasting false visions in a dreamt-of Heaven, golden lies in the dark-blue Nothing.' He compared himself to the swans he saw there, 'the fair white swans with broken wings,' which swam round and round the fast freezing waters, crying piteously, till they died of the wintry cold.

He lamented not without reason. The great god Pan, of whom Mrs. Browning sings, was to make a poet of Heine, a reed full of wild music and shivering passion, in the way which he has taken with all poets, by stripping him to the heart. Heine fell in love. But his love was more than crossed, it was flung back

back with disdain, and the lady married another. Who was she? has been the enquiry, not of critics alone who are privileged or compelled to ask impertinent questions, but of the thousands in many lands to whom Heine's songs have become the echo of their own experience. At that comic, yet not wholly absurd institution of the Germans, an 'esthetic tea,' many a time and oft must have been heard the conjectures of his feminine admirers concerning the 'angel's head on a ground of gold and Rhine wine,' which shines above Heine's verses, beautiful but unattainable to his desire, like Beatrice above the Inferno of the Florentine. Her remembrance haunts him like a ghost. She is Zuleima, the converted Moors, with whom Almansor flings himself down the rocks. She is Donna Clara; and invites the doomed Don Ramiro to her wedding. She is a water nixie, and looks at him with sea-green eyes like his cousin Otilie. She has the features of the dead Maria and glances at him out of a picture of Giorgione's. She sends him bad dreams, and he laughs at her faithlessness and frosty civilities, and at himself, and at the stupid young man she has married; and it is all in vain: the poet is but a fool, with passion gnawing his vitals; he cannot get quit of it, and he lives and sings as to a vampire which sucks out his heart. The peculiarity of all this, which every reader will acknowledge, is that Heine did not invent the story and dress it up, as other even great poets have done, but that he lived through it in fact, and that his verses are an autobiography. Nevertheless, we cannot take them as a mere transcript from life; the true poet never transcribes, he transforms. In the glowing fire of genius the clay turns to crystal, the dull hues of earth are heightened into rainbow colours, transparent and delicate. We must speak of influences working on a sensitive, passion-struck spirit, and not to be too curious to follow the thread of history which is never, in men of Heine's stamp, an Ariadne clue. Zuleima, Agnes, the spectral Maria, Josepha the headsmen's daughter,—these are phantoms, not simply of the young lady at Hamburg who did not care for Harry Heine, but of his ideal, *Das Ewig-Weibliche*, in Goethe's lyric phrase, of which all poets sing. It is the universal truth of Heine's ballads which so powerfully affects his reader; the beauty and the love answering to it; the scorn which follows the love; the hopeless melancholy and ruin of a life; the flower that stings; the magic that allures and destroys; the old story of *Ἐρως, ἀνίκαστε μάχαν*, exemplified once more and interpreted by a heart which could read its own secrets, not merely feel or suffer,—this, and not the chronicle of days and hours, or an entry in the parish register, that keeps the world listening.

However,

However, if we must have the prose record, it may be found in a letter of Heine's to his friend Varnhagen von Ense, dated October 19th, 1827.* The lady was his cousin Amelia (Amalie), third daughter of Solomon the banker, and was about his own age, for she was born in 1800. She did not love her cousin from Düsseldorf, of whom her father afterwards remarked characteristically that, 'if the young fool had learned anything, he need not have written verses.' But neither was she destined to marry the man whom she did love. When Heine was at Berlin, in the summer of 1821, he received the intelligence that his 'little cousin,' as he called her in his verses, had been betrothed to a man of property, John Friedländer of Königsberg. Years after, he dwells with a strangely pathetic mixture of sarcasm and regret, on that May Day when the news was brought him.† But his 'Sorrows of Werther' had begun much earlier, as his poems testify.

In 1819, on the failure of his attempt to sell English goods on commission, Heine, by the assistance of his uncle, matriculated as a law student at Bonn. He made there the acquaintance of Simrock, well known since by his translations from the Icelandic and his study of the Northern Mythology. Others who have acquired more or less celebrity among his intimates, were Dieffenbach and Hoffman von Fallersleben. But his best friend, though Heine afterwards mocked and flouted him with the greatest ingratitude, was A. W. von Schlegel, the founder of Sanskrit studies in Germany, a lover of literature in the widest sense, and distinguished beyond any professor then living at the University by his European reputation and high acquaintance. Heine's description of him in the lecture-hall, irresistibly amusing as it is, cannot disguise the fact that he 'imposed,' as the French say, not a little on the young Hebrew, who was far more interested in the Nibelungen Lied than in Gaius and the Pandects.‡ 'By and by,' says the graceless poet, 'I cudgelled my master and ran away from school.' But the sonnets which he dedicated to Schlegel in the 'Buch der Lieder' remain as a testimony of more reverent sentiments on the one side, and of kindness on the other. Heine had brought from home a collection of 'Dream-pictures,' of songs and romances, which he now completed, adding to them the 'Sonnets in Fresco,' dedicated to his friend Christian Sethe. In September 1820, he journeyed on foot through Westphalia; and a month later he was enrolled at Göttingen, again as a law student. Concerning that deadly-lively place, the Georgia Augusta, with its '999 hearth-

* See Proelus, p. 41 *seqq.*

† Vol. xvi. p. 199.

‡ Vol. vi. p. 126.

stones, various churches, lying-in hospital, observatory, university-prison, library, and beer-cellar, where the beer was uncommonly good,' he has delivered his soul in some of the most laughable pages of the 'Reisebilder.' Those who for their sins have made experience of foreign universities conducted on the plan of Göttingen, will acknowledge that the picture is not a whit overdrawn. Caricature in such cases becomes impossible. The dust, the pedantry, the dryness moral and physical, to be relieved by no liquor how good soever from the Rathskeller; the 'wandering of the nations,' which in the shape of Teutons, Saxons, Thuringians, and Vandals, divide into factions, and fight the absurdest of duels about nothing; the professors, immovably fixed like the pyramids of Egypt,—it is all a sad, familiar experience, at the thought of which one cannot blame that Cambridge student who, suffering lesser things, on beholding the algebra paper set for him, *cohorruit et evasit*. Heine did not abscond, but he 'cut his lectures,' and went on studying German metre. He saw little of his professors, and not much more of the raw young men whose chief delight was noisy disputing and the duelling consequent thereupon. Unluckily, in one of these childish quarrels he found himself obliged to challenge a certain Wiebel to fight, 'with pistols,' for words spoken across the dinner-table. The authorities interposed, and, with a gravity which would extort laughter from a dying man, decided various points of law and honour which arose in the course of the proceedings. The pistols never got themselves discharged; but Heine, being a mere plebeian, was rusticated for six months. This, in German Latin, is denominated *consilium abeundi*. In February 1821 he betook himself to Berlin. As a law-student, no less than as a lover, his course was not to run smooth.

What he saw and studied in his new abode, we may read in his lively 'Letters from Berlin.' He led a somewhat wild life; and the acquaintance which here began with Rahel and the circle to which she introduced him was his chief acquisition, not law or literature. Under her roof he met Fouqué, whose 'Undine,' alone of the many romantic stories he published, keeps the classic fame which was then prophesied for all of them; Chamisso, the creator of Peter Schlemihl; Willibald Alexis; Michael Beer, the brother of Meyerbeer,—it is hardly worth while to continue the catalogue. None of these could forward Heine's plans or enlarge his genius. He was by no means lionized, though he had begun to publish his poems. Small and undistinguished, silent in company, distant, and, in the happy phrase of Elise von Hohenhausen, 'a sort of himself incognito,'

incognito,' he did not shine for the multitude. Neither the 'tavern life' which he indulged in with Grabbe and Devrient, nor the drawing-room existence at Madame von Varnhagen's, was the sphere of a poet. It was all, as he writes to a friend, 'mad, waste, cynical, disgusting.' Now, too, his cousin Amelia was married; and while Philistines, male and female, walked through the fields in their Sunday clothes, and with blinking eyes observed 'how truly romantic it was all blooming,' he drew his blind, and waited in his lonely chamber till the ghost of his old love came thither silently, and sat down by him to weep over the past.

But his fame was beginning. In February and March 1817 he had published in the 'Hamburg's Wächter' some of his earliest poems, including 'Don Ramiro.' From Göttingen he had sent a proposal to Brockhaus of Leipzig to bring out a volume of verse, which was not unnaturally declined. Now, at Berlin, in May 1821, thanks to Varnhagen, contributions of his were received in the 'Gesellschafter,' edited by Gubitz; and in the December of the same year his first 'Gedichte' appeared. They were eagerly read and criticized. His 'Letters from Berlin,' and the slight sketch of a tour in Poland, already gave promise of the 'Reisebilder' in their strong, defiant, and picturesque style. From the outset Heine made enemies. His poetical manner found imitators or parodists at once; and there were all the usual signs that a genius had suddenly emerged among the crowd of mediocrities. In November 1821 Heine published scenes from his tragedy 'Almansor,' in Gubitz's journal. Eighteen months later, in April 1823, the completed work, with 'William Ratcliff' and the 'Lyrical Intermezzo,' came out. We need not dwell on the 'Tragedies.' They are of very unequal merit; and although 'Almansor' has some fine passages and a pathos of which we are reminded in George Eliot's 'Spanish Gipsy,' it is evident that Heine had none of the dramatic inspiration which his theme demanded. He could not write a story even in prose; the meteoric flashes of his wit, the wanton humour, and everchanging fancy which made him a lyric and a satirist, would have been fatal to the epic majesty, and were difficult to reconcile with a firm, continuous hold of character, without which tragedy becomes a heap of fragments. When the poet knew more of himself, he forsook the tragic muse. But in those early days he was proud of 'Almansor.'

Before we speak of the qualities displayed in this new prose and verse, which, appearing in the declining age of Goethe and of Romanticism, took all Germany by storm, we may as well finish the chronicle of the poet's stay in the Fatherland. His people

people were steadily going down in the world. They left Düsseldorf and settled in 1822 at Lüneberg, whither Heine followed them from Berlin. He lived a solitary life at home, writing and reading, but by no means happy. His relations with his Hamburg kindred were never easy; and his uncle Solomon did not know what to make of the ugly duckling with whom neither poultry nor geese could keep on good terms. All this while he was supposed to be preparing for the struggle of life, but he was writing some of the most melancholy, charming, and bitter verses of the 'Buch der Lieder.' In 1824 he matriculated a second time at Göttingen; and henceforth busied himself with 'law and headaches,' with the 'Rabbi von Bacharach,' and more poems. He laughingly complained to Moses Moser, one of the circle of Berlin Jews with whom he corresponded, that he had not the talent to be a genius; *se faire valoir* was the secret of Goethe's success, and the want of it occasioned his own troubles. The famous Hartzreise was a vacation tour undertaken in September 1824; and the description of it, which forms the first and unquestionably most taking chapters of the 'Reisebilder,' came out, again in the 'Gesellschafter,' in January 1826. It was in the course of the same holiday that he visited Goethe at Weimar, and impertinently told the great Olympian that he thought of writing a 'Faust' of his own. And while his book was publishing, the young poet, driven to it by his uncle, underwent an indifferent examination in his law studies, received a diploma from the illustrious Hugo which dwelt rather on his lyric than his juristic achievements, and was made *Doctor Utriusque*, J.U.D., as he signed himself in the comically solemn petition which he afterwards addressed to the German Bund in deprecation of their harsh measures against his writings. On the eve of his promotion as Doctor of Laws, he had with equal reluctance and cynical contempt of himself, as of the society which required it, gone through the ceremony, 'the entrance-ticket to European culture,' he scornfully denominated it, of being baptized. The minister, we have said, was Herr Gottlob Christian Grimm. Heine was registered as Christian John Henry. The place, St. Martin's, Heiligenstadt, is a few miles from Göttingen, and we may be sure that the proceeding was very private. His correspondence, and more than one stanza written at this time, show the intense disgust and shame with which Heine thought of his apostasy, for it was nothing less. He had not lived like an orthodox Jew; but he was in no sense a Christian. If the law, he said, did not forbid the stealing of silver spoons, he would never have undergone baptism. In the sequel, his baptism brought him no silver spoons.

spoons. It made him hateful to both parties; he received no appointment at the University, and in German circles he was as much a Jew as ever. He attempted to practise law at Hamburg and failed; made a short journey to London and hated England ever after; spent an occasional month at Norderney, and learnt to describe the sea as no other German has done; found a publisher who became his life-long friend, and sometimes hard paymaster, Julius Campe; travelled to Munich, and there, in company with Menzel and others, undertook a literary journal which came to nothing; and in 1828 escaped for a while into Italy, saw Milan, Lucca, Florence, as he describes them in the second volume of the '*Reisebilder*,' and was recalled home by a presentiment of his father's death, which followed soon after. His mother retired to Hamburg on a small pension allowed her by Solomon Heine. One brother, Gustav, settled in Austria; another, Maximilian, in St. Petersburg. After various wanderings from Hamburg to Berlin and Potsdam, and a short stay in Heligoland, Heine himself now turned his thoughts towards France, where the Revolution of July had broken out. His last volume had been forbidden in Prussia. On May 1st, 1831, he crossed the Rhine at Strassburg, and two days later he was on his way to the 'New Jerusalem' of modern thought. He was henceforward to be a citizen of Paris.

We may here pause to consider the quality of those first volumes, the '*Buch der Lieder*' and the '*Reisebilder*,' which made Heine's sudden fame, and the freshness and originality of which he never surpassed. Perhaps there is no truer criticism of them than the words which, in the '*Romantische Schule*,'* are applied to Sterne:—

'He was the foster child of the pale tragic Muse. Once, in a transport of gruesome tenderness, she kissed his young heart so mightily, so passionately, with such fiery absorption, that it began to bleed, and all at once to understand all the sufferings of the world, and to be filled with infinite pity. Poor young poet's heart! But then the younger daughter of Mnemosyne, the rosy goddess of laughter, came quickly running, took the aching child in her arms, and strove to cheer him with mirth and singing; and she gave him for a toy, to play with, the comic mask, and the bells on the fool's cap, and soothingly kissed his lips, and printed on them all her lightness, all her defiant pleasure, all her witty mocking. And ever since his heart and his lips are in strange contradiction; and many a time when he is tragically moved, and he is fain to pour out the deepest feelings of that bleeding heart, then to his own astonishment,

* Vol. vi. p. 231.

from his lips come forth the most amusing, the most laughable sentences.'

Here is the poet himself, as in a figure. He was no philosopher, if we mean thereby an adept in formulas and abstractions. To these 'airy nothings' he must give a local habitation and a name; he must see them with the inward eye of fancy, and shape what he sees in language. Heine attended Hegel's lectures at Berlin, nor can we doubt the affinity between his view of things and that of the modern Heraclitus. The 'dialectic sharpness' often resulting in epigram and picturesque antithesis, in Heine's writings, which Strodttmann attributes to the Hegelian training, is certainly there; even as the spirit of contradiction, made as startling as possible, plays no small part in the *Identitäts-Philosophie*. But there is a world of difference between the dry sophistries and scholasticism of Hegel and the symbolism at once naïve and plastic which delights us in Heine. It is the contrast between anatomy and painting. Imagery was Heine's natural medium of expression. In him it is often grotesque, gathered, so to speak, from the four winds, sometimes gigantic as the mad humour of Aristophanes, then delicate, touching, and idyllic in the sense we moderns have given to that simpering word of the Watteau period—that is to say, taken from the wide unconscious world of sea and land, of sunset and sunrise; in short, of the 'Prometheus Unbound' and of 'The Excursion.' Again, it becomes satirical and biting, and as various as the men and women he had brushed against in his wanderings. Heine is no Shakspeare moving along a mighty stream, in which the imagery itself flickers like a rainbow on deep waters, and the thought is so great that we hardly note how perfect is the form. This man will have us take note of it; he works in mosaic and enamel; the vivid colours, burnt in at one heating, solicit our gaze and we cannot pass them by. Is he not a true descendant, herein, of the Ezekiels and the Isaiahs, each of whose words is a picture, almost a hieroglyphic? The flowing eloquence, the wealth of particles and rounded periods which we appear to inherit from the Aryans, are utterly opposed to these Dantesque strokes. Heine could never write a book; but, if we may so express it, he could finish his fragments to admiration. His thought does not grow, it leaps or dances. Hence perhaps its extraordinary liveliness. He utters a feeling, a laugh, a sneer which turns and rends his own breast; and then he is away to something different. Every page sparkles when it does not sob with passion. But, like a child, Heine cannot be steady. He is all moods and fitfulness. His best poems are his shortest,

and of these again the most exquisite are songs of not many verses, such as 'Du bist wie eine Blume,' 'Das Meer hat seine Perlen,' 'Ich hab' dich geliebt und liebe dich noch,' 'Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam,' 'Die Lorelei,' and how many more? The lovely romance-breathing poems in the 'Hartzreise' are ballads which may be set to music. And a whole cycle of passionate scenes, capable of being moulded into such a 'Romeo and Juliet' as even the author of the 'Marguerite Episode' in 'Faust' might have envied, is represented in detached songs, in lyric moments which shine and glow, but which pass while we look on them. There was a reason for such incompleteness in the poet's creed. He was all impulse, regret, and longing. Life denied him what he sought, and he could not rise to a philosophy of renunciation. The light butterfly wings, all purple and golden, had dashed into the flame, and the heart within was scorched up. No wisdom could teach it that we live by wholesome air and not by flame.

But the lyric poet was also by nature, *vom Hause aus*, a keen wit, a humorist, and, we might even say, of a cool, workaday temperament. Nourished on the romantic diet of the Tiecks and Schlegels, he felt within him the irony they were always boasting of, but never rightly displaying in their productions, and was more at home with it than with the 'mixture of Spanish glow, Scottish mist, and Italian tinkling,' or the 'pictures exhibited by a magic lantern,' which marked their school and which he reprobated in some of his earliest pages.* He granted that 'these romantic images ought to be delightful in themselves;' that they were 'the golden keys, of which old stories told, that unlock the enchanted gardens of Fairyland.' But medieval Christendom was dead, and to resuscitate it impossible. Ghosts are of the night-time; when they appear at noon-day, or in the market-place among the hucksters' stalls, they frighten nobody, and only make themselves ridiculous. Such a ghost was the romantic muse of Uhland, of Rückert even, of innumerable others, who, on the decline of Goethe's 'classic-objective' school, and under the influence of the Restoration, had begun to 'rave, recite, and madden round the land.' Heine, with the traditional tyranny of genius, confiscated their stage-trappings to his own use, and turned them into very brilliant 'property' on the boards he had set up. In his own language, he became *un romantique défroqué*; but it would be much nearer the truth to say that by virtue of his 'stand and deliver' the Romantics themselves were *dévalisés*. They lost

* Vol. xviii. p. 18.

all they had. Neither Wolfgang Menzel, with his furious attacks and the Government to help him, nor Augustus W. von Schlegel, was a match for the young Titan. He had compared himself to Don Quixote setting out on a chivalrous quest and finding defeat at the hands of a disguised barber. He was, in fact, Cervantes who 'laughed Spain's chivalry away'; and, it must be admitted, the Romantic Christendom, which these *echt-deutsch* pretended to revive, had quite as much the appearance of a spectre, who had lost his way in Covent Garden Market, as the theatrical chivalry of the Cappa and Spada. Both were deceased and ought to have been at home in their comfortable graves. The Restoration after Waterloo, like chivalry after the invention of gunpowder, belonged essentially to the past; it could not, in spite of all its efforts, ally itself with the present. Thomas Carlyle, had he seen it close at hand, would have called it, as he did the like in England, 'damnable, dead, putrescent cant.' Too explosive a condemnation, the reader will say! Yes, but true in the main. There was no living by or in the reminiscences of centuries from which men were divided by the Reformation, by the Newtonian astronomy, by the growth of physical science and of industrialism, by the French Revolution itself. Heine resembled a man that, sitting with his Pan's pipe on the mountain-side and making sweet melody, should lay his ear suddenly to the ground and catch the muffled sound of a battle approaching. There was no piping in pastoral serenity afterwards. His mind became full of the world-wide conflict between the powers that be and those that were to be. We were on the eve, he declared, of the last great War of Liberation, which he likened to the conflict in the Hall of Etzel that closes in blood and horror the Lay of the Nibelungs. The French Revolution would be child's play to it.* Such forebodings did not take visible form until his acquaintance with the Saint Simonians in Paris, but they were already stirring within him, and were strong enough to hinder his unconditional attachment to Romanticism.

Moreover, he was, in spite of himself, always a Jew. He hated and loved his people by turns; but they remained his father's house from which he could not run away by apostatizing. He describes them in one place as the 'Swiss Guard of Deism'; in another as 'an ancient evil folk that came out of Egypt, the country of priests and crocodiles,' and he exclaims:—

'Oh, that Egypt! Its manufactures defy the ages, its pyramids stand as ever unshakeable, its mummies are not to be destroyed! And

* Vol. v. p. 267.

equally indestructible is that mummy of a Nation which wanders over the world, wrapped in its antique swaddling-bands of the letter, a petrified fragment of universal history, a ghost that amuses itself by dealing in money and old clothes, muttering fearful prayers in which it bewails its sufferings and makes complaint of nations, long vanished from the earth, and living only in old wives' tales—and the Jew, amid his pains, is hardly aware that he is sitting on the grave of those very enemies whose downfall he asks from Heaven.'

Neither could Heine disguise his contempt, even while he treated him with poetic sympathy, for Moses Lump, the 'dog with the desires of a dog,' who wallows all the week long in the refuse of European life, and on Friday evening sits down to eat fish and garlic sauce with 'his squinting wife and yet more squinting daughter.' The Polish Jews who speak 'a German fashioned like Polish and bestitched with Hebrew'—the Jüdisch-Deutsch audible in Whitechapel and its neighbourhood—filled him with pity and loathing. 'Shall we ever get rid of the old Egyptian disease?' he asks in the 'Poems for the Times.' Though he sang of Jehuda Ben Halevi and the Prinzessin Sabbath in passionate strains, he does not hesitate to affirm once and again that he is no Jew—as though the baptismal certificate could unmake his descent from Abraham. But there was another side to the story. 'A time will come,' cried Edward Gans, 'when the question will no more be asked in Europe, which is Jew and which is Christian?' To that belief Heine clung with intense devotion. He wished simply that his people should share in the universal emancipation. For their ritual and tradition he cared nothing. He laughed at the Liberal Jews of Hamburg and their temple; he felt little interest in the reform begun by Jacobson and Friedländer. Years later, in Paris, he drew away from Börne on the ground that he was full of Jewish fanaticism, even while attached to the revolutionary schemes of Lamennais. Why should he not? A child of the nineteenth century, born under Napoleon, he could never thrust himself back into that deaf and dumb Talmudic tradition which, amid the mouldering dust of a misunderstood Scripture, kept a whole nation some fifteen hundred years behind the march of humanity. Dead Targums, dead Roman law, dead medieval chivalry! It was a strange world for the poet to whom all things are new. And his Jewish blood revolted against the glorification of the age of Minnesingers. The Suabian 'Hep! hep!' sounded yet in his ears. To him, also, the conqueror who dashed ancient Europe to pieces was a saviour, a messiah. For the same reason, he could not refrain in his 'Almansor,' in 'Donna Clara,' from uttering his inbred scorn for the Christian ideas. And here would

would be the place to speak of that curious and highly interesting movement among the Jews which, beginning, we may say, with Moses Mendelssohn, and rapidly extending after Napoleon's conquests, was carried forward with zeal during Heine's stay in Berlin by such men as Moser, Gans, Immanuel Wolf, and especially by the learned and noble-minded Zunz. It is a chapter of modern history which deserves to be recounted at length, and the outline of which, admirably given by Strodtmann, cannot fail to remind his readers of the parallel movement in the Churches of Christendom. It was, indeed, a minor current in the great stream which for more than a century has been running with accelerated speed over the lands left dry and barren by the whirlwinds of theological dispute. What Romanticism was to the Christianity which it strove to dress in medieval symbols, that, in certain respects, was the Liberal Hebrew propaganda to the despotism of the Rabbis. But it was a protest even more than a restoration.* On its religious or doctrinal side Heine would not touch it; dogma, Jewish or Christian, he detested; and he had a religion of his own to promulgate, with which Judaism of whatever epoch could have nothing in common. But so far as it tended to break down the wall of division between Jew and Gentile, he was heartily in its favour. The Society for Culture and Science among the Jews, which had been established at Berlin in 1822, and of which he became a member, achieved little, and soon fell to the ground, unsupported, as it was, by a single wealthy Hebrew. Edward Gans received baptism, Moser went back to his Sanskrit, and Zunz had to seek in other ways the elevation of his people. But the Liberal tendency continued, and is far from exhausted. Judaism, though an extraordinary influence in Europe as a race instinct or interest, does not any longer imply belief either in Moses or in the Rabbis; it is traversed by schisms and heresies, on which Spinoza himself, did he return to the world, would look with astonishment. But on this most interesting subject we may not linger.†

Thus, then, Heine came forward as the poet of freedom, who would acknowledge no standard but his momentary feeling, no tradition except for the ends of art,—to furnish him with leading 'motives,'—and no deity but the passion which he could not resist. Irony, covert or defiant, was the tone into which he struck when his music was sweetest. To be cynical, shameless, sensuous in a degree not often approached in German poetry, was, he deemed, merely following the spirit which drew him on.

* Vol. v. pp. 163, 164.

† Strodtmann, vol. i. p. 275.

There is nothing in Byron so ignominious as certain pages, nay chapters, of the 'Reisebilder.' And yet, the writer who thus falls lower than his 'enchanted Prince Israel,' and is 'a dog with the desires of a dog,' can at other times appeal to us in strains so tender and simple, with such a heartfelt sorrow, and such a freshness, as of the dawn or of flowers wet with dew, that we forget his monstrous improprieties, and are almost willing to forgive them. It was not the mocking, unclean Heine that took all Germany captive by his song. It was the romantic, the human poet, who had suffered and was expressing his own and the world's anguish in words instinct with heavenly fire, in vivid imagery whose colours seemed to have been dipped in the sun. Form and feeling alike were exquisite—and the feeling was so true that it went to the heart. Wit and humour heightened the impression, but they could never have produced it. The later Heine, always a poet, but more and more a mocking one, did not win hearts like the singer of the 'Lyrical Intermezzo' and the 'Heimkehr.' We cannot put on a level with these such compositions, however droll and powerful, as 'Germania' and 'Atta Troll.' The multitude have a keen sense of what pleases them, though they cannot tell why; and mere satire does not please them, and never will, like poetry springing from a man's innermost nature. Their poetry is of a piece with their religion: it must speak of that which they can love and adore. The greatest singers are not satirists. Homer, Shakspeare, Dante,—do we think of them as 'world-mockers' or 'Heaven-scaling Titans,' to whom nothing is sacred, and not rather as prophets who have seen into the deeps of joy and pain, coming out thence with immortal light upon their brows of which their poetry is the shining veil? It was well observed by Immermann that Heine, obeying caprice alone, had made himself free, but free to deny and to scorn the beauty outside of him in the universe. There was a canker in the heart of the rose. If Nature is not a Divine revelation to the poet, where are his eyes, where the intuitions of his genius? But already it appeared to Heine that Nature answered no questions. To him it was cold and silent. 'Tell me,' he asks of the waves, 'what is the meaning of man? whence comes he? whither goes he? who dwells on high above the golden stars? But the waves murmur everlastingly, the wind blows, the clouds drive; the stars look down indifferent and cold; and a fool waits for an answer.' To such poetical Nihilism, as it was not unfittingly termed, the necessary sequel is despair, but a conscious gnawing despair which becomes 'the pain of the world.' Its poet, or rather its tragic prosaist, beyond all others our century has seen, was Leopardi.

But

But Heine yields to Leopardi only because, instead of the single melancholy chord in the Italian lyre, nature had bestowed on him a variety of tones, and a sense of colour. The abiding element in Romanticism, its feeling for visible beauty and sublimity, is no part of a despairing creed. Wherever he touches on it, Heine captivates us, and we do not mind his pessimism; he becomes at once simple and unaffected, a child of the gods, straying about their ample palaces. Such was his first period. As life went on, the charm died away. His last poems have the gloomy air of verses sculptured within a tomb. They are beautiful and ghastly, like Medusa. 'It is the grave itself singing,' was Heine's judgment of that Lazarus poetry—the grave without hope of resurrection.

But when he took up his abode in Paris, he did not dream that such days and such singing were in store for him. Not the 'pain of the world,' but the 'rehabilitation of the flesh,' a blithe Paganism, instead of Christianity with its memories of Golgotha, was to be his theme. He became the founder of a school, 'Young Germany,' of which the principle was that 'the unconscious harmony between nature and man had been lost; that the last great effort towards its restoration, made by Christianity, had proved in vain,' and that a new religion, not spiritual or ascetic, but heathen, sensual, anti-Christian, must enter in to make this world a Paradise.* Heinrich Laube, Wienbarg, Mundt, Gutzkow, and a host of generally foolish and by no means extraordinary young men, who looked upon Heine as their prophet, began to deliver, in the worst style of romanticizing German, the burden of their tormented souls. Gutzkow in particular, choosing for his subject the history of an unfortunate, and probably insane, young lady, slightly known to Heine—Charlotte Stieglitz—published in 1835 a second-rate novel, 'Wally, the Female Doubter,' which brought upon the entire school a storm of not wholly unmerited persecution. Young Germany shocked the decorum and troubled the night's rest of old Germany, which had betaken itself to refreshing slumber beneath the wings of Prince Metternich and was shortly to welcome the dreamy, pious enthusiast, Frederick William IV. of Prussia. The censorship flourished, and, with spectacles on nose and a sharp pair of scissors between its fingers, was busily engaged in slashing and cutting wherever it scented danger to good government or the established religion, in the manuscripts which it insisted on overhauling. In England we cannot very well realize such a condition of literature. The law of libel

* Strodtmann, vol. ii. p. 144 seq.

is severe, but we have been spared in this country the sight, which was universal at that time in German capitals, of an Inquisitor-General of Intelligence, deciding which works of genius should see the light and which should be strangled at their birth. Heine's struggles with the censor, visible in blank half pages and truncated sentences, are full of pathos and comedy. When the censorship, like many other institutions, good and bad, disappeared into the gulf of 1848, the poet, remembering to what stratagems it had driven him, affected to mourn over its decease. 'It helped one's style so much,' he murmured. But in 1835 he was in no humour to laugh. The censorship made him feel its claws. Thanks to Menzel, Huber, Stephani, and others, who sprang forward as exceedingly pious defenders of the German people, attacked in their morality by this unbridled school,—as of course was true, but *non tali auxilio*,—the authorities in alarm inscribed all these young men, and Heine at their head, upon an everlasting *Index Prohibitorum*. The Diet at Frankfort, on December 10th, 1835, issued a formal decree to this effect, in terms which we cannot read now without mingled wonder and amusement. They were most solemn and peremptory, and the consequences were no doubt unpleasant to all who resisted. But in the long run what came of this embargo? 'Young Germany' has not succeeded in getting its peculiar Gospel accepted by mankind, or even by that portion of it which dwells between the Rhine and the Vistula. 'Wally, the Female Doubter,' found few imitators, and no æsthetic dame has judged it necessary to plunge a dagger in her bosom as a means of 'reconciling man and nature' since that period. Among the authors proscribed there was but one man of genius; and if the rest are unknown to this generation, it is not because the Bundestag condemned them to extinction, but because nature had done so more effectually. Heine's protest on the occasion was not undignified, though certainly not to be named in the same day with such a noble piece of eloquence as the 'Areopagitica.' It must be confessed, in fact, that the poet was no great hero. He excused himself by saying that it was 'necessary to stroke the old wigs' of the Conscript Fathers. It availed him nothing. Many years later, when his failing sight made it advisable to consult a physician at Berlin, and he asked the King himself, through A. von Humboldt, for the needful license, it was absolutely refused. Not a hero, we have said, but still, not wanting in resemblance to 'blind Milton' and 'exiled Dante.' He returned to Hamburg once and saw his old mother in her poor two rooms; except for that brief visit, he was banished from the German land for the rest of

of his days. As we think of the stupidity which thus fought intellect with carnal weapons, and, instead of answering falsehood with truth, was content to read Heine's songs, while it proscribed his teaching and left the singer to starve in Paris, we are reminded of Le Grand and his drum when the boy asked him to 'play Germany' on it. *Dum, dum, dum*, the old drum-major would rattle then. Official Germany was *dumm* enough, Heaven knows,—unutterably dull and blind to the march of events, and, if possible, yet more blind to the need of directing them with wisdom, not of meeting them with inquisitorial futilities!

Meanwhile, Heine was winning a reputation in France, not by his poetry, which was and remains untranslatable, but by the brilliant essays which he contributed to the '*Revue des deux Mondes*,' and by his gift of humorous and sarcastic conversation. For the ten years between 1830 and 1840 he wrote little or no verse. His correspondence in the '*Allgemeine Zeitung*,' and such volumes as the fascinating sketch of German literature and philosophy called '*Die Romantische Schule*,' were efforts to make the two nations better acquainted, and to soften their prejudices by showing what each possessed that was worthy of being admired by the other. Perhaps the Germans learned something in the course of the experiment. The French, in this respect not unlike the Greeks, were too well pleased with their own achievements to heed the Teutonic barbarians; and much as Heine was esteemed in the literary circles of Paris, there is no evidence that he became known to the nation of French readers, or was reckoned on a level with their native authors. M. Guizot gave him a pension; Théophile Gautier, George Sand, and especially the unhappy Gérard de Nerval, were friends of his; he led the somewhat Bohemian life which was then affected by artists and men of letters in Paris; and he was constantly in want of money and compelled to write for his bread. There can be no question that if his uncle, Solomon Heine, had denied him the annual allowance, amounting to four thousand francs, which he paid him with commendable regularity, the poet might have perished for lack of sustenance, and another Edgar Poe have been added to the Newgate Calendar of authors. At the best of times, his income did not exceed seven thousand francs a year. Call it 280*l.*, and it will not seem princely for the one German writer who, since the death of the old man of Weimar in 1832, is assured of a place among the world's classics. 'What porridge had John Keats?' asks Mr. Browning indignantly. Well, if Heine's porridge had not been sweetened by his
illiterate

illiterate but kindly-meaning uncle, it would have tasted very bitter or perhaps have entirely failed him. Withal he was not ungenerous; there are various instances, much to his credit, of the help he gave to fellow exiles and to many whose claims on his charity were more than doubtful. His worst habit was not extravagance, but the light and easy morals which, in accordance with the delusive religion he had taken up, had a singularly degrading effect on his temper and his thought. It was a distracted life. Heinrich Heine in his Parisian time reminds us of Alfred de Musset, the child of Bohemia, who fancied it a fine thing to indulge his animal passions by way of proving how great a genius he was. Boyish caprice, frivolity, ungovernable humour, ingratitude to well-meaning friends, coarse and cynical attacks on his enemies literary and political, a continual sowing and reaping of wild oats,—such was the *Chronique scandaleuse* of this fallen spirit, who in his better moments had shone with an intense and unearthly radiance, but whose sense of ideal beauty was swiftly degenerating into scorn of all things, himself included, as rotten at the core. He was wanting in that 'high reason,' that serenity born of self-control, without which no poet of the first order can exist. Dantean intensity might be claimed for certain of his terrible fancies, but they come and go like flashes of lightning. There is little sunshine in them. His very strivings after the Greek clearness, the blithe classic temper, are conceived in the spirit of revolt; he does not sit on the heights of Olympus by natural right; he has climbed thither—if one may employ his own style of imagery—over Sinai and along the Via Crucis. There is not, we venture to say, one single half-page in his writings which recalls Sophocles or any genuine classic, in its statuesque calm. The brightness rests upon storm clouds; the air is not the delicate Athenian atmosphere, but is enchanted, tinged with faint colours of medieval Romance, or heavy with the sighs of the innumerable generations that have stood by the Weeping Gate of Jerusalem. When Heine is joyous, he merely affects not to feel a deeper consciousness; he never makes us glad as the Greeks will do, or delivers himself from the pain of the world. He is a rebel against the present order of things, not an Apollo or Dionysus descending from the mountain heights into our perplexed and perplexing world, and bringing with him gifts of wine and music. There is pathos in these considerations; but there is something more. The old careless or naïve Paganism cannot be raised out of the tomb. It died long before Christians came to the Empire. And we may as reasonably expect a second Phidias, carving with religious

religious earnestness an Olympian Zeus or an Athena for the Acropolis, as a true Greek poet to arise in these latter centuries. The world to which they belonged is gone; the new race of men have thoughts and feelings too deep for its resuscitation. We laugh at the swains and nymphs, the 'machinery' of gods and goddesses that figure in the poems of the age of Pope. Just as artificial in fact, though not in the handling, is the revived classicism of Schiller and Goethe, the erotic Paganism of Heine and of certain well-known English poets and men of letters. In the strict sense of the term, it is a mere dilettante playing with life; it is Della Crusca and the nine Muses at Twickenham or Bath over again.

But although the form of restored Hellenism must needs be artificial, the revolt against Christianity was genuine. That school of which Goethe had been the founder, and of which Heine was now recognized as the head and chief, did not misconstrue its peculiar drift when it preached the 'rehabilitation of the flesh.' Significant enough are those repeated outbursts, as in the book '*Ueber Deutschland*,' against the 'Hindu-Gnostic' religion, which, according to the writer's conviction, had dominated Europe under the name of Christianity; which had overthrown or thrust into dark corners the ancient worship of the gods and the Pantheism indigenous to the German races; which had transformed Venus, Apollo, and the whole mythology of Greeks and Romans, into devils, evil spirits, cobolds, pucks, and a doctrine of witches and the Blocksberg; which had made of life a season of penitence, had banished innocent pleasure from the world, had set up for imitation the 'dog's virtue of humility,' had abandoned this world to Cæsar, had made liars and hypocrites of the great mass of mankind, and was now in the last throes of dissolution. It is worth remembering that the date of the volume from which we quote is 1834. Upwards of fifty years have passed since these fiery denunciations and prophecies were given to the world. Would Heine say that his wishes were nearing their accomplishment? It may well be doubted.

But however this may be, it was Heine's endeavour, during the second part of his life, to propagate self-indulgence as a religious creed, and he did so vehemently, in a series of essays, poems, and letters, until he was stricken down with disease, paralyzed in his very lips, reduced to the helplessness of an infant, and imprisoned in the 'mattress grave' of which he has sung in his gloomy '*Last Poems*' with heartrending pathos and self-contempt. The whole reads like a modern version of Prometheus. The pride and the defiance are not wanting;
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the Oceanides, in the shape of sympathetic female friends, pay him soothing visits, though, as he complains, they go home towards evening; there is an attempted but ineffectual reconciliation with the Divine powers; and the rebellious spirit sinks at last amid earthquake and ruin to the nether deeps. Nor do we fail to catch the sound of ærial strains of melody from time to time, while the tragic events are proceeding. There is a ludicrous or laughter-stirring element also. Heine's quarrels with his family, his marriage with the *grisette* Mathilde Mirat, his discussions with Börne and estrangement from him, the duel with Herr Straus, his relations with L'Enfantin and the Saint-Simonians, are all treated by the poet himself humorously and set in the most varied lights, not by any means to his credit, but always so as to remind us that gall and bitterness, folly and passion, in such a world as ours, are 'big with infinite jest.' It is not the heart-shaking mockery of a Swift; Heine could rival the coarseness, but not the power, of that unparalleled genius, in whom the depth of laughter was measured by the gravity of as stern a temperament as ever existed. But round about the mattress grave, separating its prisoner from the men of everyday, were those 'singing flames'—despairing wit, self-devouring humour, pitiless mockery—with which he threatened the German despots. In his later poems, if he weeps it is like Satan, a shower of devil's tears which blast the ground they fall upon. 'This world,' says Carlyle in a well-known passage, 'is properly defined as a place of hope; without hope we cannot live.' But that was the chord on which Heine never struck, which would yield him no music. He merely professed to hope; it was the flesh with its vices and concupiscences that was to be made immortal. A quarrel about a miserable pension, when his uncle Solomon died, was enough to shatter that life of the body in which he trusted; and he fell, like a mast snapped in two, helpless for the rest of his existence. No wonder that in his '*Geständnisse*' the dominant thought is borrowed from Julian, *Vivisti, Galilæe*. As though the finger of an irresistible unseen power had touched him, the little 'Aristophanes of Germany' cries out that he is vanquished by an irony with which he dare not compete.

The history of his last years has been often written.* It was one of increasing pain, monetary embarrassments, and the monotony of a sick-bed from which friends and acquaintance fell off little by little, though the poet's fame grew greater in all European lands. Meissner, in whose slight '*Reminiscences*'

* The best in Proeles, pp. 277-359.

we may find an occasional sentence worth quoting, tells us how Heine spoke of himself as already dead, his soul looking down upon the tortured body and pitying it, his mind filled with pictures and images from the past. He was eager to write and to sing, but 'the blind eye, the unsteady hand, the ever-returning pain' made it impossible. He was carried to and fro like a child. Opium alone could give him relief, and he often lay as one dead, in a continued swoon.

His wife, an illiterate but cheerful and loving creature, whom he had married at Saint Sulpice, August 31st, 1841, after they had been living some four years together, was wholly devoted to him. And in their narrow two or three rooms on the third floor, furnished with no luxury, and the only prospect from which was into a high-walled yard, they lived year after year on the allowance which Solomon Heine made them, eked out by the poet's bargains with his publisher. Not a brilliant existence, assuredly! He had seen his mother for the last time at Hamburg in July 1843. By a pious fraud she was never permitted to suspect his illness, and he continued always to send her cheering letters, which testify to his affection better than the somewhat perverse jesting about her early plans for him, to which he yields in the posthumous '*Memoiren*.'

For eight years Heine lay dying. Did he change his manner of thought, and become a sincere Christian, as in those days was often rumoured? It is hard to say. The creed of self-indulgence had broken down, he openly confessed; but it does not follow that he put any better in its place. Rather, the cynical scepticism, which always lay at the bottom of his thinking, came to the surface; and he jested, and shook his cap and bells, in sight of eternity, with a half-frightened look, —we might say, like a clown on the stage who feels that he is dying but must play his part, must utter the conventional witticisms with trembling lips, on which the falling tears mingle with the colouring, and turn his very spasms of pain to the spectators' amusement. In a letter to George Weerth, in Nov. 1851, he professes his belief that the poet, while comprehending the 'symbolic idiom' of religion and the 'abstract mechanic jargon' of philosophy, stands in need of neither. But even poetry almost failed him at the last. For wit and satire and persiflage, though expressed in rhythmical form and with the sharpness of Archilochus, who stung his enemies to death by singing, is in no degree what we mean by poetry. There is an ideal, a reconciling or purifying element, without which the highest technical verse becomes prose. Heine little by little

saw

saw the romantic glow and colour dying out of his inward sky, and the heavens descend, like darkness which might be felt, upon his aching head and flaccid wasted limbs. And the bursts of scorn and mockery which break upon the ear from out that gloom,—how shall we find in them the ‘seed of light’ which alone makes poetry for mankind? The luxuriant fulness of existence, the vines growing amid the yellow-eared corn, were changed to a handful of grave-dust, a hand’s-breadth of space between the coffin-boards; and though God and revelation and immortality might be mocked away, ‘Time the shadow, Death the skeleton,’ could neither be reasoned with nor mastered.

The contrast in Heine’s poems, when we compare his first exquisite songs with the ‘Lazarus idylls’ which fill the ‘Romancero’ and the ‘Letzte Gedichte,’ seems as great as can be imagined. But there is a logical, or more truly a vital connection between these different phases of his spirit. All is impulse, indulged or thwarted, still hoping to satisfy itself, if only with the husks of the ‘Hegelian swine,’ or furious and despairing when the senses which ministered to it in the heyday of the blood are paralyzed and no longer obey its call. Life, it has been said, resembles the Iliad; it is a bas-relief which breaks off, not a rounded whole. Heine, and the New Pagans of whom he is the mouthpiece, would have it complete in itself, and harmonize with the faculties of our lower nature. But in so thinking they make of it a prison, whose only door of escape is into the ‘white abyss.’ Can we handle death sceptically? Critics have fancied that Heine’s affected or real conversion to Deism was no more than a last revolt against the powers that be, as though he would appeal from the visible dissolution which he could not resist, to the hope of immortality in which he had never felt any confidence hitherto. It may be so. At all events, the thought paints the man. He was a universal *frondeur*, who could never be resigned, and who by instinct was a destroyer of what had been built up.

He died February 17th, 1856, and was buried at Montmartre, with scant ceremony. The scene recalls that dismal page in ‘Le Père Goriot,’ which might have suggested it. Heine’s word was fulfilled, ‘Keine Messe wird man singen, Keinen Kadosch wird man sagen.’ He was neither Jew nor Catholic; he was not a Lutheran Christian, except in the catalogue. He belonged indeed to that tribe of Europeans who have cast off religious beliefs like old clothes; who go down to the grave like dogs, or, what is still more nauseous, amid the cut-paper flowers of rhetoric, one long-winded

long-winded orator after another stepping forward to the edge of the pit, and there gesticulating and perorating with the fluency of a Paris Town Councillor. But he preferred silence to this *Hundebellen*. And we cannot blame him. The silence was significant of many things.

Of this, surely, among the rest. That here was a musical soul, which in better times, or in heroic obedience to the faith it scorned, might have filled its generation with melody, have kindled hope, lightened a thousand hearts, and drawn to itself unspeakable love and veneration. But that, thanks in large measure to the corrupt society into which it was born, no such undying melody came from it. Heine was perverse and sensual, a blackamoor whom no washing, seven times repeated, will make white. For the abuse of his transcendent gifts he must answer at a higher judgment-seat than man's. Nevertheless, when we reflect on the conditions of his bringing up, on the great and small tyrannies under which he lived in his native land, on the Paris of Louis Philippe to which he was banished; on the absence of a public Christian ideal, whether of individual or of social existence, in the Europe of half a century ago, we shall recognize that he did not fall simply by his own hand. He saw in Christianity a code of repression, as he deemed, consecrating established injustice, condemning the millions to fruitless toil, giving the substance of good things to the rich, and bidding the poor be content with a shadow and a promise. That he did not read the Christian message aright is not a point on which we can now enlarge. Suffice it that multitudes in every land have read it pretty much after the same fashion. He was a Jew, and he hated the medieval system under which his people were still groaning. But he was a modern too, and it appeared to him that Napoleon had cleared the ground for a new order of things in which Christianity was to have no place. What could be devised in its stead? A religion of pure Humanity, was his reply, as it was that of Saint-Simon, Comte, Feuerbach, and so many others. But the question of questions returned, as it always will return, 'Quid est homo?' What is man? What will satisfy him? what will make him perfect, carry him along the upward path, save him with an everlasting salvation? Heine answers, in effect, to 'throw the rein on the neck of his lusts;' and he called this license Hellenism, Pantheism, and all manner of fine-sounding names. But experience gives it the lie. If there is no better 'Religion of Humanity' than is depicted in the poems of Heine, we may close the volumes with a conviction that Pessimism, not Hellenism, is the last word of a philosophy in accordance with facts. Of course,

course, it may be urged that the poet was no teacher, and must not be regarded in a serious light. But we are not concerned with what he meant to teach; our concern is with the significance of his life and writings in themselves, as representative of the age to which they belong, and prophetic of consequences yet to spring from causes now in action, which are so powerfully delineated in the slides, so to speak, of his magic lantern. Was the Romantic poetry a mere dead Christianity decked with flowers? Are the old Greeks, with their worship of sensuous beauty and their 'cancerous vices,' to live again? Will the next century witness a struggle between those who desire to 'rehabilitate the flesh,' and the stern revolutionists whose cry is '*Du pain et pas de longs discours*'? Or is there possible a resurrection of Christian principles, now held by rote, an application of them to the State, to industry, to the life of the multitudes, which shall make a beginning of the kingdom of God on earth? Such are the questions we cannot but ask ourselves, standing in the dreary churchyard by Heine's grave. One thing he has proved to evidence, that genius without principle acts only as a chaotic force. And a second, that no mere Hellenism will save the world. But there his prophesyings end, and 'the rest is silence.' Euphorion is shattered to pieces, the poet's garment becomes a winding-sheet, and the broken lyre murmurs the music of an eternal Requiem.

- ART. VI.—1. *Life and Labour. The Inhabitants of East London.* Vol. I. Edited by Chas. Booth. London, 1889.
 2. *Report of Royal Commission on Housing the Working Classes.* London, 1885.
 3. *First and Second Reports of a Committee of the House of Lords on Sweating System.* London, 1888.
 4. *The Progress of the Working Classes in the last Half Century.* By R. Giffen, LL.D. London, 1884.
 5. *London Labour and the London Poor.* By Henry Mayhew. 4 vols. London, 1861.

IT is nearly thirty years since Mr. Henry Mayhew called attention to the condition of the London poor. He takes credit for the work he has undertaken, and for his manner of performing it, and does not hesitate to speak of himself as a pioneer in a region hitherto untrodden. It will be seen, from words which we take from the preface to his volumes, how deeply his mind was imbued with this feeling. He says:—

‘This book surely may be considered curious as being the first attempt to publish the history of a people, from the lips of the people themselves—giving a literal description of their labour, their earnings, their trials and their sufferings, in their own “unvarnished language,” and to portray the condition of their homes and their families by personal observation of the places, and direct communion with the individuals. It may be considered curious also as being the first commission of inquiry into the state of the people, undertaken by a private individual, and the first “blue book” ever published in twopenny numbers. It is curious, moreover, as supplying information concerning a large body of persons, of whom the public had less knowledge than of the most distant tribes of the earth—the Government population returns not even numbering them among the inhabitants of the kingdom; and as adducing facts so extraordinary, that the traveller in the undiscovered country of the poor must, like Bruce, until his stories are corroborated by after-investigators, be content to lie under the imputation of telling such tales as travellers generally are supposed to delight in.’

With such a preface the book is, as might be expected, somewhat sensational. It gives countless histories of individuals, and devotes by far the largest portion of its pages to the various bodies of itinerant street vendors. Costermongers of all kinds, men, women, and children, dealing in every conceivable article, engross the writer’s chief interest and research; and whilst his book is valuable as giving accurate impressions concerning the habits and modes of life, and well-being and ill-being of people of this kind, it fails altogether to furnish a correct picture of the

working-classes of London taken as a whole. It picks out and minutely delineates picturesque spots of the country, but leaves the larger portion of its less obtrusive, but in many respects most interesting and important features undescribed. We do not doubt its accuracy, so far as it goes, but then it does not profess to deal with more than a fraction of the subject. The chief attempt to give an idea of the condition of the labouring population as a whole is the classification of them under three heads; and this in some form or other must appear in any examination of the subject (human nature being what it is). He calls his book 'a cyclopædia of the condition and earnings of those that *will* work, those that *cannot* work, and those that *will not* work.'

Since his book was written very strong lights have been thrown on the subject, and the condition of the poorer classes in our great Metropolis has been diligently examined by statesmen and philanthropists, and illustrated by the pens of writers of fiction. There have been a Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor; a Committee of the House of Lords on the Sweating System, which has issued two bulky volumes of Reports, and is still sitting; a Committee of the House of Commons on the whole question of Poor Relief, and another on the influx of poor Jews under the name of 'Foreign Immigration:' there have been also Reports from a Committee which has its home at the Mansion House, and valuable information has been given in Papers read before the Statistical Society. And now we have a book just published which claims especial attention because with infinite trouble, after exhaustive examination of the whole question of London labour and the London poor, as it is to be found in what are designated the Tower Hamlets and Hackney, it brings vividly before us the condition of the various classes which inhabit those regions, and enables us to test, to an extent not hitherto practicable, how far we may believe and act upon the excited and sensational appeals which are continually appearing in one form or another in the professed behalf of the poor of the East End of London. The writer (Mr. C. Booth) is, we believe, connected with the shipping trade in London and Liverpool; and following the example first set by the 'Lambeth Casual,' he has qualified himself for his task by living amongst the people whose condition he describes, so that he can test the information received from other sources by personal knowledge. Moreover, as his object is to present a fair picture of the whole subject—to photograph, if we may use the expression, the physical condition of the labouring classes at the East End of London—he carefully avoids the introduction of all extraneous matter;

matter; and whilst obviously moved to undertake his task by philanthropic motives, there is complete silence of pleading or sentiment with respect to the topics which most interest the philanthropist and the moralist: the aim steadily kept in view being to furnish a trustworthy statement of the whole case, and not to prejudice it by partial views, or by the advocacy of theories or remedies of his own beyond one brief outline of what, in his opinion, would do much towards improving the condition of the people.

The district with which this volume deals contains rather more than nine hundred thousand inhabitants, and to obtain a general view of their condition it is necessary to divide them into classes. But Mr. Booth, as might be expected, is not content with the threefold heads under which Mr. Mayhew groups them, and he is continually reminding us that his divisions are only approximately correct. To begin at the bottom of the list we have Mr. Mayhew speaking of those who will not work, whom he distinguishes from those who cannot work, whilst as a matter of fact there is some intermingling of the two classes: here there is a division in Mr. Booth's classification; he finds a certain number who will never work when they are not driven to it by dire necessity, occasional labourers, loafers, criminals, and semi-criminals; these may be regarded as the dangerous class; but there is also a much larger number who may be looked upon as partly belonging to the class who will not work, and partly to the class that cannot work. This class would include many of weak physical power, of low moral habits though not openly vicious, of weak intellect, people who have had no industrial training, who have been unfortunate, who have fallen from better positions in the world, or who are lacking in industry or perseverance. Then again, of those who cannot work, there are some who are in this unhappy position because they cannot get work to do, or who can only obtain it intermittingly, at certain seasons of the year, or for only a portion of a week. Then, of those who will work, there are some who can only earn very scanty and insufficient wages, who from want of aptitude for their work, or skill, or from an over-abundant supply of labour, are content to accept wages upon which they can barely live. Here Mr. Booth draws the line, and he reckons that the miscellaneous classes just named who are below that line do not enjoy a regular income of more than 18s. or 20s. a week, whilst many of them have far less. Above this line he places those who have regular standard earnings of an amount superior to that just named; those who do higher-class labour and enjoy still larger incomes;

the lower middle-class, and the upper middle-class. At the outset it is very satisfactory to be told that these, which may be called the well-to-do classes, considerably outnumber the poorer classes. Mr. Booth's estimate is that the former classes include rather more than 350,000, and the latter rather more than 550,000. He ridicules the idea of there being a degraded class so numerous as to be a peril to society. To quote his own words:—

‘The hordes of barbarians of whom we have heard, who, issuing from their slums, will one day overwhelm modern civilization, do not exist. There are barbarians, but they are a handful, a small and decreasing percentage: a disgrace, but not a danger.’—‘*Life and Labour*,’ p. 39.

We proceed to speak more at length of the several classes under which the people may be ranged in order to obtain a true idea of their physical and social condition.

Before doing so, it may be well to set out the authority on which the statements in Mr. Booth's book rest. Concerning this he speaks in the frankest and plainest terms. There are sixty-six School Board Visitors in the district of which he treats: it is their business to obtain the fullest information they can concerning every family living in the streets for which they are responsible, the number of their children of school age, and when they attend school irregularly, the cause of their absence, that in case of necessity the law may be invoked. The books of these visitors have been entrusted to Mr. Booth, and concerning them he writes:—

‘No one can go, as I have done, over the description of the inhabitants of street after street in this huge district, taken house by house, and family by family—full as it is of picturesque details noted down from the lips of the visitor to whose mind they have been recalled by the open pages of his own schedules—and doubt the genuine character of the information and its truth. Of the wealth of my material I have no doubt. I am indeed embarrassed by its mass, and by my resolution to make use of no fact to which I cannot give a quantitative value. The materials for sensational stories lie plentifully in every book of our notes; but even if I had the skill to use my material in this way—that gift of the imagination which is called “realistic”—I should not wish to use it here. There is struggling poverty, there is destitution, there is hunger, drunkenness, brutality and crime; no one doubts that it is so. My object has been to attempt to show the numerical relation which poverty, misery, and depravity, bear to regular earnings and comparative comfort, and to describe the general conditions under which each class lives.’—*Ibid.* pp. 5, 6.

Beside these School Board visitors, Relieving Officers, the residents

residents at Toynbee Hall and Oxford House, the officials of the Charity Organization Society, and others have been consulted so as to check the returns; whilst for information concerning the trades and the wages earned, as many representatives as possible of all classes connected with the industry—from the wholesale dealer to the poorest of the wage-earners—have been communicated with; and at the same time the Census Returns and the Factory Inspectors' books have been freely used to correct the representations of interested persons. Moreover the volume contains the experience and acquired knowledge of other active philanthropists who have worked in that part of London. Several of these essays are written by Miss Beatrice Potter, who for four years had personal experience at the East End, living amongst the people, collecting the rents of a block of houses, and for a time working herself in more than one sweating shop that she might learn from personal observation what were really the condition and the hardships of people in whom she felt a deep interest. Of the extent to which the enquiry has reached, and the proportion of people concerning whom information has or has not been received, Mr. Booth thus writes:—

'I have, however, assumed that as is the condition of the tested part—which amounts to fully one-half of the population—so is the condition of the whole population; and I may here say that I have throughout my enquiry leaned to the safe side, preferring to paint things too dark rather than too bright; not because I myself take a gloomy view, but to avoid the chance of understating the evils with which society has to deal.'—*Ibid.* p. 5.

It may also be well to quote the following note, as it points out one of the reasons why only proximate accuracy in such returns can be looked for:—'A return prepared by one of the School Board visitors, who has a fairly representative district in Bethnal Green, shows that of 1204 families (with 2720 children) on his books, 530 (with 1450 children) removed in a single year.' From personal knowledge of another poor part of London, we should be inclined to regard this as an under, rather than an over, estimate of the shifting character of the population. No doubt many of the families referred to by the School Board visitor removed more frequently than once. It is notorious that at every election in the Metropolis a large percentage of the persons whose names are on the register can never be found.

Few people take much interest in statistics, so that we do not propose to follow Mr. Booth in the careful analysis of the occupations

occupations of the labouring classes in the district with which he deals and the numbers following each; whilst it would be difficult to present our readers with a copy of the diagram which he has drawn to represent the proportions of the population to be found under the various heads we have already enumerated. As might be expected, the extremes at both ends of the line occupy the smallest spaces. Of the lowest class we have already spoken. It consists of people amongst whom there can be little or no regular family life. The number of these is obtained by adding together the inmates of common lodging-houses, the inhabitants of the lowest class of streets, and the homeless outcasts who on any given night take shelter where they can.

‘Their life is the life of savages, with vicissitudes of extreme hardship and occasional excess. Their food is of the coarsest description, and their only luxury is drink. It is not easy to say how they live; the living is picked up, and what is got is frequently shared; when they cannot find threepence for their night’s lodging, unless favourably known to the deputy in charge of the lodging-house, they are turned out at night into the streets, to return to the common kitchen in the morning. From these come the tattered figures who slouch through the streets, and play the beggar or the bully, or help to foul the record of the unemployed; these are the worst class of corner men who stand round the doors of public-houses, the young men who spring forward on any chance to earn a copper, the ready materials for disorder when occasion serves. They render no useful service, they create no wealth: more often they destroy it. They degrade whatever they touch: and as individuals, are perhaps incapable of improvement; they may be to some extent a necessary evil in every large city; but their numbers will be affected by the economical condition of the classes above them, and the discretion of the charitable world; their way of life by the pressure of police supervision.’—*Ibid.* p. 38.

This class he estimates at 11,000; their ranks are recruited from all classes of society, and it is painful to be told that a number of discharged soldiers are to be found amongst them.

At the other end of the line are those who are well-to-do, and their distinguishing characteristic is that they are able to keep a servant; including Hackney, in parts of which there are numbers of middle-class people, the estimate is that this upper portion of society is at least four times as numerous as the lowest class, and, if Hackney is excluded from the calculation, that there are still a larger number of persons in the Tower Hamlets who enjoy the luxury of keeping a servant than of the lowest portion of society which has been just described. We are then left with the great central body of workers rising from the

the unskilled, partially employed hand at the lowest end of the line, who is merely capable of being a hewer of wood and drawer of water, to the skilled artizan and trusted foreman.

In most neighbourhoods there is some industry which requires the services of a large number of unskilled hands; in the Tower Hamlets the docks to a considerable extent supply this requirement, and consequently round the dock gates there are gathered every morning a multitude of men who come there on the chance of a job. Romance has drawn moving pictures of these unfortunates, whilst philanthropists have given the stamp of apparent truth to the pictures by publishing sensational stories of individuals, and so encouraging the idea that these exceptional cases are fair specimens of the mass. In the book before us the effort is made to describe the life of the East London Docks as it is, and to show that it includes a great variety of very differently circumstanced people, and to some extent represents in brief the position of the working classes as they exist everywhere in large towns. The writer had the great advantage of access to official information, and therefore had not to draw upon his imagination for his facts; he thus writes:—

‘It would seem that in almost every great centre of industry there are one or more residual employments, which stand as buffers between ordinary productive industry and the poor-house. They are the refuge of the members of other industries who have failed, whether from their fault or their misfortune. Those who congregate in such employments often overstep the line which separates them as an industrial grade from the class of paupers, but can rarely rise again into the ranks of productive self-supporting regular labour. Into the causes which continually recruit these residual employments it is unnecessary to enter here, but, as a fact, they seem always to exist. In the centres of the worsted industry the residual employment is offered by the combing-room and the dye-house. In East London it is offered by the docks. It is surprising how quickly a man who is coming down in the world filters through all the grades of labour till he arrives at the bottom of all as a dock casual. I have found among the casuals a son of a solicitor, and an ex-valet of a well-known peer; and have been told by dock officials of the son of a general, a clergyman, a baronet, who at various times picked up a living in this way. All types of men are represented in the crowd at the dock gate.’—*Ibid.* pp. 531, 532.

During the last thirty years there have been great changes in the condition of the London Docks, and consequently of the labourers. The opening of the Suez Canal at first caused a vast increase to their business; profits increased and labour was freely employed. Then with the daily increasing competition between the two companies, the lavish and leisurely employment

ment of unnecessary hands was no longer possible. In 1865 the directors of the London and St. Katharine Docks introduced piece work and the contract system. It was to be a corrective of laxity which had crept in, and a possible help to industrious and hard-working hands. And now at the recent strike it was the point most loudly complained of, and the most quickly conceded by the directors of the dock companies. The opening of the direct route to the European Continent, and foreign competition strengthened by foreign protection, have revolutionized the transshipment trade. Steam docks have been opened down the river, and from these combined causes there has been a great shrinkage of trade at the London Docks. The large profits previously earned by the dock companies have vanished, and the greatest economy has become necessary to enable them to keep their heads comfortably above water. The owners of dock scrip have to be content with very scanty dividends, one or one and a half per cent. on the amount invested, and in some cases with none at all. In 1872 the casuals had struck for an increase of wages, and had secured fivepence an hour instead of the half-crown a day previously paid. This sum it has not been possible, as it certainly has not been desirable, to reduce, and so the employers have had recourse to other means in order to diminish their expenses. They have made their management more efficient; they have substituted machinery for hand labour wherever it was possible; and they have paid in some cases by the piece instead of by time. The result has been that those who are employed can earn more money; but they are harder worked, and there are fewer of them. But

'the fierce competition for a declining business has not been the only agency at work in producing spasmodic and strained demands for labour. The substitution of steam for sailing vessels, while it distributes employment more evenly throughout the year, increases the day-by-day and hour-to-hour uncertainty. In bygone days, at certain seasons of the year, a fleet of sailing vessels would line the dock quay. The work was spread over weeks, months; and each succeeding day saw the same number of men employed for the same number of hours. At other periods of the year there was no work, and the men knew it. Now the scene is changed—steamers come and go despite of wind and tide. The multitudinous London ship-owners show no sign of wishing to organize their business so as to give as regular employment as is practicable; the value of a steamer to its owner does not admit of leisurely discharge: the owner insists that the steamer shall be out in so many hours; and a tonnage which a few years ago would have taken so many weeks to unload is now discharged in a day and night, worked on end at high pressure. Hence the introduction of steam, besides the indirect effect of heightening

heightening competition, has a special influence in reducing the number of hands needed, in increasing their irregularity of hours, and in rendering casual labour still more casual and uncertain.—*Ibid.* pp. 186, 187.

This represents the difficulty of so organizing the labour as to make it regular and systematic. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that all who work at the docks are in the same position; there are great varieties in their labour. The unloading of vessels and transferring their contents to the warehouses are performed by a quite different class of men from those who load ships. These last are called *stevedores* and earn higher wages, and are not included under the ordinary designation of dock labourers. Then again those connected with the timber trade are a distinct body, the weights they have to carry being so great that none but the physically strong can engage in it. Whilst 'the wool and the tea trades attract the more vigorous class of irregular labour, for the sales of these articles take place at certain fixed periods of the year, and the employment dependent on these sales is heavy, worked under pressure for time, and during long hours.' Then there are a number of tally clerks employed at fivepence an hour to set down weights and measures and copy invoices, who are spoken of as 'the well-educated failure, that unlucky production of the shallow intellectualism of our Board Schools.'

Of the regular dock labourers, the three great companies—West and East India and St. Katharine Docks—have in their employ 857 foremen, 214 police, 150 artizans, and 667 permanent labourers. These last earn from twenty to twenty-five shillings a week; the others larger sums, but no doubt differing to a great extent from one another. Then outside these there are about 10,000 casual labourers in the Tower Hamlets; of whom the three dock companies find employment for about 3000 at three-and-sixpence a day, and it is these who are ordinarily spoken of as dock labourers. The work is far from being equally divided, some of the better known and more capable men having a preference, and earning on an average for the year from fifteen shillings to a pound a week; the others dividing the work unequally amongst them.

The description in Mr. Booth's book of the system of employing contractors to discharge ships at the Millwall Docks is very different from what recent complaints would lead us to imagine. He says:—

'The men who undertake the whole responsibility and liability of the various operations of discharging, warehousing, and overside delivery at the Millwall Docks, are naturally, if only from self-interested

interested motives, above the temptations of treating and bribery for candidates for employment. They combine the close personal supervision of the practical men earning profit instead of drawing a fixed salary, with the long-sighted policy of the large employer anxious for the physical and moral well-being of the workman. Moreover, in this case, the contractors live near their work and associate freely with their men. Each master has a small permanent staff of labourers, guaranteed 1*l.* a week, and averaging 33*s.* all the year through. The true casual is seldom employed, for, from lack of skill or power of endurance, the loss on his work is excessive.'—*Ibid.* pp. 191, 192.

The picture presented by the other docks is very different:—

'There is no union for trade or other purposes among dock or other waterside labourers; there is even antagonism, or at least utter indifference and carelessness, between the different classes of dock employés. The foreman is distinctly the official. Directly the day's work is over, he hurries from a disreputable neighbourhood back into the odour of respectability which permeates a middle class suburb.'—*Ibid.* p. 194.

Perhaps the most formidable feature in the recent strike is the union of men so differently circumstanced. Ostensibly the strike was for the benefit of the casual labourers, whose lot is undoubtedly a very hard one; no doubt, many joined it from philanthropic motives. But that there should be so extensive an organization of labour capable of being employed for improving the position of the pariahs of the labouring classes, reveals a danger to employers, which they are certain to note, and which can scarcely fail to quicken the tendency to prefer provincial towns, or country places, for erecting factories, to commencing manufacturing operations in London. Whatever other effect the recent strike may have, it will probably be found to have struck a serious blow at the growth of the trade and population of the Metropolis. We should be far from regarding this as an evil, though it must be productive of serious inconvenience and loss for a time.

Before we turn from employment at the docks, it may be well to quote the evidence of Colonel Martindale, the manager of the London and St. Katharine Docks Company, before the Sweating Commission of the House of Lords, which throws a little new light on the subject, and seems to show that the lot of the labourers need not be so hard as it sometimes is, if they would follow the changes in the docks:—

'The pressure (of the unemployed population) is not so great as you may have been led to believe. At the London Docks, which are situated in the vicinity of the Tower, where vast numbers of the poor congregate, there is often an extreme pressure: but when you go to

to our lower docks, the Albert and the Victoria, which are some seven or eight miles down the river, there is not that pressure; in fact, in times of great pressure of work, we have a difficulty in finding labour. We have had to try and get one dock to lend to the other, and we have had to send up to London for labour in some cases.'—'Sweating System,' 2nd Report, p. 497.

Throughout all the trades there is noticeable the same diversity. The building trades, furniture makers, workers in wood and metal, the breweries, the railways, the shops, &c., find employment for the various grades of workpeople just as the docks do; and the position of those so occupied does not materially differ from that of persons similarly circumstanced in the country; the nominal rate of wages is generally higher, whilst in many cases the employment is more uncertain, so that, in the case of those who have not regular work, their position is worse rather than better when compared [with that of men engaged in the same trades in less populous places. Of the great bulk of these it is therefore unnecessary to say anything; the chief exception is that of men working under the sweating system, or, as it used to be termed, under sub-contractors. There are, of course, some differences in the various trades, but there is sufficient in common to enable us to form a general idea of the condition of all without going much into detail.

To place before our readers as complete a picture as we can, we will take first a statement of a more sensational character, that they may see the lowest and worst side of the picture connected with the sweating system. Mr. Arnold White, author of the 'Problems of a Great City,' and who assisted in gathering the evidence that was put in the 'Bitter Cry,' says:—

'Combination or even remonstrance is regarded as insubordination in most cases: and the struggle for existence compels men to accept any terms, for, where one refuses, a dozen are willing to take starvation wages. The enormous length of hours regularly worked during the season that is now on by the boot operatives, is almost without parallel in other trades. So long as work is obtainable, toil continues until nature breaks down. From six or seven o'clock in the morning until eleven or twelve o'clock, or even later in the night, are not unusual hours. Men of forty years of age are old men, worn out; a large proportion of the workers during part of the year earn very small wages indeed. Scanty and innutritious food is having its result on the stamina of the next generation. The life of the sweaters' men is so hopeless and dreary that their feelings against the order of things are not unnaturally bitter and intense.'—*Ibid.* p. 40.

He states that, owing to the introduction of machinery in the manufacture of boots of the cheap kind made by these men, a large

large amount of the labour is purely mechanical, requiring no skill, and can be learned in a few weeks, so that a number of people, chiefly if not entirely Jews, coming from Poland and Russia, called 'greeners' on their arrival, furnish a perpetual succession of men thankful for any employment they can get; but he frankly confessed that he was unable to give any statistics. An Austrian Jew, who gave his evidence, said that working the long hours just named, he could earn 30s. a week, but then, as the possibility of obtaining this work continued for only part of the year, it would not secure an average of more than 13s. or 15s. a week all the year round.

We turn from this revolting picture of low Jewish life as it is found when first imported into London, and as it sometimes continues, to Miss Beatrice Potter's description of it a few years later:—

'The Polish and Russian Jews usually bring with them no ready-made skill of a marketable character. They are set down in an already overstocked and demoralized labour market: they are surrounded by the drunkenness, immorality, and gambling of the East End streets; they are in fact placed in the midst of the very refuse of our civilization, and yet, whether they become boot-makers, tailors, cabinetmakers, glaziers, or dealers, the Jewish inhabitants of East London rise in the social scale; as a mass they shift upwards, leaving to the new-comers from foreign lands and to the small section of habitual gamblers, the worst paid work, the most dilapidated workshops, and the dirtiest lodgings. But this is not all. Originally engaged in the most unskilled branch of the lowest section of each trade, Jewish mechanics (whether we regard them individually or as a class) slowly but surely invade the higher provinces of production, bringing in their train a system of employment and a method of dealing with masters, men, and fellow-workers, which arouses the antagonism of English workmen.'—*'Life and Labour,'* pp. 584, 585.

This success of the Jews is attributed to two causes: their superior intelligence, and the manner in which they carry on their business. In this latter cause we may find the key to much of the evil of the sweating system, as well as to the prosperity of the individuals who practise it. It is thus described:—

'It is by competition, and competition alone, that the Jew seeks success. But, in the case of the foreign Jews, it is a competition unrestricted by the personal dignity of a definite standard of life, and unchecked by the social feelings of class loyalty and trade integrity. The small manufacturer injures the trade through which he rises to the rank of a capitalist by bad and dishonest production. The petty dealer or small money lender, imbued with the economic precept of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market, suits his

wares

wares and his terms to the weakness, and ignorance, and the vice of his customers; the mechanic, indifferent to the interests of the class to which he temporarily belongs, and intent only on becoming a small master, acknowledges no limit to the process of under-bidding fellow-workers, except the exhaustion of his own strength. In short, the foreign Jew totally ignores all social obligations other than keeping the law of the land, the maintenance of his own family, and the charitable relief of co-religionists.'—*Ibid.* p. 589.

It is unnecessary to sketch the steps in the ladder by which the 'greener' rises into a capitalist. With an enlightened selfishness for his principle of action, he is content to bear oppression, ridicule, insult, and abuse; if he can only gain the barest subsistence, that satisfies him when he can get no more, but he is prepared to take advantage of every chance. He gets to know the firms for which his employer works, and the terms on which he executes their work; he takes an early opportunity to underbid him; he will starve himself to save up a little capital, so that he may gain by the labour of others as well as by his own; and as he never spares himself in order to make money, so he will not shrink from grinding to the uttermost those who come under his power. The present Bishop of Bedford ('Sweating System,' 1st Report, pp. 493–508) insists that the last five years have seen a great development of the system under which these men work. Up to that time there were middle men who understood their business, who only employed men competent to do the work entrusted to them, and paid them an adequate wage, and refused to allow them to be unduly pressed by toiling long hours. Now, he says, all this is reversed. The desire to produce cheaply on the one side, and the necessity for procuring work at any price to enable the labourers to secure an existence on the other, has produced a considerable revolution. The estimated number of Jews at the East End of London is about 60,000, of whom nearly one-half are not English born. To apportion them amongst the grades rising from miserable poverty to comparative comfort, if not wealth, has not been attempted, so far as we know, by any statistician.

There is another trade to which recent controversy has called a good deal of attention, about which it may be well to say something—we refer to the furniture trade, which employs more than 12,000 persons in its various branches in the East End of London, and represents a population of about five times that number. Of these more than one-half are returned as earning ordinary standard wages, or as being highly paid, whilst there are less than 6000 who obtain only casual work, or are numbered
amongst

amongst that lowest class of 'ne'er-do-weels' of whom we have spoken. These classes are thus described by Mr. Ernest Aves, one of the writers in Mr. Booth's book :—

'During the past fifteen years or more there has been a rapid increase in the number of small makers, earning for the most part little themselves, and their employés somewhat less; and making chiefly goods of medium or inferior quality for large wholesale dealers. But in the East End there are still a few makers of considerable size, the produce of whose shops rivals that made in any other part of London, and who pay almost as high wages as any in the West End, in spite of that keenness of competition and the increasing demand for cheap articles which make it harder for first-class firms to hold their own. But still there are representatives of this class in the very centre of the East End, and the quality of the work turned out, and the character of the shops found there, shade down from this superior minority through every grade, until we reach the produce and the tenements of those pariahs of the trade who work with little or no capital, and who only have some specialized and half-taught knowledge of their craft. It is they who, if orders fail, are driven, from the need of money either to meet their own personal expenses or to pay the wages of the one or two men they may employ, and to buy material for the next week's work, to go out and sell their goods wherever and whenever they can.'—*'Life and Labour, p. 315.'*

Many of these small makers are said to be steady, industrious men, who mean to get on in the world, and who think this is more likely to be achieved by working on their own account than by continuing to be journeymen, and so they commence with a capital of £1; but there are also many of a different class, smart, unsteady men, who are unable to continue for any length of time in the same employ by their own misconduct and drunkenness, and so are driven to do what they can by working for their own hand. The description of the men who work at this trade as given by the 'Sweating Commission' of the House of Lords, sets forth the worst side of the picture. Mr. Parnell, the secretary of the West End Cabinetmakers' Association, says that 'he has known a case in which work has been obtained by a large firm, and given out to a sub-contractor, who has given it out to another sub-contractor, who has given it out to another man supposed to be his foreman, and then the foreman has given it out as piece-work to the workmen' ('Sweating System,' 1st Report, p. 279), who of course got scanty wages, as so many profits had to be made out of the job. But it is obvious that the original employer must have paid handsomely for it to be possible for so many to make even a small profit out of the work. He complains that under this system little good work is done: everything is sacrificed to show and cheapness. He asserts

asserts that the great mass of small masters work very long hours, especially on Friday, for that he has gone round Bethnal Green at half-past eleven o'clock at night, and found lights in every window; that boys and women are employed to do work which ought to be entrusted to men; and that the general condition of the men employed in this trade is steadily deteriorating.

Taking all this into account, it can be no matter for surprise that such statements can be truly made as those just quoted from the Report of the 'Sweating Commission' of the House of Lords. As with the dock labourers, so with the cabinetmakers and upholsterers, there are more persons engaged in the trade than can find profitable employment. The more unscrupulous do what they can to spoil the trade by underbidding their neighbours, and the more necessitous feel compelled to take what wages they can get to enable them to live. The witnesses before the Commission would have us believe that the hard cases which they detail represent the general condition of the trade, whilst Mr. Booth regards them as constituting a not very large minority, comparatively speaking. No doubt there is a fringe, Mr. Booth would say, a rather broad fringe, but still only a fringe of persons in a distressed, overworked, underpaid condition, described by the witnesses before the 'Sweating Commission;' and we have every confidence that Mr. Booth is right, for he has gone minutely into statistics, which have been compiled on authority that we can trust, whilst the witnesses for the most part speak only at second-hand, and the authorities on whom they rely often forbid them to mention their names, lest they should lose their employment; so that whilst they give 'painful examples,' they show no sign of having examined the question as a whole.

To turn to another factor in the present state of things at the East End of London, there is ground for believing

'that there are indications that the bad condition of many London industries is connected with provincial competition, and that while the tendency of population is towards London, there has been a movement of trade from London. The competition is mainly that of large factories in the provinces with small workshops or home industry in London, but it extends to that of provincial factories with London factories, and provincial home industry with London home industry. It may be taken for granted that the general conditions of life in the provinces are more healthful than at the East End of London: and there seems to be evidence that the factory system, with its better sanitary condition and greater regularity of earnings, is beating the sweating system in those provincial towns, such as Leeds, where both methods of manufacture exist. On the other hand, the tendency in London is distinctly against large factories and in
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favour of home work and small workshops.'—Mr. C. Booth's evidence before 'Commission on Sweating System,' 1st Report, pp. 25, 26.

In support of the assertion that trade is leaving London, it was stated that of the wages paid for making clothing for the army, about £24,000 is paid annually to factories in the provinces, and about £2400 at the East End of London; the remainder, £60,000, is expended at the Government factory in Pimlico. Miss Beatrice Potter says: 'In the slop and stock trade, there is an enormous competition in the provinces; in fact, the provinces are beating London.' Her great complaint is against the sanitation of the shops in which the people work, not against the wages they receive. With respect to this movement of trade from London to the provinces, she says:—

'It is obvious to add that after a short time the people working at a particular trade will follow the manufacture: and if the provinces are now undertaking what until lately was executed in London, the distress occasioned by the removal of the trade should be only temporary, whilst in the long run it must be a gain for the workers to be dispersed in less populous towns, and not to be collected in such over-peopled moral wildernesses as are many of the poorer portions of the Metropolis.'—'Commission on Sweating System,' 2nd Report, p. 29.

The trade which is said to be leaving London to a considerable extent is mainly with our Colonies and foreign parts. A large amount of ready-made clothing of all kinds, from coats to shoes, is sent to the Colonies and elsewhere, and also a good deal of ready-made furniture. But complaints are made that the colonists especially are adopting a strictly protective system, and that the high rates of duty which they are placing upon manufactured articles make it increasingly difficult to compete with home-made goods. Mr. Maple, in his evidence before the 'Sweating Committee,' said that his firm exported largely higher class goods, but not so much as formerly, in consequence of the heavy duties now imposed by the colonial tariffs. He also said that a large amount of manufactured furniture is imported into this country from Austria, America, and Sweden, and that he expects the competition with work of this kind to increase.

The remedies proposed for the many ills to which attention has been called are various, but it cannot be said that there is amongst them any great scheme which seems feasible. It would be difficult to be otherwise, as many of the evils are such as naturally spring from moral causes, or grow out of a rapidly increasing population, for whom a corresponding increase is not provided in the demand for the goods which they manufacture. It has also to be taken into account that the enormous

enormous improvements in machinery, and in its application to various kinds of manufactures, are not an unmixed good. For whilst on the one hand they cheapen, and in some instances improve the articles made and reduce their price, on the other they indefinitely increase the power of production, and not infrequently lower the character of the article made, and diminish the demand for human labour. Mr. Booth makes the most enterprising proposal for improving the evils which he has depicted. He would thus deal with the question:—‘The state of things which I describe in these pages, though not so appalling as sensational writers would have us believe, is still bad enough to make us feel that we ought not to tolerate it in our midst, if we can think of any feasible remedy.’ To deal effectually with the whole of the class that depends upon casual earnings, who are very poor, whose ranks are in hard times flooded by those who have known better times, and whom he reckons at 100,000, or a ninth of the population of which he treats, he suggests the following cure:—

‘He would have the State nurse the helpless and incompetent as we in our own families nurse the old, the young, and the sick; and provide for those who are not competent to provide for themselves.

‘Put practically, but shortly, my idea is that these people should be allowed to live as families, in industrial groups, planted wherever land and buildings were cheap; being well housed, well fed, and well warmed; and taught, trained, and employed from morning to night on work, indoors or out, for themselves, or on Government account, in the building of their own dwellings, in the cultivation of the land, in the making of clothes, or in the making of furniture. That in exchange for the work done the Government should supply materials, and whatever else was needed. On this footing it is probable that the State would find the work done very dear, and by so much would lose.’—‘*Life and Labour*,’ pp. 165, 167.

He does not think the difficulty lies in the cost: for the cost of the poor people, of whom he is writing, to the State is already considerable, and they consume, or waste, or have expended on them more wealth than they create. If they were ruled out, we should be much better off than we now are; and if this class were under State tutelage—say at once under State slavery—the balance-sheet would be more favourable for the community. They would consume more, but the amount they produced would be increased in greater proportion by State organization of their labour and their lives.

The other proposals are less heroic. Miss Potter contents herself with proposing a remedy for an acknowledged evil. She suggests improved sanitation, which she would secure

by fining the landlords whenever the houses were unhealthy, or more people were housed or employed in them than they would properly accommodate. Mr. Arnold White would compel every room in which work was carried on for profit to be registered, a stiff fee to be charged for registering; and he would have many more inspectors appointed under the Factory Acts with increased powers. The Bishop of Bedford urges more complete inspection, and also that pauper immigration should be checked by requiring that all labouring people who come from foreign countries should be registered, and that none should be allowed to remain in England who cannot show 'that they have means for their temporary support, or some hope of employment, unless there is some one to receive them to whom they have been, as it were, consigned, as in the case of sending emigrants to our own Colonies.' Dr. Adler, the Jewish Rabbi, 'fully endorses the recommendations that the provisions of the Factory and Public Health Acts should be strictly enforced. There should be compulsory registration, due and effectual supervision of every place used as a workshop, including domestic workshops. Additional inspectors should be appointed, the present number being wholly inadequate.' These proposals might ameliorate the conditions under which many workers have to perform their tasks, but, with the exception of that of Mr. Booth, they do not attempt to grapple with the question as a whole: whilst Mr. Booth's proposal is obviously impracticable: to see this we have only to think of what would be the reception by a House of Commons, that objects to flogging armed burglars for fear that they might feel themselves degraded, of a scheme that would reduce a considerable portion of the community to a state which the author of it describes as one of State slavery, in order that the more industrious and competent members of the community might obtain higher wages and constant employment.

The question naturally arises, Are these people at the East End of London better off than they were? or worse off? Mr. Mayhew's book enables us to throw a little light on what their condition was in 1861, with which to compare what now exists. He was a good deal attracted by the hardships of the dock labourers, and endeavoured to obtain all the information he could about them. He found the secretary of the London Docks very communicative, but not so the other officials; consequently his knowledge of the numbers and condition of the labourers is much less complete than Mr. Booth's. There were casuals then as there are now, whom Mr. Mayhew thus describes:—

'This immense establishment is worked by from one to three thousand hands, according as the business is either brisk or slack.
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Out of this number there are always 400 or 500 permanent labourers, receiving on an average 16s. 6d. per week, with the exception of coopers, carpenters, smiths and other mechanics, who are paid the usual wages of their crafts. Besides these are many hundreds—from 1000 to 2000—casual labourers, who are engaged at the rate of 2s. 6d. per day in the summer, and 2s. 4d. in the winter months. Frequently, in case of many arrivals, extra hands are hired in the course of the day at the rate of 4d. per hour.

‘He who wishes to behold one of the most extraordinary and least known scenes of this metropolis, should wend his way to the London Dock gates at half-past seven in the morning. There he will see congregated within the principal entrance masses of men of all grades, looks, and kinds. Some in half-fashioned surtouts, burst at the elbows, with the dirty shirts showing through. Others in greasy sporting jackets, with red, pimpled noses. Others in the rags of their half-slang gentility, with the velvet collars of their paletots worn through to the canvas. Some in rusty black, with their waistcoats fastened tight up to the throat. Others again with the knowing thieves’ curl on each side of the jaunty cap: whilst here and there you may see a big whiskered Pole, with his hands in the pockets of his plaited French trousers. Some loll outside the gates, smoking the pipe which is forbidden within; but these are mostly Irish.’—*‘London Labour and London Poor,’* vol. iii. pp. 303, 304.

There is nothing in this account which might not be found in a greater or less degree at the present day; but it is a comfort to note that the wages now paid are at a considerably increased rate, and that the condition of those employed at the docks is better rather than worse.

The same writer tells us something of the cabinetmakers, which shows that their condition in 1861 was inferior to what it is in 1889, even under the sweating system as delineated in the worst pictures before the Committee of the House of Lords. He says:—

‘The cabinetmakers, socially as well as commercially considered, consist, like all other operatives, of two distinct classes—that is to say, of society and non-society men, or, in the language of political economy, of those whose wages are regulated by custom, and those whose earnings are determined by competition. The former class numbers between 600 or 700 of the trade, and the latter between 4000 and 5000. Hence it follows, that if the non-society men are neither so skilful nor so well conducted as the others, at least they are quite as important a body, from the fact that they constitute the main portion of the trade. The transition from the one class to the other is, however, in most cases, of a most disheartening character.’—*Ibid.* p. 221.

Concerning the earnings of the society or upper class men he merely says that they are according to scale, and it is presumed
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these were fairly liberal. Of the other class he says :—‘ The number of hands belonging to the London cabinet trade decreased between 1831 and 1841 33 per cent. in comparison with the rest of the Metropolitan population, and, notwithstanding this falling off, the workmen’s wages in 1831 were at least 400 per cent. better than they are at present : 20s. having been formerly paid for the making of articles for which now only 5s. are given.’ He then proceeds to illustrate this at some length, both by setting out the price for manufacturing various articles, and also by recounting the biographies of certain workers in the trade ; and it is with such biographies that a large portion of the volumes is filled.

When he describes the time which these men are compelled to work to earn an existence, he draws a hideous picture ; certainly no account of the present ‘ sweating system ’ can surpass it :—‘ The labour of the men who depend on the slaughter-houses* for the purchase of their articles is usually seven days a week all the year through. That is, seven days—for Sunday work is all but universal—each of 13 hours, or 91 hours in all, while the established hours of labour in the honourable trade are six days in the week, each of 10 hours, or 60 hours in all. In some cases I heard of 15 hours for seven days, or 105 hours in all.’ And in return for these long hours of toil the men say that it is ‘ just for a crust.’ Certainly, the picture drawn by Mr. Booth of the same class of men (the cabinetmakers) is very different. Speaking of them, he tells us that there are nearly 65,000 persons (*i.e.* including their families) engaged in the furniture and other wood-work trades : of these 40,000 earn more than a guinea a week ; rather more than 10,000 about a guinea a week ; and the remainder less : but he does not lead us to suppose that the men work anything like so many hours during the week, though they may do so on one or two days in each week. And it is comforting to know that amongst the ill-paid are included many apprentices and learners, whose work is obviously worth much less than that of skilled artizans.

If we look beyond the particular district to which our attention is being especially directed, it would not be difficult to show that the condition of the labouring population is greatly improved ; and as a good deal of this improvement must be experienced by workers in the East End of London as much as by those who labour in other parts of the country, it may be well to call attention to some points by which their lot must be affected. This district of London is close to the docks : there

* The name for the shops to which the garret masters sell their goods.

are, therefore, found to be living in it families numbering more than 10,000 souls, who have their principal member employed as a sailor. Mr. Giffen, in his address to the Statistical Society on the progress of the working-classes during the last half century, tells us that a continuous official record of merchant seamen's wages has been kept by the Board of Trade during the last thirty years. This record shows that during that time the wages paid to seamen, sailing from the port of London, have advanced from 40*s.* to 45*s.* per month to from 65*s.* to 77*s.* 6*d.*; *i.e.* the increase has been from 25*s.* to 32*s.* 6*d.*; whilst it is certain that the food and lodging on board ship, which form part of a sailor's pay, has not deteriorated. Then, again, there are more than 50,000 persons in families where the head is employed in the building trades, and Mr. Giffen shows in the same address that the wages of persons so employed have increased during the last half-century by not less than 10*s.* a week. The same advance in the amount of their income would be found in the case of all who have permanent regular employment, and would include all who are employed by large manufacturers, engineers, brewers, distillers, &c., or who are connected with railways, police establishments, &c.; and it must be remembered that these various classes constitute considerably more than one-half of the population of that part of London.

But increased wages are not the only advantage which men of the present time possess over those who lived fifty years since; the hours of labour are much shorter, and the purchasing power of money is greatly increased. Speaking roughly, the price of bread, sugar, and tea is upon the average only about half of what it was then: clothing also is cheaper: * 'the only article interesting the workman much which is increased in price is meat, the increase here being considerable. The "only." it may be supposed, covers a great deal. The truth is, however, that meat fifty years ago was not an article of the workman's diet as it has since become. He had little more concern with its price than with the price of diamonds. The kind of meat which was mainly accessible to the workman fifty years ago, viz. bacon, has not increased sensibly in price.'

There is, however, a point where the working-classes at the East End of London are possibly not so well off now as they were fifty years since; that is, in the amount they have to pay for house-rent. On the whole, no doubt, there have been considerable improvements in the houses built for them, but the large sums which have to be paid for rent have neutralized, and more

* Giffen's 'Progress of the Working Classes,' p. 11.

than neutralized in many instances, the advantages which they might have otherwise gained from such improvements; no doubt many of the old buildings remain, but it must be noted that the evidence given before the Royal Commission on the housing of the working-classes shows that excessive rents are not found in the East End of London as they are in other parts of the Metropolis.* It was stated in the evidence that rooms in the immediate neighbourhood of the docks can be got for 1s. 6d. or 2s. per week, but that the more respectable of the poor objected to live there, for that like assimilates with like, and 'wherever you find the really hard-working people you will find them congregated together, and you will find the idle and vicious crowded together.'† The account of the East End given by Mr. Booth requires this statement to be received with some caution. There are, no doubt, other reasons which influence the poor in their choice of the locality where they live, such as nearness to their work or their friends, or past associations, or mere disinclination to change. What proportion of their income is paid for house rent by workers at the East End is not given in any of the books to which we can refer; but concerning other parts of London we have this statement:—

'In Clerkenwell, St. Luke's, St. Giles's, Marylebone, and other poor quarters of London, Mr. Marchant Williams, Inspector of Schools for the London School Board, finds that 88 per cent. of the poor population pay more than one-fifth of their income in rent; 46 per cent. pay from one-fourth to one-half; 42 per cent. pay from one-fourth to one-fifth; and only 12 per cent. pay less than one-fifth of their weekly wages in rent.'

In the East End, though there is no doubt much overcrowding and bad sanitation, the rents, as we have shown, are much more moderate, and where these evils exist they arise to a great extent from the extreme poverty or low social condition of the people. The difference between two parts of the Metropolis is thus described by Mr. Valpy in his enquiry into the condition and occupations of the people in Central London, comparing the amount charged for rent in that part of the Metropolis with what he had found it to be at the East End, of which he had considerable knowledge; he says:—'Another characteristic of Soho and St. James's is the exorbitant rents. In East London 6s. a week will generally provide three rooms and a kitchen, while in this part of Central London that is a moderate rent for one room.' He also calls attention to a misconception with regard to the sweating system:—

* 'Report of Royal Commission,' p. 17.

† Vol. ii. p. 37.

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‘Although the sweating system exists both in East London and Central London, its conditions are not the same in the two districts. In East London the sweating system is so involved in the evils of overcrowding, bad sanitation, and low wages, that these evils have by some been thought to be inherent in the system itself. That this is a mistake may be seen from the fact that in Central London, where the system is largely prevalent, these abundant evils do not generally exist.’—‘Report of the Royal Commission,’ p. 17.

Although Mr. Booth does not theorize on philanthropic and moral questions, he gives information bearing upon them. Seeing the manner in which the working-classes at the East End of London are housed, the uncertainties connected with gaining their daily bread, the hardships they have at times to endure, the lack of much that constitutes the brightness and happiness of life to themselves, persons of the more refined and cultured classes are apt to think that life must be one long dreary struggle to people so circumstanced. They forget the differences created by education, by habit, by surroundings; and that it is quite possible for these people to find pleasure and happiness in their way of life. Mr. Booth is evidently impressed with this, and to judge from the following sentences he would appear to think that these East End people are in many ways to be envied, rather than pitied. The children of the artizan class and of the people in regular work

‘have, when young, less chance of surviving than those of the rich; but I certainly think their lives are happier, free from the paraphernalia of servants, nurses and governesses, always provided they have decent parents. They are more likely to suffer from spoiling than from harshness, for they are made much of, being commonly the pride of their mother, who will sacrifice much to see them prettily dressed, and the delight of their father’s heart. This makes the home and the happiness of the parents: but it is not this, it is the constant occupation which makes the children’s lives so happy. I, perhaps, build too much on my slight experience, but I see nothing improbable in the general view that the simple natural lives of working-class people tend to their own and their children’s happiness more than the artificial complicated existence of the rich. Let it not be supposed, however, that on this I propose to base any argument against the desire of the class to better its position. Very far from it. Their class ambition as well as their efforts to raise themselves as individuals, deserve the greatest sympathy.’—‘Life and Labour,’ p. 160.

The number of clubs established for these East End people is great: some of them are political, others social, others philanthropic and religious, and others proprietary; in all they
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number 115; and by far the larger portion of them are sustained by the unassisted contributions of their members. At these clubs, beer, spirits, tobacco, and teetotal drinks, are supplied; billiards, bagatelle, cards, draughts, and dominoes, are played; there is generally a small library, some newspapers are taken in, and entertainments, lectures, and discussions, are arranged by the committee for Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. The entertainments, to which women are admitted, are sometimes dramatic, but more generally consist of a succession of songs, comic and sentimental; the comic songs are often sung in character with change of dress. But amid such a population it is not surprising to read that 'public-houses play a larger part in the lives of the people than clubs or friendly societies, churches or missions, and bad it would be if their influence were altogether evil.' To their better side Mr. Booth bears testimony, whilst he very fully admits that there is another. He says:—

'Any one who frequents public-houses knows that actual drunkenness is very much the exception. At the worst houses in the worst neighbourhoods, many, or perhaps most, of those who stand at the bars, whether men or women, are stamped with the effects of drink, and, if orderly at the moment, are perhaps mad or incapable under its influence; but at the hundreds of respectable public-houses, scattered plentifully all through the district, this is not the case. It could not be. They live by supplying the wants of the people, and it is not possible that they should be worse than the people they serve.'—*Ibid.* p. 113.

And then he says you will commonly find in them half-a-dozen people chatting together as acquaintances might do at a club. In his opinion the publicans are feeling the stress of competition. On every side there are signs that new efforts must be made to attract customers, or they will be driven out of the field by the cocoa-rooms on the one side or the clubs on the other. And so placards announce 'change of management,' 'reduced prices,' whilst there is hardly a window that does not show the necessity felt to cater for other wants besides drink. Some sell tobacco, still more tea: 'bovril' (a well-advertised novelty) is to be had everywhere. Hot luncheons are offered or a mid-day joint; or 'sausages and mashed' are suggested to the hungry passer-by; at all events, there will be sandwiches, biscuits, and bread-and-cheese. Early coffee is frequently provided, and temperance drinks, too, have now a recognized place. The public-houses also connect themselves with benefit clubs, charitable concerts, and 'friendly draws,' and, as Christmas approaches, goose clubs.

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'In such a situation,' says Mr. Booth, 'it would be a fatal mistake to decrease the number of the houses in the cause of temperance. To encourage the decent and respectable publican by making existence difficult to the disreputable is the better policy, but let us on no account interfere with a natural development, which, if I am right, is making it every day more difficult to make a livelihood by the simple sale of drink.'—*Ibid.* p. 115.

There is one striking contrast in poor London as depicted by Mr. Mayhew in 1861, and by Mr. Booth in 1889. The former has a long chapter upon the various kinds of street exhibitors, of whom the number was legion in his day; the latter does not mention them. Not that performers of the kind are extinct, but their number is too small to make it worth while to mention them. The advance of education may be one cause of the diminished number; but probably a stronger one is the increased cheapness of travelling, and the multiplication of cheap theatres; and those who are in search of amusement prefer to spend their money on excursions or theatres, and not upon the street performers who delighted their fathers.

In such an enquiry one naturally asks what part does religion play in moulding the lives and characters of the people; and it cannot be said that the answer which this book returns is satisfactory. 'There are at least a hundred agencies of a more or less religious and philanthropic character at work in the district,' but their success does not appear to be great. A census was made by a Nonconformist newspaper, on October 24, 1886, of the persons attending the various places of worship, morning and evening, and the report was that about 200,000 persons, or two out of every nine of the population, were present during the day, the somewhat larger half going in the evening: of these about 75,000 attended churches or mission halls in connection with the Church, the remainder were divided in very unequal proportions amongst a number of dissenting bodies, the Salvation Army, a number of undenominational missions, and other agencies. The following account, no doubt, accurately represents the religious condition of many who attend other services than those of the Salvation Army, about which it was written:—

'If the student of these matters turns his eyes from those conducting the service to those for whom it is conducted, he sees for the most part blank indifference. Some may "come to scoff and stay to pray," but scoffers are in truth more hopeful than those—and they are the great bulk of every audience of which I have ever made one—who look in to see what is going on; enjoying the hymns, perhaps, but taking the whole service as a diversion. I have said that I do not think

think the people of East London irreligious in spirit, and also that doctrinal discussion is almost a passion with them; but I do not think the Salvation Army supplies what they want in either one direction or the other. The design of the Army to "make all men yield, or at least listen," will be disappointed in East London.'—*Ibid.* p. 126.

In connection with this subject it is only fair to notice that in the poorer parts of London there is a prejudice amongst the majority, who never attend the services of religion, against the minority who do, and that to avoid the scoffs and jeers of their neighbours some are found who attend churches at a distance, and help to make up the large congregations which are found at St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and elsewhere.

We close our examination of the condition of the people dwelling in the East End of London with mixed feelings. On the one hand we rejoice to think that, although the sensational stories of their wants and miseries, of the manner in which they are ground down by hard task-masters, and of the hopeless wretchedness of their lives, may be true in exceptional cases, they certainly do not represent the condition of the vast mass of the people, and there can be no doubt that the labourers are much better off now than they were when Mr. Mayhew wrote, not thirty years since, and that there is an amount of interest in them, and sympathy with their wants and distresses, which did not then exist. It is a satisfaction to know, that 'whatever the duty of society may be towards the poorest and lowest class of men, the offer of work has been shown over and over again not to fulfil it; the work is either refused or soon dropped, and the men return to more congenial pursuits.' On the other hand, it is painful to know, that 'with regard to the disadvantages under which the poor labour, and the evils of poverty, there is a great sense of helplessness; the wage-earners are helpless to regulate their work and cannot obtain a fair equivalent for the labour they are willing to give; the manufacturer or dealer can only work within the limits of competition; the rich are helpless to relieve want without stimulating its sources.' It is pleasant to know, that there are earnest men at work, some moved by philanthropic motives, still more by religious ones, to alleviate the miseries and wretchedness by which they are surrounded; but it is painful to feel assured, that such misery and wretchedness exist, and that all efforts seem powerless to remove it, though they may lessen it.

After the strike, of which we have just had experience, it may be asked, What effect is it likely to have upon the condition of the East End labourer? One effect has been already spoken of; to another it may be well to call attention. The docks have
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hitherto made a kind of half-way house between honest labour and the workhouse ; it will be strange if they do so in the future, at all events to the same extent that they have done in the past. The much-abused Dock Committees will alter their mode of proceeding. They may probably continue to employ a fixed body of men at fair wages, and throw the responsibility of unloading as well as loading vessels on their owners. In this case, a regular set of men at fair wages will take the place of the casual dock labourers. For these casuals there will be less chance of work than ever ; and it must be expected, that the Metropolis will either have to provide some systematic scheme of emigration at the national expense, or else to support a much larger number of people than heretofore out of the poor-rate.

The complete separation of the residences of different classes of the community has no doubt helped on the evils we lament, and we regret to find that, as London increases, this separation becomes more complete : as the houses of the wealthy are removed further and further from the districts inhabited by the labouring classes, those of the poor are being crowded more and more closely together ; whilst the pressure is still further heightened by each room of houses once tenanted by well-to-do people furnishing the home of a poor family. In the small parishes in which our ancestors delighted there was secured a kind of family life for all dwelling within their borders, so that the wants of the really necessitous and deserving were known to those able to relieve them ; whilst, on the other hand, the characters of the idle and undeserving were likewise known. Now, parishes are so large, notwithstanding repeated divisions of them, that the people needing assistance can be only partially known to those who would gladly help, if they knew where their bounty could be wisely given ; consequently the modest and retiring are unaided, whilst the less deserving and beggarly not infrequently engross the alms of the benevolent, and multiply their own numbers by the facility with which they are seen to sponge upon the philanthropic. The same remark applies under altered conditions to the various classes of the employed. When employer and employed lived in the same neighbourhood, kindly offices of various kinds were not infrequently interchanged ; and, though there were hard and grasping masters then as there are now, the evil was kept within more manageable limits by the opinion of society which could be brought to bear upon them. Now all this is changed ; in some few cases the families of the employers look after the families of the employed, but this is the exception. Leviathan establishments have sprung up in many trades, and
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the capitalists at the head of them do not know by sight or by name the recipients of the wages by whom they obtain their wealth ; and in many trades, to save themselves trouble or responsibility, they employ sub-contractors, who become sweaters, whilst with respect to work more directly executed by themselves, it is left to foremen to take on and discharge the men. Now a still further separation between capital and labour seems to be taking place by the substitution of impersonal limited liability companies for personal capitalists. Taking these things into account, we can better understand the condition of the working-classes at the East End of London. The people themselves are neither much better nor much worse, all things considered, than the same classes of people elsewhere ; but there is this great difference between them and others, and this no doubt does affect the religious principles and moral habits of some. In smaller communities the surroundings of the poor are not infrequently elevating and kindly ; it is possible for the educated and cultured, the philanthropic and religious, to foster a tone of feeling and social habits, to promote domestic happiness amongst their poorer neighbours by providing what ministers to it, and to secure better attention to the relative duties of life and of religion. In the swarming population of the poorer parts of London, the natural tendency of the people is to feel isolated, and to be little influenced to the side of good by the society around them, whilst there is a tendency to attract them by its vices.

We do not believe in heroic remedies to revolutionize the state of things which exists, for it is the natural growth of neglect whilst the present phase of society at the East End was coming into existence, and of social and economical causes, but at the same time we have a strong faith that no religious or philanthropic efforts are quite thrown away. None eradicate the disease, all tend to ameliorate some of its symptoms. Legislation can do something by providing facilities for the better housing of the poor ; by securing better sanitary conditions for their houses and workshops, and by insuring attention to the requirements of the law by a more efficient system of inspection of all houses or buildings used for manufacturing purposes. Private benevolence can also do much by multiplying agencies for the religious and moral training of the young ; by actively sympathizing with the trials and distresses of the sick and afflicted, and furnishing such relief as can be afforded by sanatoriums as well as by hospitals and dispensaries ; by promoting the domestic comforts of the people ; by brightening the lives of the busy toilers by some of the many instrumentalities which are in operation in various parts

parts of the country ; by encouraging thrift ; and by thoroughly recognizing in everyday life that it is the privilege, not less than the duty, of those to whom wealth, talents, learning, influence, have been given, to devote a portion of them to the benefit of those less favoured than themselves. The universal education of the people is introducing a new factor in the life of the working-classes, which must tend greatly to their good or to their evil. It will be to their evil, if it opens their eyes to realize more the advantages enjoyed by the wealthier parts of the community, and denied to them by the accidents of birth and parentage, without at the same time implanting in their minds a higher sense of the responsibilities of life, and of the various ways in which the apparent inequalities of position in the world and of happiness may be neutralized by other advantages and blessings which are placed within their reach. On the other hand, it may greatly tend to their happiness and good, if it implants in their hearts the seeds of a religious life ; if it opens their minds to the pleasures to be derived from literature, in any of its forms ; if it enables them better to appreciate the benefits of thrift and of contented industry ; if it leads them to avoid the seductive paths of vice and to pursue the more difficult ones of virtue. A good deal has been made of the decrease of crime during the last few years ; this is by many attributed to the spread of education, and they are eager to claim for it the power of destroying the social evils which we lament. In this they are, to say the least of it, premature. Other causes have been and are at work, and we have yet to see what the ultimate result may be. Changes in the criminal code ; the restraint and better education of many thousands of children with criminal tendencies in reformatories and industrial schools ; the still remaining influence of definite religious teaching in voluntary schools, with some teaching of the kind, though in a more indefinite manner, in Board schools, have all had their influence : a few years hence people will have learned more of the effect of all these instrumentalities in affecting men's lives, and forming their characters. We are old-fashioned enough to believe that in definite religious principle is the only real cure for the evils by which the East End of London and other places are afflicted ; and we cannot think that it can ever be regenerated by those whom Miss Beatrice Potter speaks of as 'the well-educated failure, that unlucky production of the shallow intellectualism of our Board Schools.'

* 'Life and Labour,' p. 189.

- ART. VII.—1. *An Essay concerning Human Understanding: Thoughts concerning Reading and Study for a Gentleman: Of the Conduct of the Understanding: and other Works.* By John Locke, Gent.
2. *The Life of John Locke, with Extracts from his Correspondence, Journals, and Commonplace Books.* By Lord King. New Edition. London, 1830.
3. *The Life of John Locke.* By H. R. Fox Bourne. London, 1876.
4. *Locke (English Men of Letters Series).* By Thomas Fowler, President of Corpus Christi College. London, 1883.

THE position of John Locke, in the annals of English biography, is one that is almost unique. An accidental union of circumstances has given him a reputation which none of his achievements in any particular direction would seem to warrant. He never occupied any conspicuous or commanding position in the field of statesmanship: and yet his name is indissolubly linked with some of the most important episodes in our history. He was not a leading actor in any great social movement: yet he was not without marked influence in enterprises which greatly changed the face of English society. A man of considerable cultivation, and with a reputation for scholarship, he never obtained a world-wide audience by his writings, had no gifts of literary genius, and gives no evidence of profound erudition, or even of scholarly taste. No discovery in physical science, no step forward in inventive achievement, is associated with his name: yet he consorted, on equal terms, with men who, each in his way, were making conspicuous additions to the field of human power, and with one at least who was a past master in the most abstruse and exacting of sciences, and who marks an epoch in the mental development of our race. He founded no new creed, he inspired no fresh religion, he stirred no vivid enthusiasm; yet he holds a leading place amongst those who have affected the current of religious thought in England. He penetrated no depths of metaphysical thought, and made no bold advance in the domain of philosophy: yet his name has lived, almost as a household word, to represent a sound, fairly-grounded, and luminous type of philosophical thought. The English mind is too practical to indulge in any taste for pure metaphysics: the most perfect development of dialectical intellect, involving, as it does, the widest grasp of abstract truth, the highest aptitude for abstruse reasoning, the boldest and most inventive flights of imagination, has puzzled, rather than attracted, the national curiosity. With us philosophy
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to be popular must begin and end with theories that commend themselves to common sense, and that are only very slightly in advance of that useful but somewhat limited faculty. John Locke was consistent in his pursuit of practical aims; and with scarcely any trace of true philosophic insight, with little, indeed, of the philosopher, except the name, he remains, to this day, probably the most generally accepted type of the philosopher, as conceived by the ordinary, fairly thoughtful, and moderately intellectual, Englishman.

But it is not his intellectual position merely which makes the reputation of Locke unique. The halo which surrounds his character also owes much to a series of happy circumstances. He braved no serious persecution, and in an age of bitter political animosity he suffered, as little as most men, from the vengeance of political opponents. Yet he is the accepted type of the political martyr. He was never warmed with the enthusiasm of the reformer, and never fired with the devotion of the defender of a forlorn hope: yet the heroic purity of his motives has become almost a truism in what we may call our popular library of moral biography. His political associates were often men who, in all other relations, have become bywords in history for an almost cynical absence of principle: but their friendship with Locke has purified them, without degrading him. When he accepted favours from the supporters of arbitrary power, he has seemed to prove how irresistible was the recognition of his deserts: when he joined with the keenest and most reckless opponents of monarchical claims, he has only increased his reputation as a despiser of tyranny. When he condemned religious controversy as a fruitless and barren tangle, where only the worst weeds of human nature thrive, his judgment has been submissively received: when he indulged in disquisitions which are inseparably bound up with such controversy, he is hailed as the champion of freedom against intolerance and prejudice. When, amidst the triumph of an adverse faction, he conformed to views which he had previously opposed, he has earned praise for his moderation: when he used every available opportunity, with restless assiduity, of favouring plots against that faction, he has commanded respect for the sacrifice of his ease, which such activity involved.

We are far from saying that either the intellectual or the moral reputation which Locke has earned is entirely undeserved. We admit to the full his calmness of judgment, his general rectitude, his benevolence, and his humanity. We are ready to believe, that he would have shrunk from any political turpitude,

tude, and would have accepted a martyrdom far more severe than any to which he was exposed, rather than consent to any scheme which his conscience clearly condemned. We grant, that even his most doubtful political partnerships were based, rather on fidelity to a friendship at first formed with honest motives, than on any conscious association in treacherous designs. We concede to the full, that he was industrious, clear-minded within his own range, averse from exaggeration, and an opponent of extremes. We only assert, that all this does not constitute either an intellectual leader or a moral hero: and yet the ordinarily accepted estimate of Locke probably combines both. We believe that this estimate is due partly to the uncritical tendency of the average Englishman, and partly to the fact that surrounding circumstances, and especially the low standard of political morality in his day, were favourable to the reputation of Locke. And this position we propose to establish by a survey of Locke's place in the history of his time, and by an examination of his influence and work in education, in philosophy, in physical science, in theological controversy, and in practical politics.

The two more recent works on Locke's life and writings, which we have named at the head of this Article, are unlike one another both in aim and in literary character. That of the President of Corpus Christi College assigns to Locke a supremacy which we are very far from agreeing to accord to him: but, within its necessarily limited range, Dr. Fowler's sketch is the work of one fully competent to deal with the subject, and it gives, with much literary skill, a pleasant, readable, and on the whole fair picture of Locke's life, and of his position both in the wider domain of philosophy and in the narrower circle of his contemporaries. That of Mr. Fox Bourne, while it has a certain value from the laborious toil with which materials have been amassed and documents consulted, is absolutely wanting in all literary merit: is strongly tinged with the peculiar opinions and feelings of a school of religious and political thought, which has little regard for literary form or for lucid criticism: and is, indeed, curiously typical of a sort of so-called biography, which appears to find some favour among the bookmakers of the day. Such biographies are framed on a model which precludes all play of individual fancy and all careful analysis of character, and this one follows the pattern with slavish accuracy. Locke's chronological place is fixed, according to the usual practice, by the recital, in connection with his name, of a few of the more striking incidents of the time, by recording the ages of a few men who lived within the

the span of his life, and by stating, with regard to a few of those who lived after him, by how many years their birth was separated from his death. The names of some individuals of the same surname, who lived in previous centuries, are recorded in order presumably to throw light on the character of Locke himself. Because his father appears to have been Clerk to the Justices, it is thought proper to give the names, genealogy, and property of some of these justices. Remotely connected circumstances are introduced with what we are intended to accept as dramatic vigour. A certain Bristol chronicler is quoted because he has 'pithily indicated' something very important, by modestly saying, in so many words, 'In 1634 the writs of ship-money began.' The humble duties of the elder Locke made him for a time collector of ship-money in his district: and subsequently he seems to have found it expedient to gain the favour of the worshipful justices by denouncing the tax. Mr. Fox Bourne feels compelled to dilate upon the notable surmises which this suggests. The tax-gatherer, he thinks, 'as soon as the time for yielding, *however sullenly*, (mark the flight of imagination!) to the king's illegal demands was over, prepared to take his share in active opposition to them.' This patriotic independence must have been most useful to those who had paid their dues, and prompted them, like the admirers of Mr. Lilyvick in 'Nicholas Nickleby,' 'to express their admiration of so much humanity in a tax-gatherer.' Following the same justices, the elder Mr. Locke found it well to join in some of the hasty levies of the day. In his first fight he ran away; and although Mr. Fox Bourne cannot trace his intervention in any subsequent engagement, he is prepared confidently to assume that in his later military career he behaved nobly 'as a soldier no less than as a patriot.' We know absolutely nothing of Locke's early life: but Mr. Fox Bourne can tell us a good deal about it by reasoning backwards from his character. When he was fourteen, he went to Westminster School; and this gives an opportunity of tracing the origin, foundation, and organization of the school, and giving us such a lifelike picture of its actual state, as we are all aware may be traced by transcribing the statutes—usually more honoured in the breach than in the observance—of a collegiate establishment of some antiquity. When Locke visits France, we are treated to a disquisition on the feudal institutions of the country; and when he obtains an appointment in connection with a colonization board, the official arrangements of the Colonies concerned are presented to us in the most minute detail. We shall have to deal with some more serious faults in Mr. Fox Bourne's

laborious compilation ; but for the present we have said enough to indicate the character of the work.

John Locke belonged to a Somersetshire family of fair respectability, and was born at Pensford in 1632. These words cover almost all the real information which we possess as to the facts of his life up to his fourteenth year. His father was a country attorney in a small way, and seems rather to have diminished than increased any patrimony which was left to him. One other fact is, however, of considerable indirect importance. His father married a lady some ten years his senior : and Locke's early years seem to have passed without a mother's care. When we consider how much our greatest men have owed to the influence which Locke thus missed, we may be able to account for his lack of some of the chief qualities of greatness. It irresistibly suggests a comparison of the conditions of his early training with those which oppressed the boyhood of John Stuart Mill—the thinker whose type of intellect so remarkably resembles that of Locke, above all in its defects and its restrictions.

By the influence of his patrons on the County Bench, the elder Locke obtained a place on the foundation at Westminster School for his son. The School was then under the vigorous, although somewhat Draconian, rule of Dr. Busby, the severity of whose discipline did not, however, prevent him from turning out a singularly large number of notable men, if it did not indeed aid him in the task. Locke spent six years under his charge. Of his career at Westminster School we know absolutely nothing more. It was sufficiently meritorious to earn for him the scholarship at Christ Church which was the natural goal of a Westminster foundationer. He certainly never obtained that literary facility or that taste for scholarship which so many of his compeers had imbibed under Dr. Busby's tuition ; and the later strictures upon classical education, in which he repeated an opinion which had some popularity in his day, serve Mr. Fox Bourne with a text on which to enlarge in regard to the precocious judgment which he supposes the school-boy to have formed upon the curriculum of his school. But if he can tell us little of Locke's school-life, Mr. Fox Bourne does not forget to tell us that Charles I. was executed in 1649, at a moderate distance from Westminster School.

Locke began his residence at Christ Church in 1652 : and the account of his undergraduate life there, until the face of things was changed by the Restoration, is one of the most ambitious, but we fear it must be added, one of the most absurd, passages

passages in Mr. Bourne's book. He evidently writes with the disadvantage of knowing almost nothing as to the life of the University, which, amidst all its changes, keeps one consistent tenor, and enables her sons of all ages to recognize a family likeness and to interpret the real customs and usages remotely reflected in her formal statutes. To these statutes, which have given a fund of amusement to many generations of undergraduates, Mr. Bourne attaches a childlike reliance: and we are almost surprised to find that he does not repeat the grave precepts as to the wearing of garments of a subfusc hue, the avoidance of places where the *herba nicotiana* was sold, and the directions to carry no other weapon than a bow and arrow, as striking illustrations of the tone of Oxford life. In this chapter, as throughout his narrative, Mr. Bourne is content to sacrifice his portrayal of Locke to what he evidently believes the higher duty incumbent on him of showing that the influence of the Church of England was always bad, that the scholarship she encouraged was always jejune and narrowing, that her adherents were always bigoted, and most often selfish and disorderly as well: and that her opponents were uniformly men of high scholarship, of liberal views, of ardent devotion to good works. That Locke found his most intimate friends amongst the adherents of the Church, and that, so far as he attached himself to any form of creed, he preserved an apparent conformity to her doctrines, is a fact of which Mr. Bourne, with the usual indistinct vision of the partisan, forgets to palliate or explain.

The fall of the monarchy had naturally produced upon Oxford, the home of the most ardent and devoted loyalty, its most fatal effect. That her sons had sacrificed their lives, and her Colleges their possessions, for the cause in which they believed, seems to Mr. Bourne only a sign of their slight attachment to learning. When that cause was driven to despair, and when all others had deserted it, a stubborn resistance to the new face of things was still maintained at Oxford. At length, in 1648, what was practically a clean sweep was made throughout the Colleges: and only a remnant of her recusant sons remained to share such shelter as she still afforded. More than two-thirds of the members of the Colleges were driven, by their obedience to conscientious scruples, from these walls where they had maintained a forlorn hope. Their places were filled by uneducated sectaries, who were not repelled from material advantages by the fact that learning was now to be pursued under the congenial supervision of a body of Parliamentary Visitors.

The offices of Dean of Christ Church and Vice-Chancellor of

the University were held by Dr. John Owen, an ardent Independent, the mildness of whose ecclesiastical opinion is proved by the fact, that he was chosen to preach the official sermon on the day following the execution of the King. The man to whom such work was congenial could not be left unrewarded: and room was soon found for him by the removal of one who, although he had favoured the Parliament and the Army, could scarcely bring himself to forswear the Constitution. Cromwell could work only with the most pliant tools; and to this kind Dr. Owen belonged.

Mr. Bourne pictures, with marks of evident admiration, the results of the new rule. Whatever the real ardour of religious zeal may have been, the outward observances of sectarian religion were practised in no stinted measure. Religious exercises succeeded one another in bewildering multitude. Attendance at these exercises, and participation in a copious regimen of sermons, were enforced by vigorous rule. Each man was set as a spy upon his neighbour: and if hypocrisy required any encouragement amongst those who had for the moment obtained hold of the University offices, it could have found no more certain sustenance than was provided for it under the Puritanical rule. It is not too much to say, that all the narrowness and cant, all the formal morality, all the deadening and cramping bigotry which throughout England was to produce in a few years such a violent reaction against the very name of Puritan, was focussed and concentrated in Oxford, marked out, as she was, for the signal vengeance of Puritanic zeal.

But it is strange how invincibly strong is the influence of the place. Strive as they would, her new rulers were forced to carry on the traditions which had been founded by Archbishop Laud, and which had transformed medieval Oxford into the shape which she has maintained, in spite of all the efforts of the rabid sectaries of Cromwell, and of the almost as dangerous University reformers of our own day. The Colleges were preserved: their revenues were jealously guarded: the beauty of those homes of learning that give a material existence to the mother University, and mingle their life with hers, was left unimpaired. A certain zeal for learning, not always tempered by prudence, recovered its sway; and as the pursuit of letters revived, the keenness of sectarianism declined. Mr. Bourne recounts, with a praise which is somewhat inconsistent in one who generally shows so lofty a contempt for classical learning, the rule which required that students should make constant colloquial use of Latin or Greek. No rule, of course, could be
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more surely symptomatic of uncritical scholarship, and none could more surely destroy all the literary benefit of a classical training: but we must admit that it showed a creditable desire to encourage some superficial acquaintance with these tongues. Mr. Bourne praises it, not for having done so, but for having been imposed by the sectaries.

This returning interest in learning brought back to Oxford some whose scholarship overshadowed the fact that they remained faithful to the Royalist cause. Such was Dr. Edward Pococke, the reviver of Hebraic scholarship in England, whose name brings even upon Cromwellian Oxford some of the lustre which she so sorely lacked. It was fortunate for the University that Dr. Owen, who had been entrusted with her administration, belonged to the Independent party, whose very existence forced them to preach the doctrine of toleration. Toleration may, indeed, become the catchword of a party as well as any other: but they cannot claim the merit of liberality or breadth of view, who defend toleration only because they do not wish to tolerate those whose conscience refuses to accept it, and to whom it seems identical with religious indifference.

These earlier years of Locke's Oxford life give to Mr. Bourne the opportunity of indicating his views as to the growth of Locke's philosophical opinions; and his floundering in a subject with which he has the most superficial acquaintance might well move our pity. Mr. Bourne labours hard at his task, and evidently believes that by repeating a few common-places about medieval learning, and culling a few disjointed extracts from some of the writers who dealt with philosophical topics in the generation immediately preceding Locke's, he is giving to his biography the importance of a philosophical treatise. We would that his failure might serve as a warning to others, and might teach them to tell their story simply, and not to encumber their progress by attempting to dress themselves in an armour which they have not the thews to wear.

Rightly or wrongly, the aim of such logical training as was given at Oxford in Locke's day, was rather the cultivation of the reasoning power than the inculcation of opinions which might colour the life and develop the imagination of the student. The objects of modern education are different, and we seek with more ambitious aim to give such a training in philosophy as may mould the whole mind of the youth, which our ancestors sought, perhaps, to influence rather by literary exercises than by metaphysical disquisition. The latter they may have judged unsuitable for the age of those who are under training in our Universities. We do not wish, just now, to argue the merits of

of either course, but only to point out that they are distinct, and that the superior advantages of the modern system may admit of doubt. To many students in Locke's day, the method then in vogue seemed harsh, dry, and repellent: and their dislike was increased by the fact, that the formal logic had become very formal indeed, and that much routine prevailed in the current exposition. But it is amusing to find Mr. Bourne selecting as illustrations of such dry and unprofitable material three books which, we will venture to say, are amongst the most perennial masterpieces that all literature has produced, and which are as full of force, of truth, and of suggestiveness for us now, as they were for those to whom they were addressed four-and-twenty centuries ago. The three treatises reserved for Mr. Bourne's supreme contempt are the 'Ethics,' the 'Politics,' and the 'Economics' of Aristotle. The first Mr. Bourne cites, with unconscious humour, perhaps, in order to distinguish it from some other treatise of Aristotle upon the same subject, as the 'Nicomachean Ethics' [the inverted commas are not ours, but Mr. Bourne's]. These constitute, in Mr. Bourne's opinion, 'a terribly barren ground — a kind of intellectual desert of Sahara, in which, by long perversion of their thinking faculties, successive generations of Schoolmen had contrived to obtain a certain sort of nourishment from eating its sands, and a certain sort of refreshment from inhaling its parching blasts, &c., &c.' This is astonishingly fine writing; but it passes imagination to conceive what must be the mental constitution of a man who gravely speaks of the 'Ethics' and the 'Politics' as an intellectual Sahara, and finds the 'Essay on the Human Understanding' the most sublime achievement of philosophic insight. No doubt Mr. Bourne could plead, like many who hold his views, that as he must not, to be consistent with his own theory, waste time in seeking to know Aristotle, he is forced to form an opinion on the merits of these works without the preliminary and unimportant detail of personal acquaintance.

In traversing this sandy desert, Locke did not altogether avoid some digression into the oasis of literature, and his exercises there were strangely out of keeping with the character of his later work. In 1654 the University greeted Cromwell with a garland of verse, and, as in duty bound, Locke had to appear in the singularly ill-fitting guise of a poet.* He con-

* Mr. Fox Bourne, whose anti-classical zeal evidently owes nothing to prejudices derived from any labour which he has himself thrown away upon the classical languages, twice quotes this volume under the singular title of 'Museum Oxoniensium ἐλασιφορία.' This staggered us at first: until we guessed that he had slightly modified the word 'ἐλασιφορία.'

tributed some Latin and some English verses. Of the latter, we can only say that they are even more dull, more vapid, and more portentously silly than such productions usually are: of the former, that it was fortunate for their writer that he was no longer in Dr. Busby's power. With a wise regard for his reputation, Locke never again made any attempt in the sphere of elegant literature.

Locke had already begun to interest himself in a certain kind of philosophical speculation, which seemed to offer an escape from the dry disquisitions of the Schoolmen. There is no proof that he ever acquired any acquaintance with the writings of Plato or of Aristotle, and indeed the state of Greek scholarship at Oxford would scarcely have enabled the ordinary student to study these philosophers at first hand. But he found in the pages of Descartes a train of speculation which was congenial to him, and which stirred, apparently for the first time, his intellectual interests. This gives Mr. Bourne an opportunity of discussing the basis of Descartes' system and its connection with that of Locke, in a manner that is somewhat bewildering. He is apparently completely unconscious of the fact that they represent two entirely divergent streams of thought, inconsistent with each other at every turn, and divided, indeed, by the boundary line which separates two absolutely contradictory systems of philosophy. When Locke was a young man, French literature was popular, and it was only natural that a student, possessed of considerable intellectual curiosity, should turn to the works of the most striking thinker of his century in France. The subjects of which Descartes treated were those in which Locke took an interest: and the freshness and unconventionality of his views were a relief from the somewhat dead routine to which Oxford was bound in the days of Puritanical rule. Such studies were not, indeed, those which attracted the younger generation of Oxford men, who threw off, a few years later, the narrowing influence under which the University had been held. Their interests were literary much more than philosophical, and the pages of Boileau were more congenial to them than those of Descartes. But Locke was possessed neither of literary taste nor of literary genius: and he obeyed at once his own bent, and the prevailing tendency of his time, in turning to the more severe study of mental philosophy. This congeniality of subject is really the measure of Descartes' influence upon him. To talk, as Mr. Bourne does, of Descartes' method having 'come to him like a revelation from heaven' is, therefore, as incorrect as it must of necessity be exaggerated and absurd.

To compare two systems of philosophy it is surely necessary
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to have some moderate acquaintance with each. How far Mr. Bourne fulfils this condition, his attempt to explain Descartes' system affords sufficient proof. 'Cogito, ergo sum,' was Descartes' famous maxim, which we should have thought the veriest tyro of philosophical handbooks could scarcely have failed to interpret. Mr. Bourne needed not to waste much time in the Sahara of Latin Grammar to translate the phrase; and it is surely not difficult to know what the words, 'I think, therefore I am,' are intended to convey. Mr. Bourne must needs expand Descartes; and it is thus that he interprets the phrase, 'I am conscious of my own existence; that, if nothing else, is certain to me: and a like certainty must be, with every other thinking individual. Consciousness is the foundation, the only foundation of knowledge,' and so on. Was there ever more perverse confusion created by a flux of words? Mr. Bourne's explanation is precisely what Descartes did not say, and what is, indeed, absolutely inconsistent with the whole of his system. His own famous phrase is so absolutely simple, that it is hardly possible to make it more clear. Descartes did not say, I am conscious of my own existence. He said, 'I think, therefore I exist.' He did not say, 'Consciousness is the foundation of knowledge;' he said rather, 'Because I can have knowledge, therefore I may assume that I exist.' Upon this strange paradox, that existence is only an inference from the power of thought, rests the whole of the system which he built up, so prolific in its later results. Mere consciousness of existence is no proof of existence at all: that proof is only to be found, or at least Descartes held it might only be found, in thought.

We have no wish, however, to follow Mr. Bourne into this unprofitable field of enquiry. We have referred to his errors, only to show how the sin of his digression is aggravated by his gross incompetency for the task he assumes. We shall return to the task of estimating the value of Locke's philosophy: meanwhile, we pursue the course of his life; and we shall undertake not to trouble our readers much more with Mr. Fox Bourne.

The close of the Commonwealth was, for more than one reason, a turning point in Locke's life. Just before the Restoration he obtained a Senior Studentship at Christ Church, and was named as a College lecturer. Within the same year his father died, leaving him a moderate competency. Thus, neither by personal circumstance, by past experience, nor by natural temperament, was Locke marked out for a violent political partisan. Amidst the most congenial of surroundings, and free from all temporal cares, he was able to devote him-
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self quietly to his favourite pursuits. His experience of Puritan rule in Oxford had not disposed him to regret its fall; and if his father retained any lingering regard for that cause, in the army of whose supporters he had once enlisted, in order to run away, his death released Locke from any filial obligation to follow the principles which had obtained his father's support. Cold, retiring by nature, a lover of ease, and attached to studious pursuits, Locke was the last man to adhere with obstinacy to a falling cause: and thus the Restoration found none more ready, if it found many more ardent and enthusiastic, in their welcome of returning Monarchy, than John Locke.

In the early years of the restored monarchy, he even accepted the office of secretary to Sir William Vane, who proceeded on a short embassy with the object of securing the venal support of the Elector of Brandenburg. Such a mission demanded the practice of unblushing bribery, rather than any refined skill of diplomacy; and the duties of Locke, as secretary, do not therefore appear to have been absorbing. He found abundant leisure for personal observation; and his letters have been preserved, describing, with much liveliness, the more superficial aspects of life in the little German Court, and in the old-fashioned German towns. These letters reveal Locke to us as an easy companion, a calm and shrewd observer; but also as a man without reverence, and without imagination. 'We are,' he writes once, 'in a place very little considerable for anything but its antiquity, which to me seems neither to commend things nor opinions; and I should scarce prefer an old ruinous and inconvenient house to a new and more convenient, though Julius Cæsar built it.' This sort of cynical superiority of objects, that to most men excite emotion and stir imagination, is characteristic of Locke's mind. Whether it is a characteristic worthy of admiration is another matter.

Returning from this mission, Locke was soon after tempted to join another of a more important nature, sent to Spain under the Earl of Sandwich. He had been much amused by his first trip abroad, but a second mission of the same sort would probably have led him permanently into public life, and broken off the easy leisure of which Oxford offered a prospect. Obediently to his temperament, and probably wisely in his own interest, Locke refused his chance, and returned to his pursuits at Oxford. These had latterly taken a medical turn. He had now definitely abandoned all purpose of entering the Church. A clerical career had probably been the one marked out for him when he went to Westminster; but the purpose had fallen into abeyance under

under the rule of the Sectaries, and was now once more forced upon his attention from the fact that an entry into Holy Orders was one of the conditions under which his Studentship was held. But Locke seems to have formed the scheme of obtaining the doctorate in medicine, and thus qualifying for one of the Medical Studentships. To obtain permission to do so, it was needful to have interest in high quarters; and Locke's Court influence was sufficient to procure the intervention of Clarendon on his behalf. But even the express desire of the Chancellor failed, it appears, for once, to override the University rules; so that there was nothing for it but to obtain a Royal Mandate in order to preserve Locke in his Studentship while dispensing with the necessity for his taking Holy Orders. This was procured in 1666: and thus Locke was secured in a post of congenial leisure and dignified emolument, through the direct influence—hard as it may be for his partisan admirers to acknowledge it—of a Tory Chancellor and a Stuart monarch. Under such auspices he continued to pursue that sort of physical researches which found favour with the empiricists of his day, and combined these with a *dilettante* study of certain branches of medical science.

In recording these facts, we do not wish to found upon them any accusation. We are far, indeed, from blaming Locke for accepting with satisfaction a new order of things to which prudence would in any case have compelled him to conform. But it is necessary to be quite distinct as to the facts; and there can be no doubt as to his welcome of the Restoration. 'I cannot,' he says himself, 'but entertain the approaches of a calm (after the storm of the Commonwealth) with the greatest joy and satisfaction.' He has learned to fear the excesses done in the name of Liberty; and trusts that his countrymen will not 'hazard again the substantial blessings of peace and settlement in an over-zealous contention about things which they themselves confess to be little, and, at most, but indifferent.' Political factiousness and sectarian rancour had made of Locke, even in early manhood, when opinions are usually most ardent and enthusiastic, a latitudinarian as well in politics as in religion: on the one hand viewing all creeds with equal indifference, and, on the other, standing aloof, with almost cynical coolness, from any political party. He accepted the Restoration with equanimity, and prepared to make all proper use of the advantages which it might offer. If he felt any inward grudge, it was only one shared by many whose position was like his own, when they found that the richest portion of rewards would be reserved for the Church and for the Royalists—for those who had borne the brunt of the struggle, and had hazarded
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their all in the fate of the cause to which they had shown such devoted loyalty. Locke could claim no such reward ; but it was no matter of blame if he made the best of a change which, if it did not come to him as the realization of his aspirations, at least harmonized with his personal tastes.

It was about this time that Locke began a friendship which was destined to have a deep and lasting influence on his life. A chance service which he rendered to the Earl of Shaftesbury, who happened to require some medical attendance during a casual visit to Oxford, ripened into a mutual liking, and during the remaining sixteen years of the Earl's life Locke was not only his constant confidant, but even, for a great part of that time, an inmate of his house, and a sharer in all his public and private work. Locke's biographers have judged rightly that a friendship so ambiguous required explanation and defence. The best explanation and defence—not adequate, indeed, but sufficient to acquit Locke of any conscious trafficking with guilt and treachery—are to be found in the glamour which such a friendship inevitably brought to the retired and uncourtly student, who had a lively social interest, but to whom few opportunities of gratifying that interest were available. But his adulators have generally preferred another, and a less admissible, apology. They have sought, not to excuse Locke's friendship with a man who stands convicted of the worst perfidy upon the plainest proof, but to palliate and explain away the perfidy of his chosen intimate. The attempt is absolutely futile. The sophistry—because it deserves no other name—which would seek to palliate Shaftesbury's falsehood, treachery, and meanness, deserves the less consideration because it has had repeated warnings of its own temerity. The words with which Macaulay, in the *Essay on Temple*, denounces these attempts 'to white-wash an Ethiopian by giving him a new coat of blacking,' are not one whit too strong. Macaulay's judgment of Shaftesbury in the *Essay* in 1836, was confirmed in the history in 1849. To reiterate the flimsy excuses is possible only to the veriest pertinacity of special pleading. The new documentary evidence really leaves the charges unshaken ; and stronger evidence of perfidy was never assailed by excuses more paltry than those which have been invented by the biographers of Shaftesbury to meet the overwhelming charges against him. His life is indeed a meshwork of almost whimsical inconsistency, treachery, and dishonour. As little more than a boy he joined the Royalist army. He left it, according to all reasonable evidence, upon a personal pique ; and his biographers can only assert that the personal pique is not proved on irrefragable evidence. He
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joined the Parliamentary forces, and was, apparently, not unsuspected by his new allies. He became one of Cromwell's most pliable tools; sat in the Barebones Parliament; invited him to assume the Crown; and in a few years intrigued against him, probably on account of the Protector's refusal to entertain his suit for his daughter's hand. Again he was compelled to submit; again he was suspected of trafficking with the Royalists; and during the last few months of the Commonwealth, his conduct shifted between overstrained professions of political rectitude and secret negotiations with both sides. After the Restoration, he sat as one of the judges upon the regicides, who had sat side by side with himself in Cromwell's mushroom conclaves. Received into the service of the Crown, he ingratiated himself with the King's mistress, and was one of the most ignoble of the coalition who helped to bring about the downfall of Clarendon. When Clarendon fell, he found a natural ally in Buckingham, and turned his attack upon Ormond, one of the few honest statesmen in a dishonest age. He helped to break the league with the Dutch, which was one of the safeguards of the liberties of England; found language to stir the national susceptibilities to the quick against our surest allies; and, if not by direct complicity, yet by a wilful blindness, that was as guilty and more mean, he helped to make England a party to the most disgraceful Treaty which modern history can show. Once more, as a Minister, he made himself the accomplice in an act of national bankruptcy, by the stopping of Exchequer payments; he countenanced and advised the most unconstitutional act of Charles's reign, in the Declaration of Indulgence. Having offered an illegal bribe to the Roman Catholics, he was the chief encourager of that most cruel invention—the Popish plot—by which their lives were sacrificed to the fury of an epidemic madness, goaded into frenzy for the sake of his own political intrigues. Having, by his very excess of political profligacy, sacrificed all the strength of his position, and done more than any other man to encourage that arbitrary government which he professed to combat, he fled from the vengeance of the King, and sought refuge in that very country against which, when it suited his own purposes, he had attempted to inflame the hatred of Englishmen. The record of his long course of infamy is plain and unambiguous. Had his acts of treachery been solitary, rare, or even occasional, still such flimsy excuses as are found for them would be absolutely inadequate. But to suppose that a career of one even tenor of deception and inconsistency for forty years can be set aside because here and there a document may admit of two interpretations,

tations, and a fragment of evidence may be insufficient, is to suppose that the verdict of history is blind, and that men will judge the record of the past in a spirit which, applied to the affairs of the present day, would convict them of insanity. The common sense of humanity rarely consents to reverse judgment on the appeal of a paradoxical special pleader; and its refusal was never more thoroughly justified than in the case of Locke's chosen friend, Lord Shaftesbury.

Locke's friendship began, as we have said, in a casual visit of medical attendance. It quickly ripened into an intimacy, in which the statesman found Locke's services useful, and his conversation interesting, and through which Locke obtained a hold upon public life which seems always to have had some attraction for him. In Lord Shaftesbury's house he met the most brilliant men of the time—Buckingham, the Zimri of Dryden's satire, who was linked with Shaftesbury in some of his most questionable acts, and Halifax, whose eloquence proved a match for Shaftesbury in his most daring attack upon the Crown. He became the confidant of Shaftesbury's domestic concerns, and negotiated a marriage between 'that unfeathered, two-legged thing, his son,' and Lady Dorothy Manners. Shaftesbury's influence obtained for him the support of the Duke of Ormond (then Chancellor of the University) in an application for some improvement of his position at Oxford, which was unsuccessful. For some years the care of Lord Shaftesbury's affairs divided Locke's time with medical pursuits, which were perhaps theoretical rather than strictly professional in their aim, although they were not without a strongly practical side, so far as emolument was concerned.

But such a friendship, as was indeed inevitable, soon led Locke into public employment. Shaftesbury was one of those to whom a patent was issued as Lords Proprietors of the new Colony of Carolina, and Locke acted as secretary to the Company. In that capacity he certainly assisted largely in what is at best a hazardous operation—the moulding of a Fundamental Constitution for a rising colony. We shall have occasion to revert to this instrument of government presently, in dealing with Locke's theories of Toleration: but it is enough at present to notice the opening which this employment gave to Locke for showing those faculties for business-like method which he certainly possessed in greater measure than is common amongst those whose usual pursuits are such as his. He showed, indeed, a tendency not uncommon amongst students who mix themselves with affairs, for amassing a storehouse of facts and theories, which ordinary experience does not always prove to be of as much value in
mundane

mundane matters as the student might desire. But Locke, if he did not escape the besetting temptations of the pedant, always knew how to resist their most exaggerated solicitations.

The advancing career of his patron, however, brought Locke into contact with more dubious political acts, his connection with which has caused his biographers more trouble. In 1672, Shaftesbury became Lord Chancellor in one of the worst Governments that has ever held power in England—that known as the Cabal. Resting, for any national support on which they were able to rely, upon the Triple Alliance which was to form a bulwark against the ambition of the French king, the Cabal Government soon proved false to its trust, and was made the unpitied dupe of an intrigue which their own dishonesty encouraged. Every one who valued the liberties of Englishmen, or desired the maintenance of English influence, knew instinctively that there were two safeguards upon which these rested. The first of these was the defence of the privileges of the Church, and the resistance to any Catholic influence, even when cloaked in the specious guise of toleration. The second was the preservation of our Dutch and Swedish alliance for mutual defence against an overweening neighbour. The Cabal encouraged Charles in the issue of a Declaration of Indulgence, which virtually suspended the statute law. It broke the 'Triple bond,' and gave Charles the opportunity of bargaining away the independence of England by a disgraceful barter with Louis in the secret Treaty of Dover.

Their career of disgrace could not, even had they wished it, stop here. The transactions to which they had made themselves parties could not be laid open to discussion in Parliament; and, as Parliament could not be summoned, no supplies could be obtained. Their resource in this difficulty was found in the most flagrant act of national bankruptcy which our history has ever seen. The Exchequer was stopped; payments on advances made to the Government were suspended; and the goldsmiths, who were then the national creditors, were ruined.

Shaftesbury's share, even in these transactions, has not failed to find some paradoxical defenders. We do not pretend to treat such special pleading, which would really destroy the highest sanction which can be applied for the integrity of public men, with patience or consideration. No doctrinaire theories of toleration can screen the guilt which made the religious liberties of Englishmen the plaything of a dishonest king. No wilful blindness can excuse the cruel wrong done to our allies, by which the way was paved for the degradation involved in the Secret Treaty. Shaftesbury has himself, indeed, attempted a
defence

defence of his conduct in the stop of the Exchequer, which only increases our contempt for his course of action. 'He knew of the proposal,' forsooth; he 'foresaw the evils it would produce'; he endeavoured to make a feeble resistance; but he could not be 'expected to discover the King's secret, or betray his business, whatever his thoughts were of it.' No associate in a fraudulent transaction, no receiver of stolen goods, no abettor in crime, could offer a more audacious, a more cynical, or a more contemptible, defence.

Our business here, however, is not so much with the question of Shaftesbury's guilt, as with the shade which these transactions throw upon the character of Locke.

During Shaftesbury's tenure of office, Locke acted as his intimate adviser as well as his humble attendant. He not only sat at the Steward's table, attended at that most unmeaning ceremonial the religious offices of the Chancellor's household, and walked bareheaded beside his coach: but he stood beside him, and prompted him in that speech with which on one occasion he opened Parliament, and endeavoured to arouse, if possible, national prejudice against the nation's best ally—that ally whose value none knew better than Shaftesbury and Locke, and whose hospitable protection both were destined to claim in the decline of their fortunes. Fortunately for England, the web of chicanery was soon blown into the air. Shaftesbury attempted to meet the storm by supporting the Test Act. The Cabal fell, and Shaftesbury found himself discredited and disgraced—suspected by the nation whose liberties he had betrayed, and discarded by the King whose dupe his own guilt had made him.

We have no desire to press with undue harshness on the part which Locke had played. As a retired student, he might be excused for failing to perceive the true import of his patron's acts. Such friendship and protection as Shaftesbury could offer, such interest as his brilliant talents could not fail to excite, might well have cast a glamour over Locke's judgment. But we must not forget that this excuses Locke's conduct at the expense of his foresight. To attempt a justification of his alliance with Shaftesbury as one which was consistent with a clear intelligence of political affairs, an enlightened judgment, and a philosophical estimate of English history, is to palter with morality. If Locke can be excused, he can at least claim no praise, for the part which he was made to play.

The fall of his patron, who, under the government of Lord Danby, was banished from Court, and was at one time even imprisoned in the Tower, loosened the bond which connected

Locke

Locke with public affairs. His health was bad ; and both these causes tempted him to make a prolonged visit to France, where he remained, a close student of French institutions, and a diligent observer of the curiosities which the country offered to travellers, for nearly four years—from the autumn of 1675 to the spring of 1679. When he returned, it was to a changed state of politics, in which he was called upon to take part in schemes even more hazardous than those in which his patron had as yet borne a leading part. Danby had fallen in 1678 : and just before Locke's return, the Privy Council had been reconstituted on a plan devised by Temple, with the Earl of Shaftesbury as Lord President. The Whigs had found their opportunity in the outburst of national feeling against the Roman Catholic tendencies of the Court : and a Parliament had just been elected which, not content with the Test Act, sought to exclude the Duke of York expressly from the succession. That over-zealous Parliament was speedily dissolved ; and Shaftesbury, dismissed from the Lord Presidentship in autumn, was free to take the leadership of a violent Opposition, which sought by fair means or foul to overturn the succession, and to seek for an heir to Charles, under whom Protestant liberties were to be safe, in the King's illegitimate son, the Duke of Monmouth. With this scheme, which endangered English liberties even more than the arbitrary and unconstitutional acts of Charles II., Locke was closely connected, as the friend and adviser of the man who, more than any other, found his own selfish advantage in the proposal.

Party spirit had now reached the utmost point of tension. The Parliament, in which the battle of the Exclusion Bill had been fought, was thus speedily dissolved, and, as a desperate measure, a new Parliament was summoned to meet at Oxford in the spring of 1681. The contending forces came together in full expectation of civil war, and with the preparations which such an expectation rendered necessary. The struggle was clearly not to be settled by constitutional methods ; and the factious violence of Shaftesbury and his friends gave some sort of justification to Charles's determination to put an end to the Parliament, and to suspend constitutional government for the short remainder of his reign. Shaftesbury was thrown into prison ; and the bitterness of feeling which was now excited was aptly typified by the satire of 'Absalom and Achitophel,' which expressed the angry reaction to which Shaftesbury's evident purpose of revolution had given rise. The attempt of the Government to convict him of treason was foiled by the verdict of the Grand Jury ; and, despairing of all accommodation with

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a master whose throne he had attempted to shake, Shaftesbury resorted to the overt plan of placing Monmouth on the throne. His efforts were in vain: he was compelled to fly from the country in disguise; and in January of the following year he died at Amsterdam. Whatever might be the extent of Locke's complicity with Shaftesbury's plots he had undoubtedly given the most ample ground for suspicion to the adherents of the Court; and it was scarcely matter for surprise that the party, which he had offended by his association with schemes that directly menaced the constituted government, and which, had they been successful, would undoubtedly have inflicted a severe blow upon all hopes of a satisfactory settlement of the knotty questions which then agitated the nation, would deal leniently with one who was the devoted friend and intimate counsellor of the head and front of the threatened rebellion. For a time Locke endeavoured to weather the storm by living a retired life at Oxford; but he speedily followed his patron in his flight: and in 1684, as a leading member of a company of exiles who were openly plotting rebellion abroad, he was deprived of his Studentship at Christ Church by a royal mandate of the same sort which, by overriding ordinary rules, had originally obtained for him that sinecure. Probably no man ever lost a comfortable livelihood without finding some consolation in the thought that he was persecuted for his patriotism, and Locke was no exception to the general rule. But posterity, judging the action of exasperated parties calmly, and appreciating the ordinary motives that guide men's dealing with defeated opponents, can accord to him no halo of martyrdom on the ground of that very moderate oppression which limited itself to the deprivation of those pecuniary privileges which the intervention of the Sovereign whom he had offended had originally secured for him.

For the next few years Locke lived abroad, sympathizing with, if not actively engaged in, the schemes of those who sought to restore their party to power by projects of revolution. With the rash and ill-fated attempt of Monmouth, Locke seems to have had no direct concern; but he certainly was an active participant in those schemes for the succession of William of Orange, which ultimately concentrated the efforts of all—now a far larger and more respectable company—who desired a change of government. At last, in February 1688-9, Locke returned to his country in the train of the Princess Mary, when she went to join her husband, and to share with him the throne from which her father had been deposed. Under the new administration he received the reward of his adherence, in his appointment as Commissioner of Appeals, neither his health nor his

inclination permitting him to accept the office, placed at his disposal, of representative of Britain at a foreign Court. The duties of the post which he accepted were not engrossing; and they left Locke abundant leisure for the literary work which now engaged so much of his attention in his mature years. The 'Essay concerning Human Understanding' was already completed, and was published in 1690; and Locke was soon fully occupied with the controversies to which his Essay gave rise, and with other disputes, political and religious, in regard to which his residence abroad, amidst associates who belonged almost entirely to the latitudinarian school, had confirmed him in strongly partisan views. The most notable of his contributions to these disputes were his 'Treatises on Government,' in which he combated the divine-right theories of Sir Robert Filmer, with arguments which rivalled those of Filmer in their appeal to abstract principles; and his 'Letter on Toleration,' which he deemed so much opposed to the views ordinarily prevalent, as to insist, with what appears unnecessary timidity, upon preserving its anonymity.

But his health, which was never strong, although a careful regimen preserved his life to a ripe old age, was now inclining him to seek with increasing urgency for a condition of rest and retirement. His temperament was neither ardent nor enthusiastic; but he had the inestimable faculty of cultivating quiet and placid friendship, and of sharing with a certain gentle sympathy in the interests of others, which brings the best happiness to a man oppressed by failing health, and the increasing infirmities of old age. In the household of Lady Masham, Locke found precisely the retreat most genial to his feelings. She and her husband, Sir Francis Masham (whose son, created Lord Masham by Queen Anne, attained a certain place in history as the friend of Swift, and the husband of that Abigail Hill who supplanted the influence of the Duchess of Marlborough), lived at Oates in Essex, far enough from London to give Locke the advantage of that country air which his asthmatic tendency required, and yet not too far to prevent him from sharing in much of the business activity and social interests of the metropolis. For the next fourteen years Locke's chief residence was here: and though he was more than once drawn back into the vortex of public business, he never remained long absent from a house where he was always sure to find careful nursing, warm sympathy, and a tender and solicitous affection which soothed and brightened his last years. In the patronage which he extended to his cousin, Peter King, Locke found almost the sole family interest of which we have
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any evidence throughout his life ; and before his death he had the satisfaction of seeing his patronage repaid by the cordial alliance of King with the party which attracted Locke's sympathies, and by his rapid advance in that career which eventually led him to the Woolsack. Religious controversy did not fail to exercise some of its blighting effects on Locke's character, and it involved him with disputants whose anger was aroused perhaps more by the cold temper with which he treated religious questions, and the total absence of all sympathy with the warmth of religious enthusiasm, than by anything positively offensive in the doctrines which he advanced, doctrines which, indeed, he seems always to have hesitated to push to their logical consequences. He found himself opposed to controversialists so respectable as Stillingfleet, and supported by adherents so contemptible as Collins. But it is to his credit that such disputes, even when they became most violent, did not mar the calm placidity of this, the evening of his life. Once, again, he became immersed in business almost as completely as in his younger days. On the reconstitution of that branch of administration out of which not only the Board of Trade but the administration of our Poor-law and Colonies has grown, Locke was appointed one of the Commissioners, charged with an extensive, if somewhat indeterminate, jurisdiction in all matters of colonial enterprise and trade regulations, including investigations into the best means of dealing with pauperism. The work seems to have had great attractions for him ; and, in spite of ailments which warned him to seek repose, he continued, almost to his latest years, to throw himself ardently into the various questions to which the business of the Commission extended. At length his health failed so entirely that he could no longer venture into the baneful London air, and he resigned his post in 1700 ; but he still continued to correspond constantly with a large circle of friends, knit to him by religious and political sympathies ; and at length, surrounded by the warm affection of what was to him a home circle of attached and reverent admirers, he sank quietly to rest, on the 28th of October, 1704.

In spite of a constitution, never vigorous, and latterly requiring constant and sedulous care in order to resist fatal disease, Locke's life had thus lasted for seventy-two years, and these not, certainly, the least eventful in our history. He had mingled in the most exciting scenes of his time, and had borne an important, if a secondary, part in many of them. He had contributed, in no scanty measure, to the disputes which agitated a most critical period, and he had been the confidant of many of

the chief actors on the political stage. But, in spite of all this, his life is without any vivid and absorbing interest, and he fails to arouse as much curiosity as many of his contemporaries who were, intellectually, his inferiors. In the discussion of problems, which involve the very deepest interest for humanity, he bore a leading part—some would be inclined to say, a part more prominent than fell to any other in his generation. To posterity he has left a name which commands attention and respect, but no more. The somewhat artificial tributes which are paid to him have never ripened into spontaneous or enthusiastic admiration, nor has the memory which he left behind him kindled any national pride. Faults to which he was not prone, waywardness to which he was not subject, have been pardoned to others for the sake of some vein of richer metal than appears in Locke. So it was with his personal character. We respect his calm self-restraint, his chastened and methodical moderation, his just and gentle treatment of friends and enemies; but, in spite of ourselves, we tire of a character so even in its tenor and so cold in tone, and turn with something of relief, and with readier sympathy, to lives which show us aims more extravagant, but warmed by a spark of some higher inspiration, and some more stirring enthusiasm. So it is, also, with the estimate which we must form of the main result of his work, in criticism, in politics, in philosophy, and in religion.

The character of the man is vividly reflected in his choice of friends. We have already seen the stumbling-blocks which he has thus placed in the way of his biographers, from the strange companionship in which he is often found. We believe Locke to have been a perfectly honest man, of gentle and liberal mind, attracted both by taste and by the circumstances of his health to a student's life; but debarred from the persistent pursuit of such a life, partly by a want of literary taste, and partly by a lack of any strong or tenacious intellectual grasp. He had many miscellaneous tastes, and found these gratified, partly by a spasmodic empiricism, and partly by the use of opportunities of mixing in public affairs. This very variety of tastes threw him into contact with many types of men; and it was only natural that personal friendship should sometimes blind him to the moral defects of those to whom he attached himself. A common interest in public affairs made him the intimate of some who have added darkness to the record of English politics even in a corrupt age. The chances of theological controversy made him see merits in allies, such as Collins and Toland, who gained no great respect from their contemporaries, and whom posterity remembers only to despise. On the other hand, the brilliant though

though erratic genius of Peterborough struck some sympathetic chord in Locke. Newton, Sydenham, and Boyle found in him an intelligent auditor, whose pursuit of their own special subjects was too much that of an amateur to permit him to be their rival. In Somers and Halifax he found statesmen who were willing to give practical effect to some of his theories, and they found in him a useful source of suggestion and information. But if his acquaintance with men was large, it was also, so far as we can see, curiously limited on certain sides. None of the leading literary men or scholars of the day were counted amongst Locke's intimate friends. Dryden may have been cut off from him by politics, and by that limited toleration which prevented Locke's latitudinarianism finding any room for Tories or Roman Catholics. But it is more curious that we should have no record of any intercourse between him and Milton, closely allied as they were in many of their sympathies. Driven from the company of the Christ Church wits, it is curious that he found no attraction to Bentley. Temple and he seem to have had no acquaintance with one another: possibly the literary refinement of Temple seemed to Locke—as indeed we might gather from his own tastes that it would seem—a mere form of affectation. With Evelyn, again, he was acquainted; but the acquaintance never seems to have ripened into intimacy.

Next to a man's friends, the best indication of his character may probably be found in his literary tastes. On this side, Locke's biography is almost a blank. In early life he appears to have conceived a distaste for classical training, and this seems to have remained with him throughout life. The University exercises which he performed prove that he never made himself master even of the rudiments of scholarly acquirement. His performances in English verse prove as conclusively that this absence of literary faculty extended to his attitude towards the literature of his own country. Nowhere can we recal one sentence expressing enthusiastic admiration or even hearty appreciation of any literary masterpiece. Art seems to have had just as little attraction for him. The copious records of his travelling experiences contain many notes regarding statistics, and many symptoms of close observation; but not a sign of an imagination either impressed by the masterpieces of art, or inspired by the monuments of antiquity. He is careful, indeed, to express his opinion that attention to what he esteems external forms and ornament is a matter of no essential moment, and unworthy the care of a prudent or thoughtful man.

If, from the record of his life, character, and tastes, we turn to an estimate of his own work, we find the same prevailing attitude

attitude of compromise, and the same limitation of range. He strayed into many fields—philosophy, politics, religion, education, science. Into some of these only can we now follow him; but the impression is the same in each.

It is in the sphere of philosophy that he has gained his most secure place in our literary history. But let us observe how he states his object:—

‘Our business here is not to know all things, but those which concern our own conduct. If we can find out those measures whereby a rational creature, put in that state in which man is in this world, may and ought to govern his opinions and actions thereon, we need not be troubled that some other things escape our knowledge.’

Now, this is just one of those remarks which, to commonplace minds, seem the concentration of wisdom; and if a commonplace man can persuade himself that in assenting to such a remark he is at the same time becoming a disciple of a philosophical school, the pleasure with which he accepts it is all the greater. But the words mean one of two things. Either they mean that practical considerations, and these alone, ought to find any resting-place in the mind of a reasonable man; or else they mean that merely verbal disquisitions, and merely logical distinctions, which have no counterpart in the ordinary experience of men, are a useless waste of time. The proposition may be read in either sense; and it is only because it can be read in either sense, that it is ever read a second time, and is not dismissed as a platitude or an error. If it means that no consideration, but that which is merely practical, is worthy of attention, then it expresses a sentiment most profoundly degrading; a sentiment which, we venture to say, might be used to defend any depth of moral debasement, or any narrowness of intellectual view. But if, on the other hand, all that is meant is that metaphysical speculations may be pursued until they vanish in logomachies, then we venture to say that the sentence is the veriest truism, which can correct or teach no one but a handful of fanciful pedants. There is no danger that such pursuits should absorb the attention of any considerable number of men who are fit for better work. Those to whom they are attractive are at most but a few to whom such harmless eccentricities are a convenient method of spending time. If Locke wrote a long treatise to correct such men, he was far from placing posterity under a deep obligation; he could find but few in his own age for whom such teaching was required; he was only indulging in a safe depreciation of those whom it is the fashion vaguely to denounce as ‘the Schoolmen of the

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Middle Ages,' whose aims, and the grasp and importance of whose intellectual work, he was utterly incapable of discerning. But if he meant more than this, he proves himself unfit to appreciate much of that on which mankind must always base their highest interests. Thoughts of human destiny, the profoundest truths and the deepest feelings of religion, the most sublime speculations as to the reality of the world, and the very meaning of what we call knowledge—all these may be comprised, in a certain sense, in what does not practically concern our own conduct. The logic of the Old Bailey lawyer who persuades or puzzles a jury, is, in this sense, more practical than the most sublime passages of the 'Phædo'; a knowledge of our borough bye-laws is more valuable than the most consummate ethical demonstration of Aristotle. But yet these thoughts, and the feelings they excite, are the most profound which human nature can conceive; and the history of the world has proved that they are motive powers that have an influence beyond all others; that humanity without them is but a dwarfed and stunted travesty of itself.

But the sentence which we have dealt with does not stand alone; it is a fair specimen of the attitude with which Locke starts in his effort to construct a theory of human knowledge. Consistently with this, he never ceases to limit the range of the enquiry which he proposes as the proper pursuit of philosophy, by excluding from it all that we can term metaphysical speculation. He confines himself to examining the process by which knowledge is reached in our own experience: and in order to shut out anything of which the development does not fall within that experience, he denies the existence of what it has been the custom to call *Innate Ideas*. Knowledge comes, says Locke, only by experience: and experience has but two channels through which it can flow, *Sensation* and *Reflection*—the information that comes from our senses, and that which we gain by observation of the operations of our own minds. Such an analysis cannot, indeed, claim the dignity of a philosophical system, and Locke frequently renounces any claim or ambition to represent a range of intellectual enquiry, the practical utility of which he denied, and the foundations of which he set himself to undermine.

'It is ambition enough,' he writes, 'to be employed as an under-labourer in clearing the ground a little, and removing some of the rubbish which lies in the way to knowledge, which certainly had been very much advanced in the world, if the endeavours of ingenious and learned men had not been much cumbered with the learned but frivolous use of uncouth, affected, or unintelligible terms, introduced

introduced into the sciences and there made an art of to that degree that philosophy, which is nothing but the true knowledge of things, was thought unfit or incapable to be brought into well-bred company and polite conversation.'

And again:—

'If by this enquiry into the nature of the Understanding, I can discover the powers thereof: how far they reach: to what things they are in any degree proportionate: and where they fail us—I suppose it may be of use to prevail with the busy spirit of man, to be more cautious, in meddling with things exceeding its comprehension, to stop when it is at the utmost extent of its tether, and to sit down in a quiet ignorance of things which upon examination are found to be beyond the reach of our capacities. We should not then, perhaps, be so forward, out of an affectation of universal knowledge, to raise questions and perplex ourselves and others with disputes about things to which our understandings are not suited, of which we cannot frame in our minds any clear or distinct perceptions, or whereof (as it has perhaps too often happened) we have not any notions at all.'

This is an attitude of mind which it is perfectly easy to understand, and with which many will sympathize. To the vast majority of mankind, mental speculation is a pursuit for which they have neither time, opportunity, nor taste. But what is more difficult to conceive is the habit of mind which, pursuing such investigation, seeks to narrow its range, and to undermine the very foundations upon which any results which it may attain must necessarily rest.

It is not difficult, of course, for Locke to ridicule the pretensions of metaphysicians, and to find fault with their phraseology. Thus he enforces his arguments against Innate Ideas, by an appeal to those who maintain their existence, to define and classify them. But he forgets that the very reason for assigning part of the basis of our knowledge to such a category is, that it evades any such definition or classification; and he is himself driven to resort to certain 'inherent faculties' as a means of explaining how our minds are fitted for the stores poured into them through the channels of Sensation and Reflection. It would be easy to multiply instances of such inconsistency: and, indeed, the weakness of the constructive part of Locke's philosophy, and the looseness with which it hangs together, are typical of the defects under which a man of the world, dealing with philosophical argument as an occasional employment, must inevitably labour. He is at his best when he is most practical: in his advice on the conduct of our minds, in pointing out common errors that have to be avoided, in laying down rules

rules for framing our judgments. He has observed with care and insight many mental processes, and explains them clearly enough; but he does no more. Physical science has indeed carried, far further than Locke could anticipate, the minute and accurate observation of the processes by which mental impressions are formed. But it leaves untouched, as Locke left untouched, the central problem of the contact of matter with mind, and the initial law by which we receive or possess that first spark which experience can only kindle into a flame.

But while we may concede a certain utility to the work to which Locke thus set himself, its real danger is apparent when it claims to be destructive of a wider system, or to clip the wings of higher aspirations. It was this which led to the instinctive distrust aroused by Locke's system, even in an age which had no absorbing interest in the field of higher speculation; and which made many, who very imperfectly perceived the metaphysical bearing of Locke's Essay, doubt its theological or religious tendency. It did, indeed, strike at the root of all that separates necessary from contingent knowledge: all that had formed the very essence of the systems of Plato and Aristotle: all that had given to these systems their religious conviction and their moral weight. In destroying the distinction between necessary and contingent truth, we not only undermine the foundation upon which all religion must rest—we destroy at the same time the chief bulwark of the intellectual dignity of humanity. In the tenacity with which it grasped this distinction, the Platonic system placed the world under a debt the most stupendous even of all those it owes to the genius of Greece. In the entire blindness of Locke to the importance of the distinction, we have the chief symptom of the barrenness of a system of complacent and uncritical common-sense, when it presumes to wear the guise of philosophy. If not a Materialist himself, Locke was saved from being so only by a compromise; and he was certainly the cause of Materialism in others. The natural inferences were drawn from his theories. To a soul so devout, and an intellect so penetrated with the philosophic instinct, as that of Berkeley, the only refuge of Faith, against a system so hollow, was the belief in mind as the sole reality, matter being only its creation, and having no existence independent of its creator. To a character so bereft of all religious feeling, and an intellect so bold as that of Hume, the futile encumbrances of Locke's system were exposed in their absurdity: sensation was enthroned as the sole source of knowledge, and truth became the guesswork which was all that could be derived from such a source. It was the great glory of Kant

to

to restore in another form the central principle of *à priori* knowledge, and, by a critical metaphysic, to rescue philosophy from the slough of despond into which what claimed to be a common-sense system had plunged it.

In regard to Locke's religious views, the chief interest attaches to the part he played in the disputes about toleration. It would have been well had Locke followed his own precept as to the clear definition of terms in regard to this, the most undefined and the most perplexing of all that have disturbed the souls of political theorists. Religious toleration has passed through changes sufficiently great, owing to the mere facts of historical evolution. Religious intolerance was once symbolized by the faggot and the *auto da fe*: in our own country, at the present day, it is apparently understood to mean everything which prevents social and political supremacy being accorded to Dissenters. If a Royal Commission on University Education is constituted without a strong dissenting contingent; if a clergyman of the Established Church is chosen as Headmaster of a Public School; if the Archbishop of Canterbury is accorded social priority to a President of the Wesleyan Conference,—all these, we are told, are instances of religious intolerance. New phases of history, then, give variety and uncertainty enough to the interpretation of Toleration, even without the introduction of unnecessary confusion in the use of the term. But this is just where Locke conspicuously sins. Does Toleration mean indifference to certain tenets of religion, and a consequent indulgence to those who deny them? Or does it mean a similar indulgence in respect of tenets which we conscientiously and firmly believe to be of vital importance? If it is the first, then toleration is the result of an intellectual argument, in which, by the very nature of things, all will not arrive at the same conclusion. If it is the second, then it is very difficult, if we are strictly logical, to hold toleration to be anything but immoral. The truth is, that any attempt to lay down principles of toleration must for ever be vitiated by this inherent difficulty. Toleration is not a matter of principle; it is a matter of expediency, and of that alone, and must be regulated by circumstances. If society is sufficiently convinced of the vital importance and immediate and inevitable results of a certain theory, it is bound not to tolerate any variation therefrom. Society acts every day upon this principle: and it must so act if it is not to invite its own dissolution. But how far a theory leads to practical results is a question which must admit, in each case, of every variety of answer; and in all but extreme cases we recognize nowadays that the practical results are sufficiently remote to render it
inexpedient

inexpedient to have recourse to persecution for the sake of a theory; or it may be that the Society with which we have to deal is so divided in regard to the acceptance of the theory, that to enforce it would lead either to the dissolution of the Society, or to the extermination of a great part of it. In acting thus, we obey the facts of our own time, just as our ancestors obeyed the facts of their time: the underlying principles of our action are not changed. It may be that our religious toleration is based upon indifference. If so, toleration is not matter for congratulation. But we believe that it is based rather upon expediency in view of historical facts. If so, it is not a matter of principle.

It is clear, from all Locke's disquisitions upon toleration, that he never rigidly examined its meaning. He lays down certain abstract principles upon which he maintains that a just system must be based: but the absurdity of this is proved by the fact, that in his application of these principles Locke would nowadays be held a monster of intolerance. According to the constitutions for Carolina, in which Locke was largely concerned, and to which we have already referred, no man was to be allowed to hold property, or 'to have the protection of the law,' who was an atheist. That is to say, that the man who failed, from whatever reason, to accept the first and most difficult axiom of religion, was to be held beyond the pale of society: while apparently the man, who conscientiously held that the doctrine of the Atonement lay so close to the root of Christianity as to demand its enforcement by civil penalties, was to be stigmatized as a religious bigot and persecutor, whose only motives were cruelty and oppression. Locke, indeed, acted as he was perfectly justified in doing, and as all men will act, apart from some unavowed motive, in regard to toleration: he was willing to grant it where he thought it could safely be granted, and was prepared to refuse it where it could not. We do not imply that he did not judge the circumstances with reasonable fairness. But when he proceeds to throw his own practice into the form of a Code of Rules, we decline to accept his code as a statement of philosophical principles.

There is something analogous to this in Locke's treatment of political questions. He started, as he did in philosophy, with an attack upon abstract maxims. His 'Treatise on Government' was written in opposition to Sir Robert Filmer's 'Patriarcha,' in which the Divine Right and Absolute Prerogative of Kings was defended. He professes that he does not intend to follow Sir Robert into all his intricacies and obscurities. It is sufficient for Locke that 'the King and the body

body of the nation have since so thoroughly confuted his hypothesis.' Locke's aim, indeed, is strictly practical; it is, as he says himself, 'to establish the throne of our great restorer, our present King William; to make good his title in the consent of the people.' This is the attitude of the political pamphleteer, rather than of the philosophic enquirer. But it is more amusing to find Locke, who has been so severe in regard to Filmer's abstract theories, for each of which he demands a definition, falling himself into precisely the same error. Filmer had said that men 'were not naturally free.' Locke, with as much assumption of an improved theory, starts with the principle that men 'were naturally free.' From this he proceeds to imagine an original contract from which constituted society emerged. The dangers of a common-sense and uncritical system could not be more strikingly typified than in this, the veriest figment of pedantic theorizing that any mystified scholastic ever dreamed. All subsequent investigations into primitive history, all the accumulated results of the comparative method of research, have proved conclusively that such a theory of the origin of society rests upon no historical evidence whatever. Locke's theory was practically useful at the moment. It served as a suitable foundation for the Revolution settlement, accomplished, as it was, by a political coalition that found a certain pedantic satisfaction in basing its method of dealing with practical politics upon some specious constitutional maxims. But, like all the systems which Locke produced, it was entirely uncritical, and it presented a convenient codification of maxims temporarily expedient, as though they were a body of philosophical principles.

In Locke's disquisitions on Education we may trace something of the same tendency, although he is there dealing with a subject where it leads to no such serious errors. His book is indeed rather an assortment of useful hints than a treatise based upon carefully argued principles. He allows too little for natural bent and disposition, and unduly exaggerates the force of habit. He aims solely at what is practically useful, and thus approaches very nearly to a notion of education very popular in our own day, which will, we believe, work its own decay. He forgets the intellectual benefit of the process or means by which information is gained, and seeks too exclusively the acquiring of information by the readiest and least troublesome methods.

We have thus endeavoured, in the space at our command, to justify the estimate we formed at the beginning of this article of Locke's literary and historical position amongst his contemporaries,

rarities, and the extent of the debt due to him by posterity, by examining the chief incidents in his life, and the salient features of the theories of which he has made himself the opponent. His is a reputation which depends, as we have said, upon no living force which he has exercised upon succeeding generations, upon no positive legacy which he has left, upon no striking achievement which he performed. His intellect was employed in a sphere with which the moderately-informed—the middle class, as we may call them, of the intellectual world—think it proper to possess a certain acquaintance, but which they judge with little critical acumen. To that class the best philosopher is he who has treated matters of speculation in the language of the market, and has imparted simplicity to philosophical questions by the easy process of avoiding what is difficult or perplexing. Locke has consequently been one of the chief representatives of philosophical thought current amongst those to whom we refer. That he has exercised considerable influence for good, we do not doubt; nor are we disposed to deny him the merit of an upright life, a well-balanced intellect, and considerable lucidity of exposition. But we cannot admit that, as an actor on the stage of history, he was always successful in steering a clear and unambiguous course amidst the shoals and quicksands of an age of political debasement; and we fail to find in him, as author, any one of the supreme attributes of genius, which are rarely found in combination, but some one of which is essential to literary immortality. In him there was alike wanting far-reaching insight or consummate boldness in speculation; a judgment at once calm in its action and wide in its range; grace of literary form; readiness of fancy; keenness of imagination; play of wit or humour; or the sympathetic instinct which attracts and interests and commands mankind.

ART. VIII.—*History of the Great Civil War, 1642–1649.* By S. R. Gardiner. London: Vol. I. 1886 (1642–1644); Vol. II. 1889 (1644–1647).

THE old-fashioned history, which aimed at giving a picture of the times recorded, has been driven out of the field by the modern school of 'research' and 'tendency.' Formerly a historian took the facts presented to him by the chroniclers and compilers, and did not aspire to be a discoverer. His object was to apply a cultivated judgment, and a mind exercised in politics, to the problems of the age; to be philosophical, but not didactic; to instruct the reading public, not to be a guide to students and specialists; and we would hope that such histories may yet be written and read. These writers had a sense of proportion and perspective, and a knowledge of the working of human nature, which we sometimes miss in the writings of the scientific school. Style will carry the day against accuracy; and the orthodoxy of to-day will appear pedantry to-morrow. Nowadays no one is a historian who does not bury himself in the Record Office and the British Museum, from which he comes out laden with the material of history. Whether it becomes history under his hands does not depend on industry only, nor even on a clear-headed use of memory and power of combination. It requires a reasoning spirit, a habit of generalizing over a large field, freedom from cant and prejudice and the desire of making party capital, and above all the grace of style, the touch of genius which awakens the interest of the world. It is not in vain that men of genius have set their hand to history. Macaulay and Froude still instruct us, though we do not go to them as the final authority on facts. We do not believe that William III. was a perfect hero and James II. a mere knave and fool; we are not beguiled by beauty of style to think Henry VIII. one of the wisest and greatest of our rulers, and to deny all gifts of nature to Mary Stuart. But our conception of the times of which Macaulay and Froude write has been rendered truer as well as more vivid by what they have written; we rush to the publisher for new volumes of their works; their great passages are household words, and we cannot do without them. We are content to allow for some exaggeration and partisanship, where there is so much to instruct and delight us; and we thank the humbler school of searchers after truth when they criticize and correct the crudities and exaggerations of the writers of genius. And, after all, most of the main verdicts of history are justified by the wider knowledge of posterity. It is a comfort to know that

that the pre-Reformation Church had not outlived all virtue; but we do not wish the Reformation undone. We find that the exploits of 'Westward Ho' are not unfairly called 'piraterias' by the modern Spanish historian, and we learn that Elizabeth was a niggardly patron of the Protestant cause; yet we do not doubt that England was on the right side in spite of all detractions. And in a case like that of the Great Civil War (we used to call it the Great Rebellion), where the judgment of posterity has been delayed by political and religious feelings—for we are still divided into Cavaliers and Roundheads—it is becoming clearer by degrees that the old estimates of causes and character are not altogether ill drawn, that Laud had in his nature something of the martyr, and Cromwell something of the ambitious intriguer. All honour to the intelligent and industrious collectors of material and the critics of ignorant or partial judgments; but honour also to the writers whose works we delight to read, who cheer our leisure, enlarge our knowledge of mankind, and make us think worthily of our ancestors' glory.

Mr. Gardiner is a very considerable historian, and, if he does not attain to the level of the masters of history, he stands far above the journeymen. He never loses count of cause and effect, is never drowned in detail or diverted from his general scope by the particulars of military or religious history, or by the personal and biographical interest of his characters. His wide knowledge of history, and of English history in particular, enables him to take comprehensive views of the movements of his period, and preserves him from the errors of judgment which are engendered by special studies, and from which men of genius are not exempt. We feel in reading Mr. Gardiner's history that we are treading on safe ground; he knows the country well enough not to lose us in winding ways, nor to miss the road by trusting to fallacious landmarks. He has made this period of history his own, and whatever he says must be listened to with the respect due to a craftsman—'*Cuique in sua arte credendum.*'

It was our design in this article to deal with the military and Parliamentary history of the Civil War, including the obscure and difficult question of the rise of Cromwell and his methods of public action, and to touch upon his personal character. But though the investigations of Carlyle and Forster, of Mr. Gardiner himself, and of other enquirers, have thrown much light on Cromwell's character, it still remains one of the dark problems of history. Mr. Gardiner, in the Preface to his second volume, deprecates a hasty judgment. 'On another point of considerable importance,'

importance,' he says, 'I must ask such of my readers as may differ from me to suspend their judgment. I cannot expect that they will all be inclined to accept my view of Cromwell's political character as justified by the evidence which I have here to give' *; and he indicates sources of information hitherto unpublished, which have helped him to form a judgment. Without a clear view of the motives, and as complete a knowledge as may be had of the actions, of the man who became more prominent every year from 1642 onwards, and who at last gathered all power into his own hand, any judgment upon the course of the war must be defective.

We think it better, therefore, to postpone our consideration of the political events of these years till the appearance of Mr. Gardiner's third volume furnishes us with fuller materials, and to confine our remarks to the subject—wide enough indeed—of the religious history of the period.

The first paragraph of these volumes deserves to be read attentively :—

'The Civil War, the outbreak of which was announced by the floating of Charles's standard on the hill at Nottingham, was rendered inevitable by the inadequacy of the intellectual methods of the day to effect a reconciliation between opposing moral and social forces, which derived their strength from the past development of the nation. The personal characters of the leaders might do much to shorten or prolong the time of open warfare; but no permanent restoration of harmony would be possible till some compromise, which would give security alike to the disciples of Hooker and to the disciples of Calvin, had been not only thought out by the few, but generally accepted by the many.' †

The sentence is somewhat obscurely worded. By 'intellectual methods' we are to understand the expedients tried or proposed for settling and reforming the discipline and doctrine of the Church of England, and the 'opposing moral and social forces' are not, as the words might imply, the disturbances in the commonwealth produced by new distribution of wealth or education, as in the times of the first Tudors, but those new moral and religious forces which we combine in the word 'Puritanism,' operating chiefly among the middle classes in the towns; in antagonism to the ancient and settled forms of doctrine, discipline, and daily conversation, which were familiar to the gentry and their immediate dependents, the agricultural and pastoral population of England. The key to the sentence is given by the mention of Hooker and Calvin;

* Vol. ii., Preface, p. v.

† Vol. i. p. 1.

and the same opinion is expressed in fewer words in a note on p. 3, 'The religious question was at the bottom of the quarrel.'

No one who is acquainted with the history of this period can doubt that the course of events during the war brought out more and more clearly as it proceeded the religious side of the dispute. But it may be reasonably questioned whether the religious dispute would have led to civil war of itself; and whether in fact the grounds of the quarrel were not laid in secular matters. Such at least is the opinion of Dr. Bright, no inconsiderable authority. Speaking of the meeting of the Long Parliament in 1640, he says * :—

'The leaders of the Reform party were not, however, as yet either Destructives or Republicans, nor were they, for the most part, even Puritans. Their views were political, and in the truest sense conservative. They were desirous of removing those abuses which the Stuart Kings had introduced into the Government, and which overlaid the Constitution, and that ecclesiastical tyranny which, in the hands of Laud, had gone so far to extinguish all liberty of conscience. But in doing this they were but restoring the old Constitution of England, rewinning those privileges which had been the fruit of centuries of parliamentary action. Behind these leaders, however, there were men of other views. Puritanism, which had taken its rise in the reign of Elizabeth, clung to that form of Church government which Calvin had founded. . . . His followers held that the State ought to be subservient to the Church. . . . Roughly speaking, then, the Reformers formed two classes—one political, one religious. As was certain from the nature of things, the most enthusiastic and vehement of these classes was the religious one. . . . The political party found it necessary to make use of the strength this enthusiasm gave to assist them in carrying out their own reforms, and to supply that warmth and energy in which mere political parties are apt to be deficient. It is thus that we must explain the constant introduction of religious topics, and that close connection between politics and religion which is characteristic of the epoch.'

Rulers and subjects do not necessarily or usually take the same view of religion in politics. 'Various modes of worship,' says Gibbon, 'are considered by the magistrate as equally useful.' The King seeks obedience and to conduct his government without interruption. Obedient clergy are, to some extent, a counterpoise to discontented Parliaments. Petitions against Popery threaten ecclesiastical supremacy and dispensing power alike. The King would naturally be for toleration, if there must be differences of opinion; but he would rather there were none. The subject cares for religion for itself and apart

* 'History of England,' pp. 644, 645.

from political considerations; he is often less tolerant than the civil power: but when the King lays his hand upon the ark and attempts to enforce religious innovations, zeal for liberty comes to the aid of religious feeling, and furnishes the motive which produces revolution. Probably the Tudor discipline could not have been maintained much longer; but to check the development of Protestantism by such measures as the Stuarts adopted, was to provoke a contest by endangering the foundations of civil liberty.

The principle of the English Reformation, as distinguished from the continental forms of Protestantism, was comprehension, not toleration. *Cujus regio, ejus religio* was the motto alike of Lutheran, Catholic, and Calvinist sovereigns; it was the duty of the civil magistrate to enforce truth within his own borders. But in England it was conceived that in matters of secondary importance divergence of opinion was lawful. The formularies of the Church were so drawn up as to include all but the extreme of either opinion. The Tudor latitudinarianism laid down limits within which thought was free; only there were to be no disputes, no tuning of pulpits to the music of sedition; such things were dangerous, engendering novelties and leading to discontent and disobedience. Burleigh governed by a system of strict discipline. He would have every man know that he served a just but a strict master: and Clarendon remarks as follows upon the 'high instances of power and sovereignty,' which are to be found in the acts of Council and Star Chamber in the time of Elizabeth. 'The art, order, and gravity of those proceedings (where short, severe, constant rules were set, and smartly pursued, and the party only felt the weight of the judgment, not the passion of his judges) made them less taken notice of, and so less grievous to the public, though as intolerable to the person.'* And as in State affairs so in Church discipline. The rule laid down was not intolerably strict, but it was to be strictly observed, and Nonconformists must not look for gentle handling. Nor were they to expect any liberty beyond the limits set by the Government,—limits, it is well known, less favourable to Protestantism than those of Edward VI.; for Elizabeth had no sympathy with Calvinism, and did not sufficiently perceive that Protestantism was a rising cause, and that Puritanism, if not favoured by the civil power, would grow into a dangerous discontent.

In every part of the history of our country religious considerations come after political. The tendency of English

* 'History of the Rebellion,' Book i.

politics has always been towards moderation. We must go to France, Germany, or Scotland, for instances of religious wars properly so called. The history of the Church of England from Norman times till the reign of Henry VIII. is a record of the secular spirit contending against ecclesiastical rule. Throughout the Middle Ages an outcry is raised against the clergy, but it is on the ground of greediness and immoral life, not on that of corrupt doctrine. Papal claims, the exactions of archdeacons, the fees of ecclesiastical courts, immunity from the King's justice, the independence of Convocation, pluralities, simony, pride, luxury, concubinage, these are the faults laid to the charge of the priesthood. No great popular effect was produced by the teaching of the Lollards. The English nation was on the whole contented with the creed furnished by the clergy. It was not till the reign of Henry VIII. that a Protestant feeling, properly so called, was awaked. Partly in consequence of Henry's own political breach with Rome, bringing with it as it did intercourse with the Lutheran body and enquiry into their tenets (as is shown by the Ten Articles of 1536), partly in consequence of the gift of the English Bible, in great measure also from the intellectual stirring of the New Learning, the rise of biblical scholarship, and the study of Church History, a threefold opposition to Rome was set up, political, intellectual, and moral, of which the three names of Cranmer the statesman, Ridley the scholar, Latimer the preacher, may serve as representatives. The suppression of the monasteries was on the whole popular; but the story of the Nun of Kent, the popular rising in Lincolnshire, and the Pilgrimage of Grace, show that the people were alarmed at Henry's innovations, and had little sympathy with heresy. And Henry's own action in passing the law of Six Articles is evidence that he understood and bent before the opinion of his subjects.

We were taught as children to look back to the reign of Edward VI. as halcyon times for the Church, with its reformation of abuses, its founding of a National Protestant Church, the Prayer Book, the Grammar Schools, and the final abolition of Popery and superstition in England. But Mr. Froude has done good service in pointing out that much of the work of Edward's ministers was in no sense constructive, and that the country was not ready for a complete change in religion and a close connection with the Calvinist body in Scotland and on the Continent. To Cranmer, it is true, belongs more than to any one else the credit of having laid the foundations of our National Church on a comprehensive basis; and if his policy had been followed by Elizabeth, Dissent would never have existed.

To her and to Archbishop Parker is due the blame of establishing Dissent. The Nonconformists look to the Articles of 1565 as the charter of their foundation. She would not listen to Archbishop Grindal's eloquent appeal, nor to the petitions of the House of Commons in favour of the Puritan clergy. Cranmer had been on the right road; a moderate application of his principles would have saved England from many miseries. But at the time his action might well appear revolutionary, and the fact that the people submitted to it showed not that they cared much about Protestantism, but rather that, if they were let alone, they were indifferent. The history of the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth points the same way. Novelties were more odious than abuses: and neither the restoration of the Roman Church by Mary, nor its final dispossession by Elizabeth, stirred the feelings of the people very deeply. England was converted, not by Calvin and the Thirty-nine Articles, but by the Inquisition and the fires of Smithfield. Throughout the reign of Elizabeth the memory of their own sufferings caused the English to take a lively interest in the events of the Low Countries and the Huguenot movement in France, an interest which was never damped by great sacrifices made on their account: for Elizabeth's parsimony and her unwillingness to play a great part in continental affairs—a policy inherited from her grandfather, Henry VII.—had this effect, that the English people were constantly discontented with the poor show their country made in the great struggle between liberty and authority which was being fought out in Europe, though, as James I. knew, they would soon tire of spending money in the cause. It needed the stimulus of commercial and national rivalry, the plots in favour of Mary Stuart, the invasion of England by Jesuits and Seminary priests, the horror of assassination plots, to give a religious colour to national feeling, and to make all England one in hatred of Rome and Spain. But for two generations past increasing intercourse with the Calvinist Churches on the Continent, the discipline of adversity applied by High Commission and Bishops' Courts, and above all the growth of education and the spread of Bible reading, had favoured the growth of that serious and high-minded enthusiasm which marks the Puritan epoch.

It is difficult to understand how a single habit, that of reading the Bible, should have transformed the life of a nation. We may compare with it the still more sudden and complete change produced by like causes in Scotland: where the English-speaking population were converted in a few years from a lukewarm and discontented conformity with Catholicism to a fervent attachment

ment to Calvinism. There, as in England, the growth of education favoured the new opinions: Protestantism and the rise of popular government were understood to be kindred forces: there, as in England, the movement was felt most strongly in the lower classes. The more logical and uncompromising tone of the Scottish national character agreed with the stricter forms of Swiss and German Calvinism; and the same phenomena, which produced the rise of the Puritan party in England, made the lowland Scotch a Puritan nation. As for England, in the years preceding the rebellion, we learn from the history of the Book of Sports, the cases dealt with by Star Chamber and High Commission, the petitions sent up from many counties, and such private records as Bunyan's Autobiography, Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs of her husband, Wallington's Diary, D'Ewes's Memoirs; and on the other side, Izaak Walton's Life of George Herbert, and the notices in it of Nicholas Ferrar, and from many other documents, public and private, that there was a strong religious movement as well as a great divergence of feeling in all parts of the country. There was at the same time a current which set towards Rome, and another and stronger tide of Calvinism. The doctrine of Predestination had got hold of religious minds; and in proportion as this doctrine was strongly believed, it was held that the more charitable and reasonable views which were called Arminian were unscriptural and abominable. But the number of 'professors' was never great in proportion to the mass of the population. The common people were gross, and given to rude pleasures, contented with the liturgy of the Church of England, but inclined to quarrel with discipline, and altogether to resent such discipline as was imposed by Laud and some of his suffragans. A little higher in the social scale, among the yeomanry and the traders of the towns, and especially in the counties east and south of London, the doctrine and the practice of the Puritans prevailed greatly. Among them, and in many families of higher degree, such as the Cromwells and Hampdens, the D'Eweses, the Hutchinsons (to quote noted instances), was fostered that respect for the Bible and the rule of life deduced from it, that strictness of demeanour, that respect for prayer-meetings, sermons, and Sabbath-keeping, that general sobriety of conduct which has nothing to do with fanaticism or revolution, and which survived both the Rebellion and the Restoration. Sobriety rather than enthusiasm was the effect produced by the Reformation upon the character of England, and it is the principal fault of Charles I. that he turned this great conservative force into an engine of destruction, and

and put the cause of religion into the hands of a violent party who held sway for a short time, and who were as revolutionary in their aims and action as the Monarchists who served Henry VIII., or the zealots who ruled his son.

The English, as Green says,* had become 'the people of a book.' The language which offends us in Cromwell and his fellows was but the natural expression of feeling suitable to the times in which they lived. 'I must speak,' Cromwell is reported to have said, 'with these men in their own language.' Much of the biblical phraseology of those times was commonplace and of fashion, but it was so because it was natural. Such unsanctified persons as Lauderdale and Monk, such worldlings as Lenthall and Whitelocke, use Bible phrases with as much unction as Harrison or Peters. The fashion prevailed because it fell in with men's thoughts. It was the custom to speak openly of God's dealings with men. The 'little pocket Bibles with silver clasps,' which every Member of Parliament could bring out to confute Selden's learning, contained to them, not only a religion, but a code of politics and manners. No doubt Rupert and Goring (whose troopers did not, like Cromwell's, pay twelvepence for swearing), used profane oaths and sang ungodly songs. But in newspapers, and in the public documents of the Cavaliers, the same language is used. The same language is used by stay-at-home squires and parsons, by young Sancroft and Sir Thomas Browne, as by the Kettledrums and Tony Fosters, from whom we are too much disposed to take our standard. That there was something unreal in this may be judged by the disappearance of active Puritanism at the Restoration. The fruit of Puritanism, the growth of a century of religious enthusiasm, nourished by the English Bible, was ripe in 1640. Twenty years of uncontrolled power rotted its sweetness, and to the next generation, though its power was not altogether decayed, its savour was dull and tasteless. But for Cromwell to have used any other form of speech to the armies of 1642 would have been as unnatural as for Queen Anne's soldiers to refrain from swearing terribly in Flanders. Yet Carlyle is not justified in saying, as the summing up of his 'Cromwell': 'Oliver is gone; and with him England's Puritanism, laboriously built together by this man, and made a thing far shining, miraculous to its own century, and memorable to all the centuries, soon goes.' If so, then indeed the genius of England went out into the wilderness to see a reed shaken with the wind. Puritanism did not die with Cromwell. It may be

* 'Short History,' chap. viii.

true that Puritanism, as it existed 200 years ago, can only be found in such men as Gordon, Havelock, and Livingstone, perhaps here and there in families; no society religious or secular, no party or social stratum possesses it. With its virtues and shortcomings it has passed away. But Puritanism did not die with Cromwell. The religious life of the generations that have followed him is based on Puritanism. The Revolution, the Protestant policy of William III., the 'Whole Duty of Man,' the saintly tradition of Quakers and Nonconformists, the calmer piety of Churchmen and Nonjurors, the religious revivals of Wesley, Whitefield, and Simeon, are all phases of Puritanism. Cowper and Wordsworth are Puritan poets no less than Milton; Locke and Johnson drank of the same springs; and much of what is soundest in the religion of our own times belongs to us by inheritance from the Puritans.

The religious motive was not so strong in 1628 as in 1642, when the evil effects of the King's marriage had been experienced, and his action in Scotland understood, when Laud had done his best to extirpate Puritanism, and when Strafford was commonly believed to have designed the conquest of England, and with that end to have favoured the Irish outbreak and massacre of 1641: and it is not without significance that the illegal acts of Charles I. in the earlier part of his reign all took place in the political region, and that the Petition of Right makes no mention of religious grievances. The early years of the reign of Charles I. were occupied chiefly with secular matters. Petitions were presented for the enforcement of laws against Popish recusants, and there is no lack of evidence that the interests of religion were very dear to the nation: but the matters of State which Parliament handled were for the most part such as ministerial responsibility, the liberty of the subject, impeachment of the favourite, remonstrance preceding supply, free gifts, forced loans, dismissal of magistrates and judges, ship-money, Rochelle and Ré, the restitution of the Palatinate, habeas corpus, and tunnage and poundage. These and the like are the grievances treated in the Petition of Right, in which there is not a word said about religion. Even the sermons of Sibthorp and Manwaring were condemned for their political doctrine, not for any leaning to Popery. Sir John Eliot spoke* strongly on the subject of the growth of Popery; but he dwelt chiefly on the danger of the habit of disregarding and violating laws;† and the Committee of Religion in reporting, a week

* 22nd March, 1628.

† Gardiner, 'History of England,' vol. vi. p. 234.

later and two months before the passing of the Petition of Right, directed its complaints rather against the entertainment of Jesuits and Seminary Priests than the promotion of Arminian divines, the introduction of superstitious innovations, and the repression of Puritans, which are among the foremost grievances of 1640. Even in the Short Parliament of 1640, Pym's great speech dwelt chiefly on political grievances. It is possible, that without Laud there would have been no rebellion, and it is certain that no class of men were so bitterly hated as the Bishops; but it is more probable, that Charles I.'s absolutist doctrines would have led him sooner or later to make some attack upon the liberties of England, which would have driven the people to arms. And in fact, the train of events which led to war were the Army Plot, the Incident, the impeachment of the five Members, and the attempt to arrest them, followed by the refusal of a guard to the Parliament, the King's progress northward, and the attempt upon Hull: all matters with which religion had no concern.

The fear of Roman aggression, however, was an inheritance from Elizabethan times. The beginning of James I.'s reign was darkened by the sinister omen of the Gunpowder Plot; which, though (as the King had the courage to point out) it did not involve all Roman Catholics in one condemnation, nevertheless was in accordance with the worst principles of the extreme Jesuit and Spanish party on the Continent. The danger apprehended was from outside, the common danger of Protestant Christendom. Spain was endeavouring to destroy Protestantism, which the partial failure of the plans of Charles V. and Philip II., the policy of Henry IV. and the settlement of the Netherlands in 1609, had seemed to establish in the north of Europe.

The coalition of Lutherans and Calvinists in the Evangelical Union, and the counter league of the Catholic Powers, the troubles of the Rhine and the Palatinate, the death of Henry IV., the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth, the exploits of English adventurers in Germany, the ambition and ability of Maximilian of Bavaria, the bigotry of Ferdinand II., the impatience of the Elector Frederick to grasp the crown of Bohemia, were all among the causes which fed the flame of Protestant enthusiasm in the times of James I. It was in 1621 that the famous resolution was passed in favour of help being given by England for the restitution of the Palatinate to Frederick V., at the introduction of which 'every member shewed his approbation by acclamation, raising of hats, &c.,'* though it engaged

* 'Parl. Hist.' v. 472.

them all to 'undertake for the several shires and places for which they served to adventure all their fortunes, lives, and estates for those services.' This incident will serve to show how high popular feeling had risen on the subject of the great religious contest of the age.

No one at the present moment believes that Charles I. designed to introduce Popery into England. At the time few lovers of Protestantism doubted it. The country was made uneasy by seeing the penal laws not put into force against Catholics, both on the ground of religion, and because it was feared that the dispensing power would grow to greater proportions. Proselytism was growing. The King's mother was believed to be secretly a Catholic, and her successor Henrietta Maria was openly a Papist, and her chapel and court a rendezvous for English recusants. The joy with which Prince Charles was welcomed on his arrival in England without the Infanta was damped by his concluding a French marriage. Of the two evils a French alliance was the lesser; but the Court of Lewis XIII. was more hostile to the Huguenots and more inclined to make friends with Spain, than that of Henry IV., who died on the eve of great designs to be carried out against Spain and Austria, foreshadowing those of Richelieu. In France, Spain, and Austria, the fall of Protestantism had dragged down constitutional government with it. If England ceased to be a bulwark of the Protestant cause, her liberties would perish in the general ruin. The crisis of the Thirty Years' War coincided in date with the years during which Charles I. governed without a Parliament. Whilst Frederick V. was wandering, a crownless king, from Court to Court, eating the salt bread of exile, his brother-in-law had no money to pay armies and fleets to help him. The Protestant cause was saved from destruction by Gustavus Adolphus, the first 'Protestant hero' who engaged the sympathies of our country; but England had little share in his glory. Young men of spirit engaged in the wars, and came back ten years later to give their experience to either side in the Civil War as 'soldiers of fortune.' But the mass of the nation could only sit by in sullen discontent, reading accounts of the war in the Gazettes which were hawked about the country, and wishing for the great days of Elizabeth, which so powerfully affected the imagination of Cromwell, and gave a bias to his continental policy. Militant Protestantism was familiar to the minds of Englishmen in the years preceding the Civil War; but if England had been governed—as it was on the whole, though with great exceptions, governed by Elizabeth—in
accordance

accordance with the wishes of the people, though they might have shed their blood and spent their treasure in defence of the Protestant cause abroad, they would not have had to defend it at home: they would never have come to that 'valley of the shadow of death,' in which they were driven to 'sheath their swords in one another's bowels.' The grandfathers of Cromwell's East Anglian troopers were the men who supported Mary Tudor against the Dudleys, and who went to the stake for their opinions, but did not change their allegiance. Not even in that part of England where persecution was hottest did the mass of the people become disaffected, nor did Elizabeth's persistent bullying of the Puritans provoke a single attempt at rebellion. It was interference with liberty by men like Wren and Montagu, not their Arminian theology, that set England ablaze in 1640.

And as there was no popular violence among the Puritans of the 16th and early 17th centuries, so there was no popular enthusiasm to be reckoned with at the Restoration. Scotland had its martyrs of a heroic sort; but the tragedy of England seldom rose above the level of the sufferings of Fox and Bunyan, and the mob hooted and pelted Fox and Bunyan as merrily as if religion had had nothing to do with the maintenance of the liberties of England. Even if there were not positive facts to appeal to, it would be unreasonable to suppose that a century of saints was interposed between two centuries of sinners. What is more credible, and more in accordance with known facts, is, that the saints were always a minority of the people; that the mass of the nation were sober unimaginative men, as they are now and always have been; that in consequence of many combining causes Puritanism was for a time dominant, and wielded the sword of Gideon as well as the sword of the Spirit; that the religion of England was strongly tintured by dominant Puritanism, and retains some of the traces of it to this day; but that neither then nor now was the zeal for religion a motive comparable in strength to the dogged resolution to preserve just liberty.

Our contention then is, that the effect of the Reformation upon England was at once to elevate and to sober the ideas of men; that the total abolition of the Church system was at no time desired by a large part of the nation; that the unwisdom of Charles I. and his 'evil counsellors' turned 'religion into rebellion and faith into faction;' but that the quarrel would not have been deadly, if the clear-headed men who led the opposition had not perceived, that the King was wounding liberty through the sides of Puritanism, and aiming above all things

things at the establishment of his own authority. The King may have made war for the bishops, as Sir Edmund Verney said to Hyde;* but it was because he had learnt from his father the adage 'No bishop, no king.' The people went to arms because they knew that all their liberties, and that of religion among them, depended on the control of the militia. That was the vital point. There must have been many sober-minded Englishmen, who, like Colonel Hutchinson, were 'convinced in conscience of the righteousness of the Parliament's cause in point of civil right,' and 'satisfied of the endeavours to reduce Popery and subvert the true Protestant religion;' and yet, like him, 'did not think that so clear a ground for war as the defence of the just English liberties.' The settlement of 1688, here as in other points the most instructive comment on the events of the previous generation, shows that a *modus vivendi*, however imperfect, between Churchmen and Dissenters, was possible. If the King had resigned the civil power into the hands of the Parliament, Church reformation would have proceeded on the lines of the propositions of June 1642,† and after the precedent of the reign of Edward VI.; on the principle, that is, of the Comprehension Bill of 1689; though it would no doubt have gone further in a Protestant direction than that well-designed but unfortunate measure.

In short, we are convinced, from a consideration of the time and of the national character, that of the two principal causes of strife, the reformation of the Church and the control of the militia, the latter was at once the more prominent and the more important, and that, if that had been settled, the King would never have issued his Commission of Array to reinstate the bishops. He could have done better for them in a parliamentary way. The question of religion was one of *bene esse*, that of the militia was of *esse*. And with this estimate we find Clarendon in agreement, whose political sagacity is not to be despised. He draws this distinction, among others, between the Presbyterian and Independent parties; that the Presbyterians would have been content to let the Government

"run still in the same channel," if "some few particulars were granted to them in religion, which he (Cromwell) cared not for"; whereas Crom-

* Vol. i. p. 5.

† 'That your Majesty will be pleased to consent that such a Reformation may be made of the Church Government and Liturgy, as both Houses of Parliament shall advise, wherein they intend to have consultations with Divines as is expressed in the Declaration to that purpose. . . . And that your Majesty will be pleased to give your consent to Laws for the taking away of Innovations and Superstition, and of Pluralities, and against scandalous Ministers.'—'Parl. Hist.' vol. xi. p. 133. Ed. 1762.

well held that the State had been more delinquent than the Church, and that the people suffered more by the civil than by the ecclesiastical power; and therefore that the change of one would give them little ease, if there were not as great an alteration in the other, and if the whole government in both were not reformed and altered.'

The period of history comprised in these volumes extends from the outbreak of civil war in 1641 to its close in 1646. It is at first a confused and tangled scene, ordered by no controlling spirit or design. As long as the contest went on within the walls of Parliament, the methods of warfare were organized by precedent and privilege. When the dogs of war were let slip, the English nation, entirely unused to military action, had no experience to guide them in conducting a campaign, and no clear object to aim at. Most of those who took the sword against Charles I. probably thought, in a confused way, that they would beat him in a battle, and force him to consent to abolish Episcopacy and put the control of the militia into the hands of Parliament. They did not know, that through the breach in custom which war makes, and civil war above all, new objects are revealed, new methods appear lawful, and new crimes are committed by actors unknown before. They had expected a short and sharp campaign, and at the end of it government administered either by Charles and Hyde, or by Pym and Hampden; in either case within the ancient constitution as interpreted by Royalists or Parliamentarians. Nor was this expectation unreasonable; for this was not a case where an armed despot designed to crush an unwilling people who would some day claim their rights. The King was supported by half his subjects, as had been indicated by the close division on the Grand Remonstrance in November 1641, the most significant act of that year; and if he were successful, he would not set up again by prerogative the whole system which he had 'utterly damned' by Act of Parliament. If the award of battle was in favour of the King, Parliaments would be infrequent, Episcopal government would interfere with men's consciences, soldiers would from time to time be billeted on the subject, judges would be coerced, taxes would be levied in an arbitrary way; but things would be better than they had been between 1628 and 1640, when the King's Government, as Clarendon says, had 'rather angered than grieved the people;' and evils which could not be cured would be borne more patiently after a struggle to right them. Moreover, moderation was more to be expected from a victorious King than from a King who was yielding point after point unwillingly and ungraciously. On the other hand, if the Parliamentary

Parliamentary party gained the day, it was not likely that they would destroy the ancient frame of government. The search for precedent and the learning of Coke and Selden had made the Commons of 1642 more familiar with English history than modern Parliaments are wont to be, and they knew that the monarchy had stood firm, though its abuses had been corrected in the persons of Edward II. and Richard II. Nothing but the working of the savage passions which civil war reveals could have turned reformers into regicides. Cromwell and Marten would have protested, like Hazael, if some Elisha had foretold to them the work which seven years of violence would bring to pass.

It is not easy to apportion the blame to one party or another in the resolution to appeal to the sword.

'Quis justius induit arma

Scire nefas: magno se judice quisque tuetur.'

The King's want of good faith was developed in the course of the war; but enough was known in 1642 to make the soundest heads among the popular leaders entirely distrust him. On the other hand, he, from the point of view of a 17th-century king, was justified in calling the nineteen propositions submitted to him at Newcastle in June 1642 'articles of deposition'; and a less proud man than Charles I. might have felt the Grand Remonstrance an intolerable insult. It may be that the war was unavoidable. But civil war is a worse evil than famine or pestilence; and it would have been well if both parties had taken to heart the terrible examples afforded by the recent continental wars, which had ruined the prosperity and debased the national character of France and Germany.

The Parliamentary party, as was natural, was the first to despair of peace. They had everything to gain, the King everything to lose by war. He had in his hand all the machinery of government, they had to find and organize their material. The popular prejudice in favour of obedience was very strong. 'I have eaten the King's bread, and served him for near thirty years, and will not do so base a thing as to forsake him.*' 'I beseech you to consider that Majesty is sacred. God saith, "Touch not Mine Anointed."† 'Sure 'tis lawful to fight for one's lawful king.' Such sayings as these give evidence that the Cavalier spirit was not produced by the King's imprisonment and martyrdom, the influence of 'Eikon Basilikè' and Vandyke's portraits, but that at the very outset he commanded the entire devotion of many of the best of his

* Vol. i. p. 5.

† Ibid. p. 6.

subjects. It was the sense of insecurity, rather than any theoretical desire of good government, which emboldened the leaders of Parliament to proceed. 'To have printed liberties,' said Pym, 'and not to have liberties in truth and realities, is but to mock the kingdom.'* If Charles's concessions were sincere, they carried with them the essentials of good government; but who could answer for his sincerity? Those who had taken up the quarrel must win by the sword the guarantee for those concessions. The Militia Bill would have given this; but as the King would not accept such a vote of want of confidence, it was for them to take the power from his hand. If they hesitated or delayed, delay and hesitation would work for the advantage of him who had the central position and all the power of use and wont, and in whose favour, if he met with reverses, there would soon be a reaction of feeling in the country. Pym's task was to convince the loyal, the moderate, and the timid, that the boldest course was the safest, though that too involved desperate danger. To Pym, whom age and experience, no less than commanding genius, pointed out as 'king' among all his fellows, more than to any one else on the Parliamentary side, belongs the credit or discredit of beginning the Civil War.

The period which these volumes cover is one in which the principal interest lies in the growth of a party, the designs of which grew greater with their hopes. Pym saw as plainly as any Independent of 1645 that war was necessary to the success of his party, and that war was worse than useless if it did not end in a clear victory. But neither he, nor probably Cromwell or Marten, foresaw that the fruits of victory would remain with sectaries and republicans. Pym desired no more than to establish the constitutional government of Lancastrian times, with such democratical development as would agree with the growth of education and the greater maturity of the nation. But *inter arma silent leges*; and the New Model army necessarily obeyed its leaders, and understood in the word 'Settlement,' so loudly and angrily reiterated at Triploe Heath and Westminster, punishment of grand delinquents, destruction of the Church system, confiscation of Royalists' lands, abolition of the House of Lords, radical reform of law; all objects alien to the general sense of Englishmen, and belonging rather to theoretical than practical politics.

The pendulum swung back again, as is always the case in England when extreme measures have prevailed for a time; and neither at the Restoration, nor at the more permanent

* Vol. i. p. 65.

and truer settlement of 1689, was the violent legislation of the Independents confirmed; whilst the solid structure of 1640-42 remained unshaken: for not even James II. succeeded to the full heritage of his father. But for a time it was inevitable that the party of 'thorough' should have their will. Mr. Gardiner well draws out the earlier stages of the contest between Presbyterian and Independent, the last scene of which was the ejection of the Long Parliament by Oliver Cromwell, itself the prelude to a new contest; but the event of which was determined by the passing of the Self-denying Ordinance and the New Model of the Army. The progress of the quarrel is not hard to trace. We begin with an army of apprentices and labourers, commanded by noblemen and gentlemen, no enemies to monarchy, the House of Lords, the Established Church. In three years' time, Essex and Manchester are dismissed, the Parliament's army is composed of 'men of a spirit that was likely to go on as far as gentlemen would go'—an army of enthusiasts (so far, that is, as any army can be more than an orderly mob of rude, ignorant men, capable of discipline and personal devotion, but unable to distinguish more than the roughest outline of politics and religion), led by officers, many of whom had risen from the ranks, and few of whom, if any, were commended by other claims than military services. In 1642, the Presbyterian party is dominant; in 1646, there is no longer any talk of enforcing the Covenant upon all; the question rather is how far the Scots themselves shall be tolerated. In 1642 the House of Lords is a power in the State, and commands are offered to peers as a matter of courtesy, if not of right. In 1646, Cromwell's quarrel with Manchester has made it plain that he at least had no reverence for Lords; the House of Lords has been practically abolished by the Self-denying Ordinance, and the Commons act independently. More than this, the separation of Army and Parliament by the Self-denying Ordinance has clearly pointed out where power resides, and it is but a little way to the coercion of the Presbyterian majority by the Independent minority, backed by the sword out of doors. In 1642, a powerful party, including the generals of the army, are disposed to treat with the King as a man of honour; by 1646, his conduct at Brentford (however unjustly conceived), his long course of intrigue with the Irish Catholics, his attempt to get foreign aid, the discovery of his duplicity by the seizure of his cabinet at Naseby, his intrigues with the Hothams, with Waller, Ogle, Brooke and others, his letters to the Queen, even his treatment of Hopton, Glamorgan, Ormonde, and Montrose; his attempts to play off Presbyterians and Independents against each

each other, had convinced all parties that he was not to be trusted. But in 1646, too, the iron had entered into the souls of the worsted party : their lands were sold, their names blasted ; the days were gone by when brother could write to brother, as the Verneys,* without rancour, though embarking on different sides in the quarrel. Henceforward nothing but conquest of one party by the other could compose the deadly strife.

With the growth of political animosity grew the fury of religious parties. Though the question of religion was not the only motive for making war upon the King, religion soon became and remained the watchword of the Parliamentary party. 'The Cause' was something to live and die for. Nor would it be right to pass over with 'respectful recognition' so great a historical fact as this, that half the English nation came to believe that they were engaged in God's quarrel against the powers of evil ; a belief which led them to see judgments and deliverances in all the incidents of war, and exposed them to the temptation of shaping God's leading after their own wishes. A new *Deus vult* had sounded through the land. As in the times of the Crusades the Church had sanctified bloodshed and baptized into chivalry the fierce passions of Teutonic barbarians, so now the spirit of Joshua and Samson came mightily upon the youth and strength of England, and turned their May-games into psalm-singing and sermons, and their backsword play and quarter-staff into an armed struggle for life and death with tyranny. Among the thousands who fought for the Parliament there were hundreds of men who had engaged personally in a contest with the devil, such as we read of in the early life of Cromwell. If we remember this, we shall understand something of the seriousness which made the Puritans so hard and stern to deal with, inspired their bitter and uncharitable Remonstrances and Declarations, and caused them at last to shed blood like water, and become the destroyers, not only of idolatry and tyranny, but of religion and authority also. It was a time when 'He that is not with us is against us' was the natural spirit of both sides. There was a time when the milder text might have ruled divisions ; but that time had passed when Charles set up his standard at Nottingham. The righteous-minded men who slew Strafford did not know to what goal they were hastening. Digby's noble protest against the injustice of destroying even such a 'beast of prey' as Strafford against the fair rules of the chase was clamoured down in Parliament, and burnt by the common hangman ; those who voted with him were labelled as

* Vol. i. pp. 4-6.

'Straffordians,'

'Straffordians,' 'betrayers of their country,' and with Strafford perished the hope of peace. Grief for the blood of Strafford, and resentment against those who had urged him to shed it, turned Charles I. into the enemy of his country; and thenceforward he had no hope but in the sword.

The spirit of Puritanism, though now opposed to tyranny, was not the spirit of liberty. 'Everywhere was to be seen the pursuit, not of liberty, but of a limiting order.'* Indeed, the idea of liberty of conscience was undeveloped. It did not exist on the Continent, nor had it ever existed in England. As we have said, the Church of England at the Reformation aimed at comprehension, but her practice had upheld discipline rather than liberty. The other religious bodies cared for nothing but orthodoxy; and by restoration of true religion the enthusiasts of the Long Parliament meant not only freedom from Laud's tyranny, but the right to tyrannize over those who agreed with Laud.

'From the Presbyterians who crowded the benches in the Jerusalem Chamber, to the lay preacher who was the oracle of an obscure Separatist congregation, there were few Puritans who did not believe that there was some special plan of doctrine, and some special form of Church Government appointed by Heaven itself, and certain, if it only could obtain its due recognition, to work out the moral and spiritual regeneration of mankind.'

The principle of religious liberty was contained in the idea of comprehension, if comprehension were wide enough. All were agreed that there were essentials and non-essentials; but it was difficult to draw the line, whether for comprehension within or toleration without. Cromwell could write: 'Presbyterians, Independents, all have here the same spirit of faith and prayer, the same presence and answer; . . . and for brethren, in things of the mind we look for no compulsion but that of light and reason.' But who were brethren? Neither Papists nor Prelatists—they might be winked at, but not publicly suffered. To do that would have been to deny the Cause.

Yet better counsels were not wanting even then. As early as 1647, Jeremy Taylor wrote his noble 'Discourse of the Liberty of Propheying,' in which he deals with the double question of Comprehension and Toleration; giving it as his mind that the Apostles' Creed alone should be the standard within the Church, and that outside it, all opinions, even those of Papists and Anabaptists, should be tolerated; provided, that is, that they did not lead to civil disorder or immorality; for

* Vol. i. p. 10.

there, as he plainly said, the magistrate's office begins. 'The Apostles' Creed is as minute an explication of those *prima credibilia* I before reckoned as is necessary to salvation. . . . If this was sufficient to bring men to heaven then (*i.e.* in apostolic times), why not now?' 'To tolerate is, not to persecute, except for civil causes : as an opinion may accidentally disturb the public peace.' But Jeremy Taylor was in advance of his age. The idea of toleration as well as that of comprehension was familiar to Falkland, Chillingworth, and Hales, though not to Hyde, to whom perhaps more than to any one else is due the formation of a Church-and-King party ; to whom certainly more than to any one else is due the settlement of Church affairs at the Restoration. The Church had to rule as well as to teach, and rulers love obedience. To allow dissent outside the Church, and release Englishmen from the ancient obligation of the parochial system, was too high a flight for all but a few philosophers. There never was a time when sects were more numerous, and it seemed like apostasy and anarchy to proclaim that all men might believe as they chose ; that is, go to the devil in their own way.

We must remember also that to establish an ideal Church polity was no work for men who were holding the wolf by the ears, whose lives as well as liberties depended on their carrying out successfully a civil war.

'Under the stress of this danger, Pym threw away one-half of his creed in order to preserve intact the other and the nobler half. It is true that the religion of Falkland and of Jeremy Taylor was as elevated as that of Winthrop and Baxter ; but the pressing question of the day was not whether one belief could subsist side by side with the other, but whether one was to be imposed on the other by the aid of army plots and Irish cessations. Before this danger, Puritanism stiffened itself for the conflict, and it found its leader in Pym.' *

In Pym's view, the Covenant, like President Lincoln's Declaration of Emancipation, was a military engine. It was the price to be paid for the services of the Scottish army ; and the whole history of the Presbyterian and Independent factions till 1647, when the Scots marched over the border leaving the King behind them, is to be looked at in the light of military events, or it will not be understood.

Most students of the history of England in the seventeenth century have been bewildered by the terms Presbyterian and Independent. The general idea is clear : that the Presbyterians wished for a Church Establishment like that of Scotland, and

the Independents for freedom of opinion. But they are puzzled by Milton's 'New Presbyter' and 'Old Priest,' and cannot see what the repressive policy of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate has to do with liberty of prophesying. The clue to the riddle is to be found, in the first place, in the fact that religious liberty in the modern sense was not understood by practical politicians. Jeremy Taylor might praise Gallio for making a clear division between his own duty and the cognizance of other things that 'did appertain to men of the other robe'; but Cromwell and Clarendon alike believed in the distinction of *licitae* and *illicitae religiones*, and did not understand them in the ancient Roman sense, but by the light of the Hebrew prophets and the practice of the Christian Church. In the second place, the whole question of Presbyterianism was complicated by the interference of the Scots in English affairs. The Scots, with their plain logical view of facts, understood that their whole Church system was included in the taking of the Covenant; and they were inclined to presume on the help which they had afforded at a critical moment, and to domineer in ecclesiastical affairs.

The coming of the Scots and the need for their help, the imposition of the Covenant, and the appointment of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, appeared to commit Parliament to the whole Scottish system. But a note of dissent was soon uttered. The five 'Dissentient Ministers' in the Westminster Assembly raised an objection to clerical authority. The opposition to Scottish Presbyterianism was based partly on dislike to Clericalism, partly on a desire for complete religious freedom. The Independent party was composed of sectarians and secularists. The hopes of liberty were with the latter, but the former were the stronger for the moment.

'Men who had struck out for themselves some new theological system, and who had lost all sense of proportion in the intentness of their gaze upon one biblical doctrine or the other, made common cause with men who, like the dissenting brethren, accepted the received theology of the day, but who objected to the imposition even of their own beliefs by an external clerical authority.' *

The people of England, with whom the ultimate decision lay, were not disposed to favour either section of dissentients. True to the national character, they disliked innovation more than intolerance.

'If the Independents had on their side the English dislike of clerical rule, they had against them the English dislike of strange

* Vol. i. p. 307.

opinions. From such opinions they were themselves entirely free. They had no wish to re-baptize infants ; to declaim against the sinfulness of regarding the moral law ; or to deny the divinity of the Saviour. Nevertheless they had to share in the unpopularity of those who did. Many a sober Englishman who had rebelled against the tyranny of Laud refused to allow doctrines to be openly preached which appeared to sap the very foundations of morality as well as of religion. The question of Presbyterianism or Independency would be thrust into the background, and the question of toleration or intoleration would take its place.*

The endurance by the English people of the religious systems prevailing under the Commonwealth, the Protectorate, the Restoration, and the Revolution, tells the same story : that the nation, as a whole, was not keenly interested in ecclesiastical disputes, but that, if they found in the clergy decorous life, decent attention to their duty, and 'godly' preaching, and were not irritated and browbeaten by a dominant and centralized priesthood, the parsons might preach Calvinistic or Arminian doctrine unmolested.

The immediate question which divided Presbyterian and Independent was that of the rights of particular congregations. By the Presbyterian form of Church government, congregations were subordinated to synods, and uniformity was enforced throughout the Church. The Independents wished each congregation to settle its own creed and discipline. Those Independents, who took proposals to the King in 1644, asked for freedom of dissent, and the right to form congregations unconnected with the national Church. Those who put out about the same time the 'Apologetical Narration' asked that coercive jurisdiction should be exercised, not by the Church Assembly, but by the State itself. In this contention lies the principle of Erastianism, the right of the civil community to decide in religious affairs, the right, in short, of the laity to be considered as a part of the Church. The principle of liberty was on the side of the Independents, that of authority on the side of Presbyterianism. No stable Government could be set up without the concurrence of both principles.

It was not wonderful that men of the temper of Hales, Chillingworth, Fuller, and Taylor, men who had the future but not the present in their hands, thought that the ancient Church system had more promise in it than the ills they knew not of, connected with the new opinions, and threw in their lot with the King at Oxford rather than with the Saints at Westminster. The King indeed offered to grant religious liberty even in

* Vol. i. p. 309.

the full sense in which the phrase was understood by the younger Vane*; but less cautious men than Vane might say *timeo Danaos* to such an offer proceeding from such a quarter.

No portion of these volumes is more worthy of study as a piece of sound historical and religious philosophy than those chapters which deal with the question of religious liberty and introduce the figures of Chillingworth, Fuller, Roger Williams, and other far-sighted men, who, though their voices were little heeded at the moment, have yet a message to a world in which power always brings with it the temptation to intolerance.

For the present, the Parliament had to work with such instruments and in such conditions as were ready to hand. The Scots were their brethren in arms and must be humoured.

‘The Parliamentary leaders . . . were more than ever disposed to draw a clear line of demarcation between those who were Puritans and those who were not. If there was to be liberty of conscience at all, they were unanimous in thinking that it must not be granted to the supporters of the Book of Common Prayer. On February 5th (1644), an Ordinance appeared directing that the Covenant should be taken by every Englishman over the age of eighteen; and though no specific penalty was mentioned, the names of all who refused to obey were to be certified to Parliament.’

The imposition of the Covenant was bad policy, in so far as it tended to divide; but the nation was already divided, not into two parties, but into two camps, and for the present ‘Who is on our side?’ was the safest watchword. The dispute with the Scotch would have to be decided at a later day, and it was not long before causes of disagreement showed themselves.

The two nations were not like each other in character or in education. The Lowland Scots were less numerous, more compact, and better organized for common feeling and action than the English. They had learned through the discipline of the Church to throw off the yoke of the nobles, to act together, and to feel the weight of a common interest and a common danger.† Their clear and matter-of-fact understanding and temper, whilst it helped them to combine easily in resistance to government of which they disapproved, made them content to submit to strict discipline, if they thought that discipline founded on justice and the law of God. To the clergy of Scotland—

‘the support of religion was all in all, and, strict as they were in the matter of doctrinal orthodoxy, their strictness was still greater with respect to the observance of the Ten Commandments. They strove

* Vol. i. p. 322.

† Ibid. p. 266.

by means of Church discipline, enforced in the most inquisitorial manner, to bring a whole population under the yoke of the moral law. . . . Severe penalties were inflicted upon those who infringed in the slightest and most innocent manner the rule which guarded the sanctity of the Lord's Day. . . . In the course of a few months no less than thirty unhappy women were burned alive in Fife alone. . . .

'The Scottish clergy were likely to be the last to perceive that what was possible in Scotland was impossible in England, or that a nation whose middle classes had been disciplined under the Tudor monarchy, and had already ceased to feel alarm at the pretensions of the nobility, would never place itself under the Presbyterian system.'*

Cromwell saw it plainly enough; and neither the Covenant nor the nation that introduced it was ever treated by him with much respect. The English were willing to accept the abolition of Episcopacy and the establishment of a Presbyterian ministry; but they would not give up 'that control over the clergy by the laity which had been the most abiding result of the Tudor rule; they would resist to the uttermost the ever-present despotism of the Presbyterian church courts.'† 'The English,' wrote Baillie, 'were for a civil league, we for a religious covenant.'‡

After some dispute, the Covenant was accepted at Westminster in a form of words which bound both parties to the *preservation* of the Church of Scotland and to the *reformation* of the Church of England and Ireland 'according to the word of God and the example of the best reformed Churches;' thus leaving the door open for some liberty of judgment on the part of the English. Without some such proviso the Covenant would not have passed either the English Parliament, or even the Assembly of Divines, strongly Presbyterian in judgment as that body was. Presbyterianism in England did not, as in Scotland, mean the predominance of the clergy. It was to its English supporters 'chiefly an ecclesiastical form of Parliamentaryism, in which the Assembly was to work under the control of the Houses, and the parochial clergy were to work under the control of the lay elders.'§

Every assembly sooner or later breaks into two. The Royalists were gone; those who desired order and disliked experiment took up the cause of Presbyterianism, because it upheld a constituted order and did not open the way to those extravagances of Republicans and religious fanatics, which the bolder reformers did not dread. But it is the party of action

* Vol. i. pp. 265-267.

† Ibid. p. 269.

‡ Ibid. p. 268.

§ Ibid. p. 2.

that

that wins in military affairs. Respect for privilege and things constituted may wreck a cause which is engaged in a military contest, and without the help of the sectaries and revolutionists Charles would never have been conquered :—

‘Nothing can be more fallacious than the popular belief that in times of revolution violent counsels prevail merely because they are violent. In reality they prevail because those who advance them have a keen though limited perception of the conditions under which they are called upon to act. To be moderate, in any real sense of the word, requires the highest powers of the imagination. He who would reconcile adverse parties must possess something more than a love of peace and a contempt of extreme doctrines. He must have a clear and sympathetic perception of that which is best and noblest on either side.’*

True, and such parties as the Girondists and Presbyterians fail by attempting to be moderate at the wrong time. However strong they may be numerically, their strength is to sit still, and they are doomed to failure from the outset, until the crisis of the contest is past and the ‘falsehood of extremes’ has begun to appear. Then it is that moderate counsels prevail again, and are found to be the only permanent foundation of policy. For the present all worked towards the increase of Cromwell’s influence :—

‘Cromwell’s superb presence of mind boded no good to the ascendancy of the Presbyterian leaders : . . . their inability to make war or to conclude peace would before long deliver them over to the man whose capacity for practical action was unrivalled in his generation.’†

Clarendon’s remarks on this subject are well worthy of consideration :—

‘It was a wonderful difference, throughout their proceedings, between the heads of those who were thought to sway the Presbyterian counsels, and those who governed the Independents : . . . the Independents always doing that which, how ill and unjustifiable soever, contributed still to the end they aimed at, and to the conclusion they meant to bring to pass ; whereas the Presbyterians, for the most part, did always somewhat that reasonably must destroy their own end, and cross that which they first and principally designed.’

Clarendon accounts for the difference by the fact that the Presbyterian party was weak in leaders and organization and dependent upon changes of popular sentiment ; whereas the Independents were governed by ‘Cromwell and the few others whom he consulted,’ who ‘first considered what was absolutely necessary to their main and determined end,’ and then by per-

* Vol. i. p. 8.

† Vol. ii. p. 19.

suasion or force gained adherents: 'and as the one resolved only to do what they believed the people would like and approve, and the other, that the people should like and approve what they had resolved.' In a word, the one party had a policy, the other none. Not that Cromwell did not study the mind of the people and guide his actions accordingly, as all popular leaders must do; but he never lost sight of his principal aim, and his alternatives were always ready, and not dependent on the shiftings of the political weathercock.

It was Cromwell's practice to take little notice of the everyday work of Parliament as long as it occupied itself with setting up what was likely to fall of itself. He was never a great lover of Parliaments, and his own appearance in Parliament was always when work was to be done. He was a party man, because party organization brought practical results. He made enemies, because he knew that the surest way of gaining the object of the moment was to give his action a personal colour. At that time he was occupied with the design of finishing the war; and he does not appear to have meddled with the Church Establishment which the Presbyterian party in Parliament were setting up, the enforcement of uniformity, the substitution of a 'Directory' for the Book of Common Prayer, the subordination of parishes to presbyteries, the choice of representatives in the inferior assemblies, and so forth. When the King was beaten, it would be time enough to think of Church government; the issue of this lay in the hands of the thorough-going party; and with them also would remain the fruits of the victory and the final decision in matters of Church as well as of State.

The blow which decided the course of events was struck by the introduction of the Self-denying Ordinance. Till the passing of the Self-denying Ordinance in the winter of 1644-5, the Presbyterian party in the House of Commons and in the army had held the balance even with their adversaries. The passing of that measure, and the creation of the new Model Army, are the turning point of the contest. As the Grand Remonstrance was seen by Cromwell to be the hinge on which turned the question of liberty or tyranny, so in 1644, when the King's party had been proved to be the weaker, but could not be crushed because the strength of the Parliamentarians was crippled by divided counsels and the lukewarmness of their chiefs, Cromwell saw more clearly than any of the other 'Grandeeds,' that the army and the Parliament must act separately, and that the army, not the Parliament, must decide the day. How it came about that the House of
Commons

Commons let slip the control over its military subordinates, and so put power sooner or later into the hands of the Marius or Sulla whom the soldiers would follow; how it came about that the decision of peace or war was referred to the same arbitrament, and with that decision the fate of the Church and Constitution also; how the gentry and nobility in the Parliament of England could consent to the practical abolition of the House of Lords and the restriction of their own powers to little more than those of a Court of Registration—this is a question too complicated and too extensive to be dealt with in the compass of a review. And we must confess some disappointment in reading Mr. Gardiner's account of it. He does not appear to give their due weight to the difficulties besetting the question. Nor do we know where to look for a complete explanation. That it was Cromwell's doing has been generally accepted as a certainty; and Mr. Gardiner's treatment of it, as a thing which was in the air and would have come about sooner or later, does not satisfy us.

As usual, Cromwell began his action by a personal attack. His object was to get rid of Manchester and Essex, to organize an army which could act on equal terms with the Scots ('for whom,' as a contemporary says, 'he had always a perfect contempt'), and not be bound by dependence upon them to impose the Presbyterian yoke upon the godly; to destroy Charles's army, and dictate terms to him without regard to the wishes of nobles and moderates, who would put victories 'into a bag with holes.' Cromwell's attack upon Manchester was based upon his inertness after the second battle of Newbury, but its scope was wider. It was directed against generals whose peerage had been the warrant of their commission. And Manchester's defence was an attack as well:—

'After urging that Cromwell's own position in the army was sufficient evidence that no attempt had been made in it to depress Independents, he held him up to scorn as the despiser of the nobility and the contemptuous assailant of the Assembly of Divines. Cromwell, it seemed, had actually spoken of those reverend gentlemen as persecutors. What was still worse, he had expressed a desire to have an exclusively Independent army, with the help of which he might be enabled to make war upon the Scots if they attempted to impose a dishonourable peace on honest men.'*

About the same time the tendency of affairs was shown by two incidents—a fresh essay on the part of the Presbyterian majority to make terms with the King; and an attempt on the

* Vol. ii. p. 22.

part of the Scots, through their spokesman Lord Loudoun, to fasten the name of 'incendiary' upon Cromwell, and so bring him within the scope of the Covenant, which bound the English Parliament to proceed against persons of that description. The first attack fell through of itself; for Charles, whose favourite policy was to set Independents and Presbyterians by the ears, and win by means of their discord, never succeeded in any of his many plans so completely as in binding his enemies together against himself; and his answer to the Commissioners in consenting to treat was in fact a refusal of all concession. 'There are three things,' he said, 'I will not part with—the Church, my crown, and my friends,' that is, the reformation of religion, the control of the militia, and the punishment of delinquents; the three vital points in the quarrel. The second attack, that of the Scots and their Presbyterian adherents, was more dangerous. If it could not be met, Cromwell's career was ended.

'He was hardly likely to promote military efficiency by bringing about a rupture between the Lords and the Commons, between the English and the Scots, between the Presbyterians and the Independents.'*

Yet this was the very course which he took to clear himself.

We will not enter into a discussion of Cromwell's sincerity and straightforwardness. It was, we believe, his custom to prepare events by means of ministers schooled by himself in those private conversations in the conduct of which he was unrivalled, and not to appear in his own person till the moment when his interposition would be most effective. 'It was not long before an opportunity was given him,' says Mr. Gardiner. It is not improbable that this opportunity was prepared by himself. Zouch Tate, the Chairman of the Committee for Army Reform, though 'a Presbyterian of the narrowest type,' is more likely to have been persuaded before he brought forward his report, than to have been converted in the course of the debate to move the Self-denying Ordinance 'in the sense indicated by Cromwell.'† If the design was Cromwell's, it was clearly good tactics on his part to get it put forward from the other side of the House. It was indeed, as it turned out, a self-destroying Ordinance for the Presbyterian party; and the only chance of carrying it was to give it a neutral colour. If Cromwell or one of his adherents had moved it, it could not have been passed. As it was, it has always seemed to us one of the most remarkable instances to be found in history of the shortsightedness of political parties, and perhaps only to be

* Vol. ii. p. 28.

† Ibid. p. 29.

paralleled by the 'miraculous or semi-miraculous' night of the 4th of August, 1789, when the National Assembly of Versailles abolished all the institutions of France. As for the argument which Mr. Gardiner uses, that for the sake of re-organizing the army, Cromwell was 'prepared to sacrifice, not only his attack upon the commander whom he despised, but even his own unique position in the army,'* we may believe that Cromwell, whose courage was not inferior to his sagacity, knew that the army could not do without him, and trusted to military events to keep him in his place in spite of Parliamentary precedent.

It is hardly credible that Cromwell foresaw all the results of the Self-denying Ordinance. 'No one rises so high as he who knows not whither he is going,' was his own saying.† His power of seeing 'the need of the moment' was that which distinguished him from other men, no less than his choice of means to meet that need and his rapid application of the means chosen, joined to the supreme self-confidence which is one of the essential qualities of a commanding character. Cromwell, like Cæsar, could afford to wait till the occasion came, for he knew that he would not let the occasion slip. At this moment he 'instinctively perceived that the re-organization of the army was the one thing needful. It was no time to be wrangling over the discipline of the Puritan Church, when the very existence of Puritanism was at stake.'‡

We have digressed thus far from the line hitherto followed in these pages, because the Self-denying Ordinance is a main fact in the religious, no less than in the political and military history of the time. The centre of religious movement was henceforward transferred to the army, where Cromwell, 'that darling of the sectaries,'§ was soon to be supreme in power, and where the question of toleration was to be worked out in practical action. That the Presbyterian party had lost their grasp on the sword was shown immediately by the defeat of a motion in Parliament to continue Essex in command.

'A similar fate attended a proposal that no one should be employed who refused to take the Covenant, or to promise submission "to such government and discipline in the Church as shall be settled by both Houses of Parliament upon advice with the Assembly of Divines." Military proficiency was to take precedence of ecclesiastical propriety.'||

For the present both parties were busy in hunting Arch-

* Vol. ii. p. 31.

† Ibid. p. 18

‡ Ibid. p. 19.

§ Ibid. p. 23.

|| Ibid. p. 32.

bishop Laud to death. His real fault was that he had tried to force the consciences of Englishmen into acceptance of an uniform ceremonialism which they believed to be superstitious: it was his meddling and 'réglementation' that had made him odious; the majority of his accusers were committing, to the best of their ability, the same fault, and incurring the same odium, but with the excuse that Genevan discipline was less unpopular than Roman. The charge brought against him was a design to reduce England to the Roman obedience, a charge for which there was not a grain of evidence, and that he was an 'innovator.'

'Yet here, too, his accusers appear to have been no less guilty than himself. What innovation can have been greater than the overthrow of Episcopacy, and the substitution of extempore devotions for the Book of Common Prayer? Yet it is certain that the Presbyterians in Parliament and Assembly would have been the last to admit the charge which, in our eyes, is fatal to their claim to sit in judgment upon Laud. They held that, whilst Laud's changes had been in contradiction with the spirit of the English Church, theirs were no more than the development of its truest life. . . . As one generation had rid itself of the Papacy and the Mass, another generation was ridding itself of Episcopacy and the Prayer-Book. In their eyes, Laud's crime was that he had gone backwards, and their own virtue that they were willing to go forwards.'*

No sentiment of awe or pity interfered with the course of vengeance. Strafford was blasted in the height of his pride, struck down like Milton's Satan (for whom surely he served as the copy), μέγας μεγαλωστί. But Laud had never commanded the reverence of the people. Till his tragical death made him a martyr, his reputation in his own party was rather that of a busy and useful Minister of State than that of a Churchman and Saint. To put Laud to death after he had been imprisoned for four years, 'an old man who, if not innocent, was at least harmless,'† was inhuman. But the opinion of the times did not condemn inhuman penalties; and those who put Laud to death probably looked upon it as a mere act of justice. Something, too, of personal animosity must have been there, to make Parliament hesitate in granting his touching appeal for death by the axe, since his lameness lent additional pain to the torture of the ladder, the rope, and the quartering-block. The Scots, whose influence was just then at its height in the Westminster Assembly, and whom the Independents were not unwilling to humour in such a matter, had even less cause than the English to be merciful to Laud. And Essex's thought may

* Vol. ii. p. 43.

† Ibid. p. 41.

have been present to the minds of some who sat in judgment upon him, 'If the King win, he may hang us all;' and if so, who more likely to be the prompter of Charles's vengeance upon Presbyterian and Independent alike than 'His Little-Grace of Canterbury'? The violence of passion which prompted the persecution of Laud may be set down in part to the stress of party strife. The Commons were not in a temper of mercy, and they wreaked their ill-temper at the same time in the blood of Sir Alexander Carew, and of Sir John Hotham and his son. It was no time to show mercy to the enemies of the Lord, when there was treason in the camp, and danger of the sword falling from the hands of His servants.

The Directory for Public Worship put forth at this time (4th January, 1645) by the authority of Parliament is an instance of the futility of theoretical politics. The Prayer Book has proved, by outliving its detractors, that the outcry against it was not justified by public opinion.

Another instance of playing with politics when realities were being acted with the sword, is to be found in the Treaty of Uxbridge, interesting to the student of ecclesiastical history, though it was barren of practical result, as was sure to be the case with a negotiation which Cromwell did not even honour with a share of his attention. It was an attempt on the part of the Scots and their partisans at Westminster to come to terms with the King, but doomed to failure, since it started by demanding entire submission from a King with a sword in his hands. Among the first propositions brought forward were the establishment of Presbyterianism and the control of the Militia, and these premisses gave little hope of compromise or settlement.

We said above that some of the best and wisest of the clergy had gone over to the King's side. The negotiations* of Uxbridge are memorable if only for this, that they gave an opportunity for the clergy at Oxford to propose terms of composition.

'The result was a joint declaration, which has the merit of containing the first scheme of toleration on a national basis assented to in England by any public body. . . . Episcopacy was to be maintained; but the bishops were not to exercise coercive jurisdiction without the consent of presbyters chosen by the clergy of the diocese. The Book of Common Prayer was to be retained, but subject to such alterations as might be agreed on; and freedom was to be left to all persons of what opinions soever in matters of ceremony. . . . "We think it lawful," they had declared, "that a toleration be given—by suspending the penalties of all laws—both

* That is the meaning of the word 'Treaty' as applied to these proceedings.

to the Presbyterians and Independents." There is evidently here the germ, or more than the germ, of the great policy of 1689. . . . It is to Charles I. and not to the Parliamentarians that the honour belongs of being the first to propound the terms of peace which ultimately closed the strife.*

Neither Independents, for whom it was intended, nor Presbyterians would accept the olive branch. It was not likely that they would. They could not tolerate the 'idolatrous' ceremonies of the Church of England, and they had felt the heavy hand of the Bishops. It is difficult to understand how Charles could have supposed that the men who at the very moment were killing Laud would consent to the re-establishment of the system of which he was the champion. Perhaps it is true that Charles had already resolved to assert his cause either by victory, or by martyrdom, and that the proposals of his Commissioners at Uxbridge were the lowest point to which he could condescend.† And, indeed, the conduct of the negotiation and its result incline us to the opinion that it was not seriously meant by serious politicians as an essay towards peace, but rather as a playground in which to exercise alternative propositions, and try the strength of parties. There is something like a tone of banter in the dialectics of the King's Commissioners, which is strangely incongruous with the bloody war going on in all parts of the kingdom, and the bitterness of political and religious contention at Westminster.

The Uxbridge Treaty, however, had some effect in clearing the air and establishing distinctions. Henceforward it was evident that the King's party would not consent to the abolition of Episcopacy; that the Scots would be content with nothing short of the establishment of their own system in England with all its machinery of Congregational, Classical, and Synodical Assemblies, a system as opposed to religious liberty as that of Laud or Pole; that the English Presbyterians agreed with these two in desiring a National Church, but differed from the Royalists in wishing to subordinate it to Parliament, not to the Royal supremacy, and from the Scots in putting it under the final control of the laity, not of the clergy; that the Independents, the only party who professed to care for liberty of conscience, agreed with the modern school who desire disestablishment and the complete separation of Church and State. These last, however, were not true to their principles, inasmuch as both

* Vol. ii. pp. 71, 72.

† This agrees with Hyde's statement, vol. ii. p. 497: 'Truly I would not buy a peace at a dearer price than was offered at Uxbridge.' Hyde, it must be remembered, was Charles's chief counsellor there.

on religious and political grounds they refused to tolerate Catholicism and Episcopalianism.

It would be tedious and unnecessary to follow the windings and turnings of the various parties in and out of Parliament in 1645 and 1646. The Scots with their belief in the Covenant, and their sense that a Church established on the Scottish model would be a cause of strength to their nation in the Union which they knew must come sooner or later; the City of London with that love of order in Church and State which is natural to a wealthy commercial body, its dislike of novelties, and its jealousy of Parliament, too near a neighbour; the Presbyterians in Parliament, half willing to give up Erastianism to please the Scots, half afraid of religious innovations and the extravagance of sectaries; the King with his hundred schemes and his sanguine belief that he would divide his enemies and rule by division; all then worked to the same end, that the war party had it their own way in all essential matters. And when the time came for Cromwell to feel himself at the head of the army, and give the law to Parliament, he found no serious obstacle to his power. Thus it came about that Presbyterianism was established with little relief as yet for weak consciences, but with safeguards against Clericalism. The dominant party, contented with getting the control of the war and money to carry it on, allowed the Scots and Presbyterians to amuse themselves with religious reform, until the conclusion of the war should set their hands free to deal with other problems.

Mr. Gardiner's second volume leaves us at this point, and we will not enter into the interesting and complicated events of the years 1647-1649. It is not probable that Cromwell already contemplated putting force upon the Parliament, in order to put the King to death; but it must have been among the possible courses of action which he foresaw, and the appearance of authority granted to the Presbyterian party made them more difficult to deal with by peaceful means at the critical moment, than if they had been kept under stricter discipline during the latter years of the War. By this time a Presbyterian organization had taken the place of the regular system of the English Church, which, though incomplete, was sufficiently strong to be respected by Cromwell, and held its ground throughout the Protectorate.

With all his genius, Cromwell lacked one element of wisdom. He never learnt, what the Tudors knew so well, to understand what the English people could endure permanently. He mistook obedience for consent, and therefore his work was not permanent. He could meet the need of the moment, but he
could

could not work for posterity. He could abolish abuses, but he could not establish institutions. And so, though Independency triumphed with him, the system of the future was with the Royalists and Presbyterians.

It is easy now—it was not easy then—to see that the natural course of events, when the issue of the war should have declared for the establishment of a limited monarchy, was in the direction of an Established Church, whether Episcopalian or Presbyterian. The nation did not love religious anarchy, nor feel itself secured against dangerous innovations, if the bonds of discipline were relaxed. And by discipline they understood the action of the Law of England, with a reference to the common sense of the nation in Parliament. The effect of the Commonwealth government was to draw Episcopalians and Presbyterians together; not that their Church principles were in agreement, but because moderate men of all opinions abhorred arbitrary government; it was this growing agreement which was the principal danger that threatened the Protector's government, upset one Parliament after another, and in the event caused the Restoration. Charles II. was restored, not by the Churchmen alone, but by the Presbyterians also, that is, the moderate men of all classes; and it was both a breach of faith on his part, and a disastrous policy, to imitate Whitgift's action and repeat the errors of Laud. No greater calamity ever befell the Church and Commonwealth of England than the election of the 'Cavalier' Parliament of 1661. The re-establishment of prerogative led the way to the tyranny of James II., prepared by twenty-five years of that most insidious form of corruption, the unrestrained authority of a popular king; for Charles II., like Edward IV., understood how to veil absolutism under a frank and genial behaviour; the enactment of penal laws against sectarians re-established Dissent and gave it growing power in the nation. Hyde is a statesman whose English independence and high sense of honour claim our respect. But he was an evil counsellor to the Church of England; and though the system which he re-introduced into England was that which he sincerely believed to be the best, he shares with his master the imputation of bad faith towards the majority of the middle class, without whose help the Restoration would not have taken place.

Presbyterianism had had its day, and was not suited to the English character; and the temper of the nation was not moderate or wise enough to endure complete liberty of conscience. A moderate restoration of the Church of England was what was desired by the mass of Englishmen.

• Little

'Little as there was of genial statesmanship in Hyde, . . . he nevertheless represented, as far as religion was concerned, the only living force with which Cromwell had seriously to count. . . . Hyde stood firmly upon the ground of a sentiment which would one day, through the errors of his antagonists, gain a hold upon the nation, and he knew how to bide his time till the nation was ready to declare in his favour. It was not Puritanism, but the very opposite of Puritanism, which held the main current of the thought of the seventeenth century. Cromwell, mighty as he was, could but draw back that current for a time; and when he had done his utmost, he would have toiled only that Hyde might step into his place.*'

No class of religious writers have deserved better of the Church than the school of Caroline divines and their successors. In their learning, their eloquence, their sincerity, and their practical intelligence they are the true followers of Hooker. Evangelicalism, without the sobriety which is one of the characteristics of an established clergy, might have fostered a more ardent, but hardly a more spiritual religion. We may mourn over the social and theological exclusiveness which shut the door in the face of the Presbyterian party at the Restoration, and blame the sycophancy and folly of the Cavaliers of 1661. But we must not forget that the Great Civil War was like the Plague of the Firstborn. There was not a house in England which had not felt the stroke. Thousands had perished; thousands more were ruined in health by hard service, loss of limbs, disease of dungeons. A great portion of the lands and houses in the country had been violently transferred from one party to the other; the whole realm was impoverished by the cost of war and the decay of trade. Churches and colleges, schools and hospitals, halls and cottages, had been ruined and defaced. Brothers had fought against brothers, and children against parents. Walker's '*Sufferings of the Clergy*' may be written in a partisan spirit, but it contains the record of the ruin of many happy and harmless homes, and the change at the Restoration, as described by Calamy, produced scarcely less misery. It was impossible that the events of half a century of bloodshed and cruel strife should not have left a bitterness of spirit in which the pride of victory was sullied by the desire of revenge. It is to the credit of the English nation, that its natural kindness prevailed over inhumanity, and that all was forgiven and forgotten by the time that the last Stuart Sovereign united Scotland and England in a single interest and a common glory.

* Vol. ii. p. 497.

- ART. IX.—1. *Report of the Council of the Zoological Society of London for the Year 1887.*
2. *Guide to the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London.* By Philip Lutley Sclater, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., &c. 1888. Forty-second edition.
3. *List of the Vertebrated Animals now or lately living in the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London.* By Philip Lutley Sclater, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., &c. Eighth edition.
4. *Guide to the Calcutta Zoological Gardens.* By Dr. John Anderson, F.R.S. Calcutta, 1883.
5. *Life of Frank Buckland.* By G. C. Bompas. London, 1885.
6. *The Senses of Animals.* By Sir John Lubbock. London, 1888.

THE earliest records of the Zoological Society show that certain members of the Linnean Society, with Sir Stamford Raffles as their leader, formed a special Zoological Club in 1823, and got together a valuable collection of wild animals, which presently led to the grant of a Royal Charter of Incorporation to the Zoological Society in 1829. The Gardens had been already opened to the public in 1828, and in that year they received 98,605 visitors. The charge for admission was at first half-a-crown, for both adults and children, so that some idea may be formed of the favour with which the institution was received by the fashionable world, especially if we consider the population of London in those days, and the difficulty of travelling up from the country in the pre-railway era. The number of visitors went on increasing till it reached 262,193 in 1831, after which date there was a slight reaction. When the Zoological Society was founded, no slight enthusiasm was displayed by the candidates for membership. One of the earliest printed lists of members shows that in 1829 there were 1294 ordinary fellows, and 40 honorary and corresponding members. The number of fellows rose gradually till it reached 3412 in 1878, but from that date there has been a falling off, so that there were only 3104 names on the rolls in December 1887. It is not within our power to account for this diminution of support and patronage. Fashion changes; and even wealthy people cavil at moderate entrance-fees and annual subscriptions. If it were not for the occasional craving on the part of society to go to the Zoological Gardens on a fine Sunday afternoon, perhaps the privilege of being a Fellow might not be so much sought for. Fortunately there are always enthusiastic and learned men forthcoming, who join the Society for the sake of its scientific advantages at its periodical meetings, as much as for

for the privilege of entering the Gardens at all times with their friends.

Upwards of fifty years ago there was published in the 56th volume of the 'Quarterly Review' an article on the Zoological Gardens, which were then in the full swing of their popularity. We learn that 'on every Sunday afternoon, Monkey Green, or the lawn in front of the Monkey Palace, was covered with England's richest beauty.' The Gardens had been skilfully laid out by Mr. Sabine, and were bright with flowering shrubs and plants. A fine view of the Regent's Park, which had been but recently opened to the public, could be obtained from the terrace promenade of the Zoological Gardens. Although the collection of animals and birds was small, they were sufficiently numerous to excite wonder and curiosity. The lions and the tigers were greatly admired, although the poor creatures were often sickly, and suffering from injudicious feeding and from insufficient shelter. The elephant was then a rare beast in England. The lady visitors were warned 'to be careful that it did not eat their Leghorn straw bonnets,' and they were cautioned not to pat it with their gloved hand, as its brittle skin was daily lubricated with oil. When the visitors wished to feed the animals, they were requested to patronize the old women, who were specially licensed to perambulate the Gardens, selling apples and nuts and oranges; and apparently out of deference to the Sabbatical views which then prevailed under the teaching of Sir Andrew Agnew, it was thought expedient not to allow the large animals in the Zoological Gardens to have any food on Sunday.

The information given by the Reviewer in 1836 may serve as a convenient basis of comparison of the past with the present condition of the Gardens. There has necessarily been much progress in the course of fifty years, and the collection, which only numbered about 1000 specimens in 1836, contained at the close of 1887, 2525 animals of the first three classes of Vertebrates, namely 735 quadrupeds, 1331 birds, and 459 reptiles. The area now occupied is larger than it was in 1834, when a survey and plan were prepared, showing the extent of the Gardens and the sites of the different buildings, so that we are able to compare the old plan with the new map of the Gardens that is to be found in the guide book, which is annually published. The original area was only five acres, the rental being 140*l.*; but in the course of a few years another ten acres were leased at a corresponding rental, from the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. Subsequently the strip of land on the north side of the Regent's Park Road was obtained, so that the total

area is now about twenty acres. But, by a strange perversity, the land granted by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests was subjected to conditions which were very adverse to the early prosperity of the Gardens. The Commissioners required that all the designs and plans for new buildings should be submitted for their approval. It was stipulated in the lease that no permanent buildings above eight feet in height should be erected on the southern part of the ground; and some temporary wooden sheds, which had been built to shelter the ruminants in their paddocks, were objected to and pulled down. A long correspondence ensued when the Society wanted to put up 'a hare-proof fence' to separate their grounds from the Regent's Park. It seems that the Regent's Park then abounded with hares, which came to eat the plants and flowers in the Gardens. It was about this period that Lord Malmesbury recorded in his diary that he shot pheasants in the Regent's Park. Subsequently the relations between the Woods and Forests and the Society were improved, when a judicious member of the Zoological Council supplied an influential friend in the Woods and Forests with some rare aquatic birds for the ornamental waters in St. James's Park.

The alterations in the buildings of the Gardens have been so extensive during the last fifty years, that almost the only point left for identification is to be found in the raised terrace which leads from the main entrance in the Regent's Park Road to the centre of the grounds. The bear-pit is still in its old position near the end of this terrace, and, as the Reviewer wrote in 1836, 'one crafty aspirant, at the head of the pole, enjoys a monopoly of the good things which it is in the power of a generous public to bestow.' Bears and politicians appear to be still actuated by similar motives. But when we come to the end of the terrace, almost all identity between the past and present is lost. The grassy slope with which the terrace ended, has given place to a well-worn flight of stone stairs. Some of the pools of water where the aquatic birds were then kept have been filled up, whilst others have been altered or enlarged as occasion required. *Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis*, has been the progressive rule of the Society's managers and advisers, and the time is still remote when there will not be room for many further improvements.

The dwellings of the Carnivora afford one of the best illustrations of the progressive policy that has been pursued. At first the lions and the tigers were kept in the small building which did not exceed the prescribed height of eight feet, on the high ground near the spot where the kangaroos and Sally the Chimpanzee

Chimpanzee now dwell. The building was low and damp, and ill-warmed. The poor beasts died of various diseases, though of one it is recorded that it died of over-feeding, the carcase when opened by the Prosector being 'as fat as a Christmas bullock.' After a while a new house was provided for the Carnivora near the site of the present band-stand. But this was also found to be too low and damp, the London clay soil being very unfavourable to the health of beasts accustomed to dry and sandy countries. Then a marked improvement was effected by providing dens under the terrace, on the south and sunny side, and for many years the lions and tigers were kept in these abodes, although, as a fact, they were always much too small, and too cold for them in winter.

At length, in 1876, the present magnificent building, known as the lion-house, was completed, and the lions and tigers were transferred to it. This is one of the finest and best arranged houses that have ever been constructed for the use of wild animals that come from a warm climate. The general temperature of the building can be maintained at a height suited to the requirements of the animals; whilst the warmth can be increased if necessary in their sleeping compartments. There is an admirable arrangement by which the wild beasts can be let out into the large open iron-framed cages on the north side of the building. Through the passage behind the dens there runs a raised tramway, along which an iron case or box, with doors at each end of it, can travel, so as to form a tunnel over the passage, to enable any animal to pass from its ordinary den into the open compartment outside. This tunnel-case can be moved along the tramway from den to den as occasion requires. The chief difficulty lies in giving a lion or tiger his first lesson in the use of the tunnel. At first he fears a trap or some unknown danger; but when he has at last quietly stolen out into the open air, which seems to provide a chance of escape, though he may find his expectation of escaping frustrated, he soon learns the pleasure of the greater liberty and space afforded him, and he rolls on the ground in happiness, or stretches himself up against a tree on which he cleans and sharpens his claws. He may sometimes be seen intently staring at some distant object. He has caught sight of a deer or an eland, and his natural love of the chase revives, though he takes little notice of the numerous human beings surrounding the cage. What can be more beautiful than the pumas in the graceful positions which they assume in these open compartments—sometimes lying out on the branch of a tree so as to be almost invisible to the careless spectator, whilst others gambol together just like kittens?

kittens? Even the tigers, which are too often morose and ill at ease in their inside cages, seem to recover their spirits when they find the comparative liberty of the open-air compartment. We are assured that in the new lion-house the health of the animals has greatly improved. Although they are now fed on Sunday, and on every day of the week, their diet is limited so that they can easily digest their food. The old jaguar, presented many years ago by Lady Florence Dixie, looks so fat that he can hardly waddle about his cage; but he seems to be none the worse for it. What a difference his clumsy form presents to that of the pumas, or of the graceful leopards in the adjoining cages! Still more marked is the contrast with the beautiful creature popularly known as the cheeta, or Indian hunting leopard, although in its physical structure it much more resembles a greyhound than a common leopard.

As we have already inspected the lion-house, let us go to the new reptile-house. Amongst the many modern additions which have been made to the buildings, the most perfect is the new reptile-house, which was only opened to the public in 1883-4. Up to that time it was almost a mockery to say that snakes were exhibited in the Gardens. The collection of snakes was kept in glass cases in a small room, but the spectator could seldom see anything save the dirty blankets or the straw, under which the snakes concealed themselves, partly for the sake of warmth, and partly to avoid the public gaze. Now everything is changed for the better. In a large and well-lighted hall, that can be kept at a high temperature, the snakes are arranged in glass cases, or compartments, suitable to the size and number of the occupants. Each case is so contrived that the thermometer, hung inside, shows a temperature specially suited to the requirements and nature of the particular snake exhibited. There may be a difference of several degrees between the temperature of two adjoining compartments. The result is that the snakes need no blankets or covering to keep them warm. They are always visible, and they seem both healthy and happy, after the manner of snakes. For those serpents which delight in water, large glass troughs full of water are provided, and they show their appreciation and enjoyment of their baths, in which their bright clean skins shine with a special lustre. In other compartments the trunks of trees are placed, and if you cannot see the snake on the ground you may look up and find him coiled on the first projecting branch of the tree. Out of deference to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the public are not allowed to see the snakes fed; but in order to keep them alive
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and in health, it is necessary that they should be supplied with the small live creatures, such as rats and mice and birds and frogs, which are their natural food. It is probably well known that snakes are fond of music. Most people have heard of the Indian snake-charmers. On this point the reader may judge for himself. If he goes to the snake-house very early, before many other persons have arrived there, and plays to the cobras in their cages, on the sort of clarionet which the snake-charmers use, some of the snakes will raise themselves up and listen with evident pleasure, though they may not actually dance to his piping. But when a crowd begins to assemble, the snakes will become shy and alarmed, and will no longer heed the voice of the charmer.

In the same building with the snakes there will be found a large collection of alligators and crocodiles. Probably most people know that crocodiles belong to the Old World, whereas alligators come chiefly from the New World. According to scientific definition, crocodiles are distinguished from alligators by the mode in which the first or canine tooth and the fourth tooth of the lower jaw fit into the upper jaw. Doubtless this is an important scientific difference, but it will hardly be noticed by the unfortunate person who falls into the jaws of an alligator or a crocodile. The spectator, who sees the ugly monsters lying in the basins or tanks in the reptile-house, will perhaps be tempted to look into their mouths; and some of them are so young and small that it might almost be done with impunity. But even a tiny alligator, such as is sold for a few pence in the streets of Calcutta, is a snappish animal and is best left alone. In the reptile-house there is also an interesting collection of lizards which the learned call *Sauria*. Many of these are repulsive in appearance, but some of the ugliest are eaten with gusto by the natives of the countries to which they belong. In the outer vestibule of this building the visitor will find some beautiful specimens of frogs and toads. It may be objected that there is no beauty in frogs or toads, but that is unquestionably a matter of opinion; and let the visitor hesitate to form his opinion too hastily until he has seen what exquisite colours and patterns nature has lavished on the skins of some of the frogs, and what splendid jewels glitter in the eyes of many of the ungainly-looking toads.

We must pass on hastily by the numerous temptations which beset us to linger among the deer, and the pheasants, and in the aquarium, so that we may go through the tunnel, which runs under the Regent's Park Road, turning aside to the right at the invitation of Sally, the black chimpanzee, whose portrait, affixed

affixed to a tree, requests us to visit her reception-room. Sally is a general favourite, and her keeper has trained her to go through a series of amusing performances which display her intelligence. Sir John Lubbock will doubtless be glad to hear that she is said to be able to count numbers up to five already. But the atmosphere of Sally's apartment is not pleasant; and resisting the attractions of the armadillos, and the great anteater, with its long snout and enormous bushy tail, we emerge into the open air, to be confronted by the kangaroos and the wallabys, which seem to live happily and to thrive in a state of confinement. In writing of kangaroos in the present age it is usual to look forward to their extermination, on account of the enmity which exists between them and the Australian squatter. But their strange anatomical structure and their peculiar movements can never cease to excite the wonder of the multitude and the admiration of the scientific world.

It will hardly be prudent for the visitor to enter the parrot-house, although the building contains, according to Mr. Sclater's guide-book, 'a remarkably rich collection of parrots which will bear comparison with any in Europe.' He says that there are nearly ninety species represented; and the oldest bird, a Vasa parrot from Madagascar, was presented by Mr. Charles Telfner in July 1830. There are many other beautiful birds, particularly the toucans, in this house. But the noise that goes on is perfectly deafening. As a fact there is not sufficient room in this house for all the birds; and the managers of the Gardens are doubtless desirous that a much larger building should be provided whenever their funds will afford it. It is practically an injustice to many of the birds that they should not be kept in larger cages and in a more suitable dwelling, for which the Jardin d'Acclimatation in Paris presents such a good model. There are hundreds of beautiful small birds, to which it is hardly possible for the visitor to pay due attention, when his ears are ringing with the cries and screams of the cockatoos and macaws and parrots.

One of the most favourite places of resort is the elephant-house, in which there are two Indian elephants and three African elephants, and several specimens of the different kinds of rhinoceros. When the Gardens were established, there was but one elephant, and only one live rhinoceros had then been obtained by the Society. An elephant was at that time quite uncommon in England; but now the public are more familiar with them, and are beginning to learn how to distinguish the difference between the Indian and African species. According to Mr. Sclater's guide-book, the African elephant is usually larger

larger than the Asiatic species. The head is rounded; the front is convex instead of concave; the ears are much larger, and the general physiognomy is quite different. He adds that 'the African elephant is not now known to be used in a tamed state, although there is no doubt that the Carthaginians availed themselves of the services of this species in former days.' In Livy's description of the crossing of the Rhone by the elephants attached to Hannibal's army, it has been a puzzle to many old Indian officers why he should have been at such infinite trouble to construct timber-rafts to carry the animals across, instead of letting them swim the river. In India, an elephant will not hesitate to swim across the stream of the Berhampooter, which is several miles wider and deeper and more dangerous than the Rhone. It is probable that the African elephant is less manageable, because his ears are so shaped and placed that there is no room for the mahout to sit on his neck behind them, and guide and urge him on. A good mahout, on the neck of an Indian elephant, can make the animal do almost everything he wishes. The fate of the African elephant seems to be rather doubtful in the future. Professor Drummond suggests that the African slave-trade will never cease until the race of elephants with their precious ivory is exterminated. On the other hand, Herr J. Menges, in a recent number of the '*Mittheilungen*,' has again raised the question of utilizing the African elephant, partly because it was successfully tamed and employed in ancient times, and partly because he believes it to be much stronger than the Indian elephant and not less docile.

There are four different species of rhinoceros represented in the same house with the elephants, and this collection is probably unrivalled in any other country. The Indian specimen, with its thick skin lying in massive folds or shields, which protect the vulnerable parts of its body, is the largest and most unwieldy, and it certainly looks dangerous; but Mr. Sclater writes that it is purely herbivorous and quite inoffensive in a state of nature unless attacked. There was a young rhinoceros of this species in the Calcutta Zoological Gardens, on which its keeper used to ride for the amusement of the visitors; but it is hardly probable that English children will be inclined to ask for a ride on the rhinoceros in the Regent's Park. The hippopotamus is not at first sight very unlike the rhinoceros, and a great many of the country visitors are apt to mistake the one for the other. The hippopotamus is the greatest favourite with the public, who delight in watching him, and in tossing bits of bun and fruit into his ungainly mouth as he stands with it wide open against the iron railings of the enclosure in which he takes
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his bath. Mr. Sclater writes that 'the flesh of the hippopotamus is delicate and succulent, the layer of fat next the skin making excellent bacon, which is much in favour at the Cape of Good Hope.' But this unwieldy and sluggish-looking animal is not wanting in activity and fierceness. In the Life of Frank Buckland there is an amusing anecdote how Obash, the first hippopotamus exhibited at the Gardens, managed to get loose:—

'He refused to return to his den, and was deaf to the blandishments of his own keeper. There was a man named Scott (the attendant on the elephant Jumbo) whom Obash hated, and ran at him whenever he came in sight. "Scott," said Mr. Bartlett, putting a bank-note in his hand, "throw open the paddock gate, and then show yourself to Obash at the end of the path, and run for it." Scott looked at the note, and then through the trees at the beast, and going into the middle of the path, shouted defiantly at Obash. "Ugh!" roared the beast viciously, and, wheeling his huge carcase suddenly round, rushed with surprising swiftness after him. Scott ran for his life, with the hippopotamus roaring at his heels, into the paddock and over the palings, Obash close to his coat-tails. Bang slammed the gate, and the monster was caged again. Just then up drove a cab with a newspaper reporter. "I hear," he said, "the hippopotamus is loose." "Oh dear, no," innocently replied Mr. Bartlett, "he is safe in his den. Come and see him!"'

There is yet another unpretentious-looking building to which we shall turn our steps. This is called the Insectarium, and it is situated on the north bank of the Regent's Park Canal, so that it sometimes escapes the notice of visitors. It is arranged, Mr. Sclater tells us, 'for the exhibition of living examples of insects, spiders, Myriapods, Land Crustaceans, and other terrestrial invertebrated animals.' To many people the contents of this new house will probably be of surpassing interest; and we regret that we have not space to linger over the beautiful specimens exhibited.

As the visitor returns towards the main entrance of the Gardens, he should not fail to notice an improvement which is described by Mr. Sclater in his last Report in the following terms:

'A second noteworthy addition to the buildings in the Gardens during the past year is the New Aviary for flying birds, which has been erected on the water-fowls' lawn opposite the Eastern Aviary. The object of it is to enclose a space so large and high that the birds which inhabit it may be induced to use their wings and to lead a more natural life and show off their habits better than they can be expected to do in ordinary aviaries. It encloses a pond and a number of trees and shrubs, in which it is hoped that the tenants may be induced to build their nests. Although the birds were not placed in
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it until the month of June last, a pair of ibises made a nest in one of the trees and successfully reared two young birds.'

Before quitting the Gardens we must pause for a moment at the Monkey-House, which is almost invariably the favourite resort for children. The building which was called the 'Monkey Palace' in 1836 was found insufficient, and was superseded in 1840 by a new Monkey-House, of which the Council then wrote with great satisfaction. But, as time went on, this new building was in its turn condemned as 'perhaps the most defective portion of the Society's Garden,' and in 1864 it was determined to erect a new Monkey-House, of which Professor Flower writes as 'the present light and comparatively airy and spacious building, the superiority of which over the old one in every respect is incontestable.' Nevertheless we would venture to point out to the managers of the gardens, that this new house is by no means adequate to the true requirements of their large collection of monkeys. Even in the central cages, the monkeys of different kinds are too much mixed up and crowded; whilst we desire to protest against the insufficient space given in the boxes, or cages along the walls, where the most beautiful and rarer species, such as the Diana and the Moustache monkey, are confined. Many visitors do not see them, and pass along with their backs to them. The graceful lemurs are similarly placed against the wall; whereas they almost deserve to have a house to themselves. As soon as the funds of the Society permit it, let it be hoped that another large monkey-house will be provided, for both the health and comfort of the monkeys, and for the convenience of the spectators. In the present crowded state of the passages, hardly a day passes without a lady having her bonnet seized by the projecting paw of some hungry monkey. Moreover the flying foxes or fruit-bats, and some of their congeners, are now crowded into the Monkey-House for the sake of its warmth. The flying-fox ought certainly to be shown prominently to the public as an example of natural intemperate habits; for it is asserted on high authority by Dr. John Anderson, in his *Guide to the Calcutta Zoological Gardens*, 'that in India the flying foxes often pass the night drinking the toddy from the earthen pots into which the tapped juice of the date-tree runs, the result being that they either return home in the early morning in a state of riotous intoxication, or they are found lying at the foot of the trees sleeping off the effects of the midnight debauch.' There is hardly any other creature that we know of which thus deliberately intoxicates itself. But
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what is to be expected from an animal which, when sober, holds on to the branch of a tree by the claws of its hind feet, and hangs with its head downwards, passing the greater part of its life in this anomalous position?

Bidding a lingering adieu to the Gardens and the animals, we may now turn to the question of their management and maintenance. It will be readily understood that much care and a large expenditure are required to keep up the Institution in a manner worthy of its reputation. First, the stock of wild animals has to be maintained; and whenever an opportunity occurs of adding something new to the collection, the opportunity must not be allowed to pass. Secondly, there is the cost of supervision and watching the animals; and thirdly, there is the highly important matter of feeding them.

It has been already mentioned that the number of animals belonging to the first three classes of Vertebrates at the close of 1887 was 2525. Few people have any idea of the constant waste of life that is going on among the animals, from year to year, from various causes. It is reported that in 1887 the deaths numbered 925—which was considered rather a favourable return, as there was a decrease of 152 as compared with the previous year. These high figures are rather appalling; but fortunately the deaths amongst the more important animals are comparatively few, and the total is swelled by the number of small creatures, such as birds and frogs and lizards, which are taken ill and die almost before their illness can be noticed. Nevertheless, it is somewhat grievous to read that in the year 1887 the Society lost a sea-lion, one of the last survivors of the group of sea-lions, which with their old keeper Lecomte used to be such favourites with the public. An African lion, which had been nine years in the Gardens, died of peritonitis. Two Hoffmann's sloths, which had lived for eleven years in captivity, died, one of them seemingly from grief at the loss of its companion. Two valuable camels, and two of Michie's rare tufted deer, also perished. Last, but not least, must be mentioned the young gorilla. This rare and interesting animal was bought on the 24th of October, and only lived till the 9th of December, having never been in really good health in captivity. The body was purchased by the Royal College of Surgeons. If the animals could only appreciate the honour, it might be some consolation to them to know that even in death many of them are not forgotten. Some of them contribute to the advance of science, especially of comparative anatomy in the hands of the Prosector of the Gardens; whilst a considerable number obtain a dismal sort of immortality by being stuffed

stuffed and set up as specimens on the shelves of the Natural History Museum.

In order to replace the losses incurred by death, the Society are ever on the watch to recruit their forces; and in this matter they are, as will be seen, handsomely supported by the public. In 1887 there were 1135 new animals added to the collection, of which 600 were presented, and 135 were deposited, deposits usually resulting in presentation; 138 animals were bred in the Gardens, and 86 were obtained in exchange; whilst the remainder (176) were purchased. It is rather a ticklish business to buy new wild animals. The professional dealers are compelled to ask large prices for their own protection, as they sometimes suffer heavy losses from the deaths of the rarer animals, which they must either buy on the spot, or miss their chance of the bargain. In the year 1887, the Society spent 961*l.* on the cost and carriage of the 176 new animals which they bought. The young gorilla was purchased cheaply for 150*l.*, but it was in doubtful health, and the vendor was probably glad to get rid of it. An aye-aye, a very rare animal from Madagascar, was bought for only 10*l.* The total value of the animals living in the menagerie is estimated at 26,000*l.* in round numbers. This is only a rough estimate, for as the Superintendent, who made it, remarks, the value of each animal may change, according to its age and health, and other conditions. The estimate was made on the contents of each house, and is altogether very moderate. For instance, the inhabitants of the elephant house are set down at 8000*l.*, whereas one of the rhinoceros was bought for 1250*l.*, and the others are scarcely of less value. In America twenty thousand dollars were paid, not long ago, for a rhinoceros; and it will be remembered that Mr. Barnum paid 2000*l.* for the elephant Jumbo. A Fisk's snake, which is new to science, and a new narrow-headed toad (*Bufo angusticeps*) from South Africa, were presented to the Society in 1887, and also a tooth-billed pigeon from the Samoan Islands, a specimen of a race now nearly extinct. Who will undertake to say at what fancy prices these rare creatures should be estimated? On the other hand, some people may be surprised to learn that lions are cheaper than tigers. A well-grown lion may be worth 100*l.*, but a healthy adult tiger is worth more than double that sum.

The permanent staff of the Gardens for the care of this valuable collection costs about 4000*l.* a year, and consists of thirty-five men. The Resident Superintendent is the deservedly-popular Mr. Bartlett, with his son as his assistant. In addition to the permanent

permanent staff, a large temporary establishment has to be maintained whose number sometimes amounts to forty, though it varies according to the season of the year. The flower gardens, which are laid out so skilfully, require a large staff of working gardeners, and add greatly to the attraction of the place.

When we come to examine the details of expenditure in feeding the animals, it will be seen that their wants and tastes differ very materially, so that Mr. Bartlett, the Superintendent, has to provide a very varied and comprehensive *menu*. It is rather instructive to consider that one of the daily items consists of 100 lbs. of fresh whiting; whilst the number of mealworms required for the birds, and some other creatures, is counted in many thousands daily. The cost of feeding an elephant in captivity in England differs considerably from the cost incurred in India, where it sometimes lives entirely on coarse grass, carving its own food, as it wanders about in a watery marsh full of its favourite pasture. It is stated in the French work, '*La Ménagerie du Muséum National d'Histoire Naturelle*,' published at Paris in 1801, that the elephant, which was kept at Versailles at the end of the seventeenth century, had a daily assignment from the Royal Treasury of eighty loaves of white bread, one dozen bottles of wine, two buckets of gravy soup, two buckets of boiled rice, and one truss of straw. The writer adds, that 'elephants are very fond of spirituous liquors, which are given to incite them to make their greatest efforts.' Mr. Bartlett, of the Zoological Gardens, has kindly supplied us with a rough estimate of the food of some of the large animals under his care. The daily provision for a full-grown elephant is calculated by him at about 150 lbs. altogether in weight, consisting of hay and straw, roots, rice, bread, and biscuit; but no soup or wine is found necessary in England. The food of the hippopotamus is estimated by the same authority to be about 200 lbs. a day in weight, and consists chiefly of hay, grass, and roots. Judging from the comparative bulk of the animals, it may appear strange that a hippopotamus should require more food than an elephant. The daily provender of a giraffe weighs about fifty pounds. It is a rather dainty-feeding animal, and prefers clover, chaff, bran and oats and green food in summer. The lions and tigers obtain eight or nine pounds of meat per diem. This is usually horse-flesh, as there is a constant supply of carcasses of horses to be bought at a cheap rate. The following figures represent the sums paid in the year 1887, for each of the principal items that constituted the food of the animals during the year.

Horse

	£		£
Horse-flesh	265	Corn	236
Goat-flesh	95	Biscuit	165
Live fish	128	Oats	128
Dead fish	488	Bran	162
Insects, worms, &c. ..	184	Maize and rice	100
Fruit and vegetables	233	Hay	642
Potatoes and roots ..	70	Clover	603
Eggs	85	Nuts	35
Bread	130	Chaff	30
Groceries	22		

There are a few other articles which are classed as Miscellaneous, whilst the Gardens themselves supply several small items, such as the surplus guinea-pigs, or the young sparrows, which are hatched in nests that the old birds imprudently build on the premises. There is scarcely an animal in the Gardens that is not ready to catch the live sparrows that audaciously enter their cages. A lion has been seen to seize and swallow an impudent sparrow that was pecking at the bones in his den. As to the jackals and foxes, they make very short work with any bird that has trespassed in their cages; whilst the monkeys are still more excited when they catch a victim, and, with the inherent cruelty of their race, they usually torture the miserable bird by pulling out its feathers before they bite its head off.

We will conclude with a few words on the important question whether wild animals can be made really happier in confinement than they were in a state of nature. One great difficulty in determining this point arises from our comparative ignorance of the habits of animals in their wild state. Sir John Lubbock has advised us to watch the habits of live animals, and to study their relations to one another. This is possible to some extent with the domestic animals, so that we can observe their behaviour towards men, and note their obvious sympathies and antipathies between themselves. But to very few men it is given to watch and to record their observations of the wild animals in an actual state of nature. The solitary native hunter or tracker of wild beasts is very familiar with their habits, but his knowledge is not usually committed to writing. We have been permitted to quote from a letter written a few years ago by the late Honourable George Morris of the Bengal Civil Service. He was well known in India as a great sportsman, and he wrote as follows:—

‘ You know how much I dislike shooting from a *machan* (a platform usually built up a tree), but it had one compensation, as it enabled me at times to study the habits of wild animals quite *au naturel*.

naturel. When the army of beaters had been sent, perhaps miles away to windward, I was left for hours in solitude and silence on the machan. After a while, when the alarm caused by my appearance had passed away, the various denizens of the forest would begin cautiously to steal out from their lurking-places. Almost every movement showed fear and watchfulness. There were enemies everywhere. The passing butterfly was caught by a bird. The bird whilst devouring its prize would be seized by a snake. If the little grey squirrels ventured down on the ground in search of food, some jungle-cat or jackal would pounce upon them. The deer with their large ears erect listened for any sound of danger. A bear or a tiger as it came along always looked suspicious of every bush or shadow. There was almost a general reign of terror; and if their life has any pleasure, it might be described as "a fearful joy." Seeing and pondering these things, it occurred to me that these creatures would lead a happier life in your Zoological Gardens with abundance of food and water. Their ideas of pleasure seem to be very limited, and the *viribus editior* has a monopoly of most of their little good things. I often thought that, if these poor creatures only knew how comfortable you would try to make them in captivity, they would not wait to be caught, but, like the famous coon, they would come down and surrender without a struggle.'

It may be that Mr. Morris was deceiving himself. It is well known that any animal in captivity, be it a canary bird or a tiger, will try to regain its liberty when it sees a chance, though its liberty is in many cases fatal to it. Frank Buckland has something to say which is much to the point.

'In spite of all the difficulties of commissariat, board and lodging, the animals at the Zoological Gardens seem, and really are, very comfortable, and I trust happy. It is more than probable that, as they are protected from heat and cold, from their natural enemies, and have their food regularly, they live longer in the Gardens than they would in their native homes, be it plain, mountain, forest or jungle. The Vasa parrot, presented in 1830, has never had a day's illness, has been merry and well fed, and is probably the oldest bird of the species in existence.'

These things being so, it may be well believed that the wild animals in confinement have very little to complain of. No charge of inhumanity can with fairness be brought against those who keep them in a condition which contributes to their daily comfort, to their immunity from danger, and to a long and lazy existence; whilst those who go to see them at the Zoological Gardens have no need to accuse themselves in their inner consciences of being even unwilling accomplices in injustice or cruelty to animals.

ART. X.—*The Political Life of our Time.* By David Nicol.
2 vols. London, 1889.

IF political life were nothing but a party game, the Conservative Government would have every reason to be content with the strengthened position in which, at the close of a protracted Session, it stands before the country. It has been neither reactionary nor obstructive; on the contrary, it has, within the lines and limits of the Constitution, shown itself prudently progressive, ready to satisfy reasonable popular demands, anxious to meet the wants of the constituent elements of the Unionist party.

Measures have been promoted and carried through Parliament which in old times would have been called Liberal, and their character is not altered by the appellation of National. To such an extent is the Conservatism of the Government leavened with Liberal principles, that not a few Tories dread the ultimate results of the temporary union of parties. They fear that the rate of progress may be accelerated beyond the limits of cautious moderation; that a point will shortly be reached when the very smoothness of the stream conceals the oceanic strength of a current which sweeps forward to one final Niagara-plunge. It is whispered, though the voice is scarcely heard, 'Save us from our friends.' The fear is, in our opinion, unreasonable and without real justification. Those who express it are apt to forget that something is due to the independent allies who have proved their disinterestedness by their sacrifices, and that, owing to the union of parties and to the necessity of preserving a solid front in the face of common dangers, measures are proposed in the shape which it is calculated they would assume after debate, compromise, and concession. Modifications in Conservative Bills are not now extorted by conflict with Liberal oppositions, but introduced by the concurrent action of two united parties—the party of order and the party of rational progress.

The dread of too hasty an advance is, as we have ventured to say, unreasonable. But it undoubtedly exists, and it is a factor which must be reckoned with in any premature attempt to form a National party by the obliteration of old lines of demarcation. Hitherto the education of Conservatives and Liberals has been mutual. Men, who have worked together, learn to trust and know one another, and to discover that points of agreement are at least as numerous as points of difference, and it is probable that few Tories now remain who openly avow the policy of absolute immobility. The leaders may be drawn together by

co-operation for common objects; the desire to keep things as they are may be latent rather than active; the former jealousies, embittered by years of local antagonism, may be temporarily assuaged. But any hasty effort to bring about the artificial fusion of parties would stir old prejudices into activity, and threaten the durability of an alliance, which as yet is only strong because it springs from the immediate necessities of the time. Though everything points to the ultimate formation of a National party, the Unionist alliance is at present only an association of men for the defence of the integrity of the Empire, summoned into existence and maintained in compactness by commanding exigencies. It is a political makeshift, not a political party; it is inspired by an object rather than a creed. At the bottom there still exist differences in the standpoint from which the two parties contemplate politics. The one struggles against decadence, the other strives for progress; the one envies his grandfather, the other his grandson; the one complains that he is born too late, the other that he is born too early; the one cries that the machine is moving too fast, the other replies that the rate of progress towards the Golden Age cannot be too speedy, and may perhaps insinuate that the pace must not be regulated to suit the lame or the broken-winded. That time, the changed aspect of political events, and the clearer enunciation of the political creed of the New Radicalism, will remove these differences, and unite in closer union all true patriots, is, we believe, certain. It is the main object of the following pages to indicate the grounds for the opinion. But for the present it is enough that the alliance is doing its work well. There is no reason to advocate a change in its form or title except the hope of attracting moderate men among the Gladstonian Liberals; and it is doubtful whether the result would be worth the risk of weakening the Union by hastening a fusion for which men's minds are insufficiently prepared.

The Unionists have, as we said, every reason to be satisfied with the results of their joint labours. The test of numbers as applied to the records of legislative activity is, in our opinion, always treacherous and misleading. So long as Oppositions denounce Governments for their sterility or Governments attribute their barrenness to the obstructive tactics of Oppositions, so long as candidates create demands to outbid their rivals in the political auction mart, and so long as journalists manufacture grievances to gratify their readers with variety, we shall solace ourselves with the reflection that the cackle of geese in times past saved the Capitol, and may even now save the State. *Quieta non movere* is still a valuable political maxim. The true

true question to ask is not 'how many changes have been effected?' but 'has the country been prosperous, and have the changes which were made increased that prosperity?' And tried by this test, the work of the Session has been eminently practical and useful. It is not our purpose to review in any detail the legislative or administrative achievements of 1889. But though it would be absurd to claim for the Government immunity from blunders or from failures, the business of the Session has been conducted with success, and no impartial person can deny that much useful work has been done in promoting the general prosperity of the United Kingdom.

However studiously the fact may be ignored, the administration of Ireland has proved a signal success. The sinister prophecy, that the disorder of the country would compel a surrender to the Parnellite demand, has been abundantly falsified by results. Three years of resolute, consistent, impartial government have produced a subsidence of terrorism and intimidation, a decrease of agrarian crime, and, with the gradual restoration of order, a revival of trade, commerce, and agriculture. Nor is the so-called coercion, to which, be it observed, the Separatists are in the last resort equally pledged, the only policy of the Government. The time has not fully come for large measures of constructive legislation, because the deterioration, which unprejudiced observers detect in the moral tone of the Irish people during the last ten years, cannot be counteracted in a day. But a remedial policy is already initiated, though it has been violently opposed at every stage by the pseudo-patriots whose trade it imperils. State-aided improvements are already sanctioned to develop the industries and promote the enterprise of the poorest districts, and other steps have been suggested in the same useful direction. Everything tends to show that the Government is pursuing the right course with regard to Ireland. It is still true, that any relaxation in firmness would be taken as a sign of that irresolution or half-heartedness which would only give the signal for a renewal of disorder; but already the cost of upholding the law is diminishing, and we may fairly hope that perseverance in the present policy will make Ireland a law-fearing, law-abiding, and therefore a prosperous country.

The prophecy that disorder in Ireland would effect the absolute triumph of the Parnellite party is, as has been said, contradicted by facts. Equally unfounded has the prediction proved, that Ireland would block the way against the progress of measures in which other portions of the United Kingdom are interested. The basis on which the Scotch Universities are

organized has been popularized, and Local Government upon representative municipal lines has been extended to the Northern Kingdom. Even Welsh grievances have received, as a Welsh Radical member has publicly admitted, more substantial recognition from the Unionist majority than from any Parliament which had previously existed. England alone has received no special attention; but she shares in the advantages of important measures of general and imperial interest. Foremost among these stands the Parliamentary grant which has been obtained to secure the safety of our coasts, commerce, and colonies, by increasing the strength and efficiency of the Navy. Preparation does not necessarily connote alarm; it has no indissoluble connection with a policy of aggression and aggrandizement. The money is required primarily for defence; but it also secures an additional guarantee for the peace of Europe. The geographical and commercial position of Great Britain makes for peace, and qualifies her to be an important factor against war. But the possession of material strength can alone protect the interests of nations, or give the cry of 'hands off' the force of a command. Peacemakers cannot rely on moral suasion alone; their interference is ridiculous, if they are indeterminate qualities in political mathematics. The noisy vigour with which our 'peace at any price' fanatics preached the tame surrender of imperial interests, the weaknesses and inconsistencies of Mr. Gladstone's mismanagement of foreign affairs, and the undisguised and widespread doubt of our material strength, provoked insult, invited aggression, and deprived the nation of her casting vote for peace in the councils of Europe. The strained relations of Continental Powers compel them to strike their adversaries on the first advantage; and if any one country is an unknown element in their calculations of possible friends or potential foes, the uncertainty is a perpetual source of danger, not only to the individual country, but to the general equilibrium. By strengthening her naval resources, Great Britain not only defends herself from the worst danger of war, but throws her weight into the scale of general peace. Already the increase of her material strength, and the ability with which Lord Salisbury—as even his opponents concede—has directed the conduct of foreign affairs, have regained for the country some of her lost influence. With such compensating advantages as these, scarcely any burden would be too great for a great colonial empire to support. But the load of the immediate outlay is immensely lightened by the stimulus of reviving trade, the saving effected by rigid economy in the great spending departments, and, above all, by the financial administration of
Mr. Goschen.

Mr. Goschen. Even if the large expenditure upon the Navy is included in the estimate, the financial prospects of the nation are brighter than they have been for many years. A number of other measures of general interest have been passed, which are well calculated to prove useful within their more limited range. Among them may be mentioned the creation of an Agricultural department; the provision of means for the supply of Technical Instruction; and the settlement upon an equitable basis of the Grants to the Royal Family. It is to be regretted that the Tithes Bill and the Land Law Reform Bill failed to obtain the sanction of Parliament. For the rejection of the former there is something to be said on both sides: but the opposition of the Conservative Peers to the reform of the Land Laws undoubtedly weakens the general position of the Government. The legal presumption in favour of primogeniture is a perfectly hopeless outwork which might well be surrendered, instead of risking the general cause in its defence. Yet, in spite of failures, the Session's record of legislative and administrative activity falsifies the cynical superstition, that the attack must always overpower the defence, and directly contradicts the suggestion, that the Unionist party has shown any tendency 'to fall into an attitude of idleness, or do-nothingness, or apathy.'

Throughout the Session the supporters of the Government have presented a firm and united front. The Unionist alliance has been cemented, not weakened by time, and it is strengthened at its base by the harmonious action of both parties in local as well as imperial affairs. Meanwhile the Separatists, disorganized by the want of a policy, enfeebled by internal dissensions, in open revolt against each and all of their nominal leaders, are driven to resort to the skirmishing tactics of guerilla warfare. The younger section of the party teaches the philosophy of Rousseau, preaches resistance to the law, or coquets with Continental Socialism, while the older section, closing its eyes to the conduct of its associate, abandons the fiction of controlling its energy. Were politics only an exercise in the strategy of parties, we might rejoice at the cleavage which the close of the past Session thus reveals in the Separatists' ranks. We might congratulate ourselves on the fact that Mr. Gladstone's personal following is reduced to some thirty or forty members, that the rest of his so-called followers use him as a stalking-horse for their personal ends, and that, while they conjure with his name before the constituencies, they desert him in the lobbies. We might exult in their abject subjection, since they took service with the Irish party, and triumph at the spectacle of an ex-Prime Minister removing the stains from Mr. Parnell's coat, or an ex-Secretary

ex-Secretary of Ireland cleaning the shoes of Mr. Biggar. Or, to change the metaphor, we might applaud the activity of Mr. John Morley as the call-boy of Mr. Sexton, and the success of Sir W. Harcourt as the understudy of Dr. Tanner. But, though as a matter of party success the disorganization and subjection of the Opposition may afford the Government legitimate satisfaction, a broader glance at the aspect of contemporary politics inspires patriotic observers with misgivings and inquietude.

Political life is more than a game of skill; the stakes are of more value than office or party victory; the safety of the State itself now trembles on the playing of the cards. The voluminous work of 800 pages, the title of which heads this article, takes in every line a high and true view of the 'Political Life of our Times.' The volumes are heavy in style, and there is much that is antiquated in the tone, ill-arranged in the plan, and incomplete in the treatment. But the work exhibits consistent thoughtfulness and real ability; and it is throughout inspired by an earnestness of conviction, a hopefulness of tone, and a keen perception of the immense importance of politics as a factor in the formation of national character, which redeem its faults and give it a substantial value. 'Man,' says Mr. Nicol in one of his opening paragraphs—

'secures his advance, step by step, by subjecting his lower nature and passions to the guidance and control of the higher. Politics is the practical attempt to instil obedience to this law of life, to subdue resistance to its dictates, and to extinguish all hopeless rebellion against its rule. It is the active force in human civilization, the life of society, the unfailing source of its truest wisdom, testing everything by its results, and extending its influence throughout the whole sphere of human activity. Politics is thus the supreme present interest of man. Culture, philosophy, morals, the highest truths of religion itself—all the higher thought of man become mere ministrants to its service. The most imperative need of our age, and the duty lying nearest to us, is to bring this higher thought to bear upon our political life, and, by the application of its highest principles to the immediate wants of our day, to clear our mental vision and regulate our political action.'

These are true words. It may be added that in no other country than Great Britain, and at no previous period in our history, has the spirit in which political contests are conducted possessed so transcendent an importance. In no other country, because our unwritten Constitution is safeguarded from violence by nothing but the loyalty and patriotism of those by whom it is administered, and because here, to an extent which can no longer

longer be true of France or of America, representative institutions may yet be reconciled with democratic progress; and at no previous period in our history, because society is in that state of flux, which readily runs into the new moulds prepared for its reception, and accepts the impress of the most predominant influences. The country is passing through a stage in which the extension of popular power is the most conspicuous feature, in which the people are assuming more and more control over the national legislation, and in which authority is being transferred from the Crown and the aristocracy to the middle and working classes. In this direction the tide of events has set with a gigantic force which it is idle to oppose, but which it is prudent and possible to guide. And this transitional crisis comes at a time when the country is pervaded by the bitterest of social antagonisms—the antagonism between wealth and poverty; when the contrast between the colossal riches of the few and the hunger of the million is so accentuated that the underlying identity of interest between employer and employed is obscured; when distrust deepens between those that have and those that have not, and when even the most kindly efforts to ameliorate the condition of the least fortunate classes of society are regarded by these classes as tardy recognitions of wrongs that require redress and of rights that are withheld. The crisis comes also at a time when education has rather magnified than lessened the danger. Men have learned to read but not to think; they reject tutelage, yet they are too weak to stand alone. A superficial culture is everywhere prevalent which is generally mistaken for wisdom, and which fills the mind with a book-learning that is more highly valued than practical experience. Every problem of social, political, or religious life is discussed, without any individual study or well-grounded science; and a cheap press disseminates one-sided views of the discussions among persons whose mental attitude is receptive rather than critical. Public opinion is moulded by partial or excessive statements, by cries, catch-words, sentiment, or hero-worship. Abstract theories gain a mischievous hold on half-educated minds, conceited with imperfect knowledge, and discontented with present conditions. It would be an exaggeration to say, that no education at all is better than an education which is incomplete. But books and education may be a blessing or a curse according to the character of the individual; to many they may be, and are, like placing improved tools in the hands of burglars. At such a transitional crisis, in the face both of bitter social antagonism and defective general education, what is required, to balance the newly-acquired

acquired freedom, is a grave sense of personal responsibility in the mind of each individual who exercises the rights of citizenship. Political life affords to the untried, inexperienced masses, a most useful or a most dangerous school, a school in which the balance may be firmly poised or utterly overthrown. Everything depends upon the manliness and straightforwardness with which the young democracy is treated. The value and vitality of our Parliamentary institutions consist in the character of the training which they afford to the nation, in the assistance which they render for the acquisition of the self-reliance, the courage, caution, perseverance, practical sagacity, energy of purpose, strong grasp of facts, and abhorrence of fantastic theories, which, under other rulers and at different stages in the national growth, have built up the greatness of the British Empire. 'The culture,' as Mr. Nicol very truly says, 'of the democracy in all the arts of self-government has become the special necessity of our times.'

The advent of democracy is the patent fact and the danger of modern politics; its education is at once the most perplexing problem and the most paramount duty of modern statesmen. Something would be gained if men divested the word of its terrors by discriminating accurately between its use and its abuse. Democracy presents itself, as it seems to us, under three types, one ancient and two modern—the Greek or medieval Italian type, the Revolutionary type, and the Evolutionary type. To the Athenian or the Florentine, democracy meant the rule of the small class of citizens who enjoyed the restricted legal privilege of citizenship. To the Revolutionary school of Rousseau, democracy meant that artificial form of society in which were asserted the universal rights which closet-philosophers deduced from the existence of an abstract being in hypothetical conditions which never anywhere prevailed. As the patent fact of contemporary politics, democracy means a natural growth, a social organism evolved by centuries of progress, the fruit of the gradual vindication of the equality of all men before the law, the product of the recognition of every individual member of the community as a person, the result of the successive enfranchisement of all classes of the people, and of the admission of each adult male to those rights of citizenship which were confined to the few in the aristocratic, exclusive states of Athens or of Florence. Between the second and third types of democracy the choice, in the near or remote future, must inevitably lie.

It cannot be denied that democratic progress threatens great changes in the forms of a society, which still cherishes many of the

the traditions of the feudal discipline that welded into national unity a number of warring tribes, associated only by the ties of geographical contiguity. Democracies, whatever Rousseau or Mr. John Morley may assert to the contrary, are not composed of angels, but of men. They have all the vices and the virtues of the individuals of which they are composed. To claim for them natural goodness, supernatural wisdom, or entire infallibility, is to revive in the divine right of numbers the old divine right of sovereigns. A democracy has the appetites, prejudices, vanities, and desires of castes or despots. But in the expression of its feelings it is more liable to the loss of self-control in ungovernable outbreaks of popular panic or popular frenzy, because the manifestation of its passions derives force and fury from the momentum of masses. Individuals can stop when they choose: masses, once launched on their course, overshoot their mark. Individuals advance or retreat step by step; masses plunge forwards or backwards in wild rushes. Democracies have in fact the strength, the pitilessness, the blindness of crowds. If their passions are once aroused, they may destroy in a moment fabrics reared by centuries of patient toil. Bearing these facts in mind, and recalling the terrific spectacle, which the French Revolution affords, of a blood-stained Titan, intoxicated by its first deep breath of Freedom and striking at every institution with a drunken frenzy, many men cross themselves with fear at the sound of the approaching footsteps of democracy. They recoil from its presence with the shuddering awe with which they acknowledge the presence of the supernatural; and, associating with the idea the excesses for which one type of democracy was responsible, they treat the word as synonymous with the most aggressive form of mob-rule, inspired by the most destructive dogmas of revolution. They confound democratic ideas with the doctrines of Rousseau and the Jacobins, with the frenzy of restless innovation, with the annihilation of social hierarchies to create impossible social equalities, with the irrational worship of abstract rights, with the unconditioned claim of equivalence for all adult males in the body politic, with the false and fatal theory of the unlimited sovereignty of the masses in all matters human and divine. But the evolutionary democracy, which has sprung from the loins of a people, is essentially different from that revolutionary democracy, which is the child of the brain of a solitary schemer. Its character has been falsified, its aims perverted, its progress thwarted, by the spurious type which the moral, political, and social cataclysm of France has presented. Evolutionary Democracy is not a mechanical product or an artificial creation from abstract rights, speculative theories,

theories, or *à priori* principles. On the contrary, it is a natural growth from the recognition of rights measured by duties, from liberties realized in and by obedience to law. It is a polity of free persons associated upon the principle of equality of all men before the law, in which the freedom of individuals to live their own lives and pursue their own ideals of happiness is vindicated by the fixed principles of even-handed justice, controlled in its exercise by the solidarity of national cohesion, subserved and guaranteed in its inviolability by venerable institutions, which retain their vitality by expansion with progressive requirements. It embraces the whole nation without respect to classes; it means the power of the people as opposed to the rule of castes and despots; it unites the masses with the classes in the pursuit of common interests; it represents the whole nation living and acting together as an educated, self-restrained, self-reliant, self-sufficient unit. It is consistent with the preservation of constitutional monarchies, with hierarchies of classes, with endowments for the control and advancement of liberal studies and moral and intellectual progress, because it does not seek to degrade the higher elements of national life to the level of its less noble present, but accepts their aid by which to reach its goal of disciplined self-government. A true democracy of the evolutionary type is naturally and necessarily, in the best sense of the words, a union of Conservatism and Liberalism, because it concentrates the principles of order and of progress upon the attainment of the highest ideal of national life.

Such a democracy has never yet existed. Not only do systems of democratic government present in actual practice all the defects of individual mortals, but even their admirers admit that their merits are less than they should be in spite of human imperfections. In America the power of the political machine, the influence of 'bosses,' 'rings,' 'caucuses,' and 'wire-pullers,' the slavery to party measures and party tactics, the doctrine that to the victors fall the spoils, the experience that the atmosphere of political life is unfavourable to personal probity, hold out no Utopia as the Promised Land of the coming Democracy. Yet when we reflect upon the sterling virtues of the British character,—its resolution, its devotion to principles, its national pride, its recognition of the superiority of patriotism over party allegiance, its capacity for united action in the face of common danger,—when we consider its sober opinion, its cautious judgment, its firm grasp of facts and its repugnance to specious counterfeits, its just instincts matured by training in the school of successful effort, developed
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by the struggle for political freedom, and strengthened by the exercise of public duties,—when, in a word, we survey the British character, we are tempted to indulge the optimistic hope that this country, which has been called the Mother of Parliaments and has supplied the model of representative institutions to the civilized world, may present the yet nobler example of a true and enlightened democracy. But at least we are assured of this. The whole future of the country depends upon the choice which is made between the two types of democracy, and upon the degree to which a successful appeal can be made to the highest or the lowest instincts of the people. The one type is British, the other French; the one rests upon established facts, the other upon abstract theories; the one is a natural growth, the other an artificial creation; the one is positive and constructive, the other negative and destructive; the one embraces the whole nation in a community of interests, the other pits the masses against the classes by appealing to sectional prejudices; the one is silent, progressive, industrious, peaceful; the other is noisy, aggressive, rapacious, turbulent; the one means self-government by the nation at large, and in itself gives a guarantee for an orderly community; the other means the ascendancy of popular clamour, anarchy, and mob-rule. The motto of the one is union, of the other division. The choice between the true and spurious types is the vital issue that underlies the present conflict between Unionists and Separatists. And no man who has the interests of the country at heart can evade, or even delegate to another, his personal responsibility of influencing the choice in favour of the true democracy, or of promoting by his individual example its higher education. It is the prime duty of every man to play the demagogue, in the true sense of the word as a guide of the people—not in the spurious sense of the sycophantic courtier of the crowd. The nation can only escape the fate, which has befallen France from the adoption of the revolutionary type, by the patient persistent effort of every patriotic citizen to foster the strength of character which enables men to resist the prejudices of heated partisanship, to cultivate that loyalty to the nation which triumphs over the dictation of clubs and caucuses, and raises them superior to the weakness of surrendering their principles at the bidding of their leaders, and, finally, to persevere resolutely in the task of upholding the supremacy of law and order, maintaining the integrity of the Empire, and harmonizing the institutions of the country with the spirit of justice and civil equality. It is in political life that the influence of the spurious democracy manifests its most destructive

destructive energy ; it is here that the issue must be fought out ; it is here also that Britain is upon her trial, to make her institutions consistent with that true type of democratic progress, which France has almost declared to be incompatible with the demands of her revolutionary democracy.

Religion, art, literature, the press, and above all politics, are, or ought to be, factors in the development of this higher education of a people, agents in the elevation of their moral tone, instruments to propagate the art and the science of self-government. But the present conditions of all of them testify to the demoralizing effect of democratic progress, and the force of its tendency to degrade the standard of society to that of its lowest levels. It is this aspect of democracies which leads Walt Whitman, their poet and prophet, to condemn their 'almost complete failure' in the 'social aspects, and in really grand religious, moral, literary, and æsthetic results.' The process has begun in England. The supernatural element is impaired in religion, the imaginative in literature, the ideal in art ; principles are despised in politics. All these factors in national education are popularized. In other words, instead of aspiring to raise society to their higher standard, many of our statesmen cater for the immediate gratification of the million by descending to the devices which attract the lowest ranks of the democracy. What will be the result of the process if it is carried to completion ? The example of France supplies the answer and the warning. In that country the acceptance of a false philosophy sets no limits to the omnipotence of popular sovereignty, and makes even right and justice vary with the caprice of fluctuating majorities. The doctrine of the sovereignty of the people expresses the truths, that supreme power rests with the nation, and that legislation is the statement of its will ; that the appeal from its decisions can only be to itself ; that it can only will its own welfare and cannot desire to injure itself. But, as the doctrine is perverted in France, its truths are blended with the falsehoods that majorities possess the attribute of infallibility ; that their decrees are incarnate wisdom ; that they have power not only to decree legal rights, but to declare the principles of justice ; that they cannot desire to tyrannize over the minority ; that, if they fail to discern the true advantage of the nation, it is because institutions throw obstacles in their way. At the same time, the Revolutionary ideal of progress is a Society which is a dead level, a body without a head, an equality of intellect and property. Hence it is that under the universal solvent of the unlimited omnipotence of popular sovereignty, and in the absence

absence of any class or principle or institution to resist the dissolution, instability and innovation are the breath of national life. The national defect of restlessness is fed into a fever. Revolution follows after revolution, constitution after constitution, administration after administration; in the absence of principles the people fall from one abyss of irrational hero-worship into another. Yet each successive change produces no settled order. Political opinion is wholly disintegrated, and political life becomes a gambling speculation, a race for the emoluments of office, in which he may win who makes most promises. In pursuit of the phantom of equality of social conditions, liberty is sacrificed. France is a country without the Habeas Corpus Act, without freedom of testamentary disposition, of religion, of education, or of municipal or departmental government. The war of classes is no longer determined by the guillotine, but by the ballot-box; those who have a stake in the country are distrusted and proscribed by those who have none. The tillers of the soil are estranged from the owners of the land, and the employed from the employers. The town ignores the country, and a rancorous bitterness is developed between the rural and urban populations. The passion for equality not only excludes wealth and education from a share in the administration of affairs, but, despairing of securing the end by other means, elevates untried men of small capacity to the positions which should be occupied by men of talent and experience. Intolerant of other authority, the Frenchman makes the centralized bureaucracy omnipotent on the ground that it is himself, and allows it to regulate the happiness of the citizens in this world and the next with all the absolutism of the old *régime*. No experiment is too wild to be rejected. Social panaceas are assiduously puffed by political charlatans and greedily accepted by their dupes, and the State is drenched with quack medicines which debilitate its constitution and only profit the pocket of the vendor. Public spirit evaporates; the standard of integrity is lowered; charges of corruption in high places are openly made and tacitly confessed; and the spectacle is common of men who enter office poor and leave it rich, or who administrate public trusts to aggrandize their own local influence and importance.

The example of France is a warning of the logical results of accepting the spurious type of revolutionary democracy, and of permitting politics to pander to the lowest instincts of democratic societies. Representative governments are primarily instruments to convert public opinion into political action, means of expressing the popular will in legislation. But they are far more than this. The influence of representatives

tatives upon electorates and of constituencies upon members is reciprocal. They act and react upon one another. As the strength of a nation depends upon the character of the people, so also no representative government can long continue to be superior to the society which it represents. Thus in States which enjoy representative institutions, political life is at once an index and a factor of national decadence or national progress. Not only does it register the rise and fall of national spirit, but it strengthens or enervates the public mind, elevates or debauches the popular character, promotes or retards the moral, social, and intellectual life of the people, cultivates the true, or fosters the spurious, type of democracy. In a word, it is powerful to save or destroy a State.

And the only means by which political life may be preserved as a factor in national education, or be saved on the one side from the demoralization of its own character, and on the other from the exercise of a debasing influence upon national life, is by the maintenance of political principles. It is true that Conservatives are prone to confuse their traditions, and Liberals their theories, with principles; true that questions may arise as to the principles which are to be deduced from facts; true that principles may be ridden too hard as well as that they may become stereotyped into lifeless formulas; true also that they must be modified by facts and controlled by the compromises of the give-and-take of politics. But, on the other hand, principles are the salt which preserves the moral, social, and political life of a nation from corruption. It is on the recognition of principles that the educational value of representative institutions depends. They determine the limits within which the will of the majority is rightfully supreme; they set the bounds beyond which the theory of popular sovereignty cannot pass; they afford the only means of laying broad but definite issues before an electorate. Principles alone can ennoble political struggles, or impart to them an eternal meaning, a permanent interest, and a lasting reality. They alone can raise party conflicts above the vexed arena of petty strategy, or the heated atmosphere of personal ambition into the larger, purer air of patriotism and citizenship. It is the relaxed grasp of principles which renders political life narrow, selfish, factious, dishonest; which vulgarizes its contests, opens the door to professional demagogues, gives the opportunity for the propagation of wild abstract theories. Without principles, party government, as it has been hitherto understood, falls to the ground, and is replaced by a struggle for office between temporary coalitions, each too weak to form a stable administration, and each liable to be

be overthrown by a repetition of the same process which has raised them to power. Principles alone elevate alike representatives and constituencies, and train men in the exercise of the civic virtues that constitute the happiness and the wealth of nations. However blinded contemporaries may be by the dazzling personality of this or that popular leader, it is only by adherence to principles that posterity measures the stature of statesmen.

We recognize the exceptional gravity of the transitional crisis through which the country is now passing. We appreciate the momentous importance of the choice between the true and the false democracy, which is the issue that underlies the more ephemeral phases of the struggle between Unionists and Separatists. We see in political life at once an index and a factor of national decadence or national progress. We take the example of France as a warning of the results that inevitably spring from the attempt to create a democracy which is not law-fearing and law-abiding, but which is a law to itself. We hold that the maintenance of principles is the only safeguard of political or national life. And it is for these reasons that we contemplate with unmixed satisfaction the circumstances under which the Unionist alliance was formed and is maintained in power. The union of the party of order with the party of progress is an earnest of the future, an example to the country of the sacrifice of personal considerations and party objects to national allegiance, a proof that men are still ready to form square to repel the disruption of the Empire and to ameliorate social conditions within the lines and limits of the Constitution. The Government seeks not to divide and rule, but to unite and lead. It fights neither for class nor for privilege, but for general as opposed to sectional interests, for national as distinct from racial objects. It is not stationary, much less is it reactionary or obstructive. Progress is its law, but it is a rational and moderate progress; a progress which recognizes the value of historic continuity in political life and of consistency in national action; a progress which imitates the normal phases of natural growth, and which, content to proceed without violent transitions or daring leaps and bounds, advances step by step by the slow processes of organic evolution. It is a Government which in its administration of Irish affairs is merciful, because it is firm and impartial, and because nothing is more cruel than impunity; which would strengthen, not sever, the ties that bind together the component parts of the United Kingdom, and seeks to create not merely a community of sentiment with our colonies, but a community of interest. And it is for these

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reasons that it has behind it, as no Government of recent times has had, the confidence and the support of the educated opinion of the country.

The Unionist Government, by its homogeneous action in matters of local as well as Imperial interests, has done much to raise political questions above the level of partisan prejudices to the serener heights of national importance. The alliance of political opponents, in the face of common danger to the State, affords to the country an invaluable example of the limits to be set to party loyalty, of the resolute adherence to principles, of the sacrifice of personal objects to the paramount interests of patriotism. Whatever may be the issue of the struggle, the Unionist party will at least enjoy the satisfaction of feeling that they have thrown the weight of their influence and example unhesitatingly on the side of the true democracy. But the fact that the educated opinion of the country is on the side of the Unionists forms an element in favour of an Opposition, which relies on its success in fostering the spurious type of democracy by pitting the classes against the masses. The new Radicalism, which is the directing energy of the Separatist party, spares no effort to denationalize the character of the British democracy. Its spirit, its sophisms, and its methods are those of the foreign Revolutionary type. It adopts the mechanical method of politics which, breaking irrevocably with the past and discarding experience, treats the State as an artificial creation, a machine which can be taken to pieces and put together again according to the whim of the mechanic. It applies its destructive theories to social organisms that are the growth of centuries in the true spirit of abstract speculation, which in France has constructed the endless series of fantastic constitutions. Its teaching, that law-makers are more responsible for crime than law-breakers, that only self-imposed laws are sacred, that the masses are the sole source of authority, justice, and right, that property and contracts are only to be respected when in sympathy with the feeling of the masses, is based partly on that false philosophy of the natural goodness of man, partly on that worship of the unbounded sovereignty of the people, which in France have combined to destroy all fixed political principles and to reduce the country to a chaos of anarchy. Its cry for 'one man, one vote,' is founded on the asserted equivalence of all adult males in the body politic, and, if successful, it carries with it the practical disenfranchisement of political education, which is too limited to sway the elections and is powerless to combine or control the popular press.

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In the pursuit of these projects and methods, the new Radicalism offers a training which is infinitely deleterious and infinitely insidious. The practice of the courtier may vary with the times or with the individual; but its theory remains always the same. The courtier of the masses must first study the character of his Sovereign, in order that he may play upon their vices for his own profit. The faults to which large masses of the people are liable are obvious and familiar. The sudden accession to power, if unaccompanied by a corresponding increase of discipline and education, creates an excess in political energy and a deficiency in political forethought. Unaccustomed liberty results in the triumph of appetites over reason, of self-interest over duty, of brute force over justice. Newly enfranchised masses are impatient to reap for themselves, and in a moment, the harvest which can only be safely garnered by the preparation of years, and the co-operation of all who are concerned. Their demand for rapid and decisive action, their tendency to break entirely with the past, their impulse to destroy existing institutions without considering whether they can be replaced by anything better; in a word, their selfish inconsiderate eagerness blunts their moral sense, and renders them careless of sapping the bases of property, or unscrupulous in the fulfilment of public contracts and in the discharge of private obligations. Their horizon is limited, so that their vision does not pass beyond immediate results to the perception of ulterior consequences. As their attention is concentrated upon a narrow range, they lose their freedom from bias, and their ability to pierce through the semblances of things to that which is the core. Their hearts are stronger than their heads, their sentiments than their understandings. Their passions are easily roused; and from the mental difficulty of sifting conflicting evidence, their opinions are formed by prejudices, and their judgments are one-sided, violent, sectional, and sectarian. Their experience of practical life is comparatively slight, and is necessarily limited. Hence they lose their grasp of facts and underlying principles. They embrace the symmetrical theories of closet philosophers, yield to the seductions of sonorous indeterminate phrases, or surrender themselves to the fascination of some brilliant popular leader. The soil is prepared for the weeds of the French Revolutionary dogmas. The exaggerated worship of equality excites them not only to attack civil inequalities, but to despise individuality, and to suspect intellectual or moral superiority. The creed of the infallibility of majorities leads to the oppression of minorities, to intolerance, and the proscription of liberty. Respect for authority is undermined

by the character of the men whom mobs elect as their representatives; the passion of wealth increases, and the sentiment of honour declines. Love of country and national pride lose their force in proportion as they become more noisy and declamatory.

These natural defects of masses of persons, who have been newly admitted to the rights of citizenship, must be corrected before they can become an integral portion of the true democracy. It is the problem and the duty of statesmen to direct their energies towards the common ends of national progress, and to create in each successive addition to the democracy a sense of the national solidarity. But the new Radicals study the vices of their masters, that they may turn them to their own profit. The mischievous distinction that is drawn between the classes and the masses can issue in nothing but the spurious form of democratic progress which lives upon division; it destroys the very essence of the true type which represents the totality of the nation without reference to class or race; it inflames, if it does not actually create, social antagonisms which necessarily substitute, for the peaceful processes of evolution, the destructive violence of revolution; it entirely withdraws the administration of affairs from those who are animated by public spirit and concern for the national reputation, and consigns it absolutely to those who make a business of political management and of electoral manipulations. In the true style of the ancient courtier, the new Radicalism makes a fetish of the masses, whom it hails with the false title of the People or the Democracy, demands that reason should bow in submission to the divine sanctity of numbers, and accepts the momentary whim of a numerical majority as the infallible expression of incontrovertible wisdom. It stigmatises as crime all opposition to the will of this Pretender, whom it enthrones as supreme in the moral as well as the political sphere; it creates for this spurious Democracy a more than Oriental despotism, limited by no laws external to itself, restrained by no sense of retributive justice, controlled by no immutable principles of right and wrong, seeing that law, right, and justice, possess no independent existence, but derive their authority from the masses themselves. The dynamic force of such sophisms pulverizes the whole social structure; nothing stable remains, but the ground crumbles into sand beneath all that was once regarded as fixed and eternal. The foundations of society are shaken at their very base when family life is sneered at as 'domesticity of a greasy kind,' and efforts are made to convert marriage into a temporary contract; its bonds

bonds are loosened when men are encouraged to defy the laws which they do not themselves like, when human responsibility is dissipated in the mists of false pity, when criminals are regarded as victims not of their vices but of society, and when the administration of justice is degraded by tumultuous discussions, or dragged before self-constituted tribunals, whose incapacity to form a judicial opinion is as absolute as their self-confidence.

The conception of the State, which the new Radicalism places before the newly enfranchised masses, renders sobriety of judgment, sanity of purpose, cautious progress, deliberation, or self-restraint, meaningless phrases in national life. The air is heavy with the incense in which the young and still inexperienced electorate is surrounded. It is flattered and fawned upon by its courtiers, who play upon all its natural vices, and develop none of its virtues. The youngest-born electors are taught to regard the franchise as a right for the exercise of which they are only answerable to their own party-leader, not as a trust for the benefit of the community at large; they are not disciplined to recognize the limits which truth and justice impose upon human sovereignty, or impressed with respect for the experience of the past; they are not encouraged to learn from men of education the merits or demerits of legislation. On the contrary, they are educated in self-confidence, in impatience, in levity, in restlessness, in irrational hero-worship, in selfishness, in indefiniteness of thought, in reliance on State interference, in destructive passion. They are assured that, though trades may require long apprenticeships, all men are born masters of politics, and that the exercise of the franchise requires no higher qualification than the masculine gender. They are impressed with the belief that, though in arts and sciences the many learn of the few, in politics the position is reversed, and that the collective ignorance of numbers is infallible by the divine right of the majority. They are encouraged to feel impatience at any delay in the immediate gratification of their desire for a change in policy or leaders. They are trained to clamour for short Parliaments, as though they might vote any proposition with light hearts, because they will speedily enjoy the opportunity to reconsider their position. They are tempted to ill-considered innovations by the suggestion that their most deliberate decisions are at the worst momentary errors, caprices of to-day which may be gratified without prejudice to the whims of to-morrow, tentative experiments which may be discarded as soon as they are proved to be impracticable. Their mental indolence is fostered by every

advertisement which can attract them to the choice of men and not of policies. Their judgment is bewildered, and their perception of principles or consequences distorted, by vague phrases, specious cries, and studied ambiguities of speech. Their selfishness is fed by the deliberate concentration of their views upon their private interests, while the general results of their decisions are concealed in the optimistic haze in which the future is enveloped. Their self-reliance is sapped by the insinuation, that the State is a form of Providence which can interfere to regulate every department of human activity. Their sense of responsibility and their fortitude in the presence of immutable laws of cause and effect are undermined by the suggestions that society is to blame for their misfortunes as well as their vices. Their natural eagerness to annihilate existing institutions, without thought of their possible substitutes, is fed by an Opposition, which avows a programme that is negative not positive, destructive not constructive, and which is

‘Agreed in nothing but to abolish,
Cut down, extirpate, and demolish.’

The dismemberment of the Empire, the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church, the disruption of family life, the disintegration of parties, the dislocation of economic interests by the inflammation of antagonisms between labour and capital, the dissemination of agrarian discontent or of disesteem for the law, the dislike to the removal of any social sore which can promote dissatisfaction with the existing government, constitute a bundle of negatives from which it is impossible to extract a single affirmative proposition, and present a policy of destruction without a single step in the direction of constructive legislation.

The antagonism between the classes and the masses is the cry of the Separatists, and the distinguishing feature of the revolutionary type of democracy. This revolutionary type is opposed to the union of the whole people irrespective of classes, which is the watchword of the Unionists, and the characteristic of all democratic progress that follows the peaceful laws of evolution. For the extensive propagation of the spurious type and of the revolutionary doctrines from which it sprang, the Separatist leader and the Separatist party are responsible. The real sting of the charges of corrupting the political life of the nation, which are so frequently levelled against Mr. Gladstone, lies in the fact that, both by precept and example, he has thrown his weight into the scale of the false democracy. We recognize with admiration the brilliant gifts which distinguish the

the leader, or rather the eponymous hero, of the Separatist party; but though his abilities have raised him to a position of widespread influence, they have not lifted him to a sense of the lofty responsibilities, which are the trial as well as the reward of transcendent powers. We remember with gratitude, that, in the debate on the Royal Grants, in his repudiation of the wanton attack which his followers made upon Belgium, and in the rebuke which he administered to Mr. Robertson for his speech upon the refusal of the Government to take part in the celebration of the centenary of a regicidal revolution, Mr. Gladstone has shown that he still appreciates the traditions of a statesman who has once directed, and may be called upon again to guide, the domestic and foreign policy of the country. We recollect that he has all his life advocated individual property, and that he has proclaimed his scorn for that theory of land nationalization which, when combined with compensation, he considers to be folly, and, without it, robbery. Nor do we forget that, as compared with those who aspire to succeed him in the leadership of his party, he never debases political debates by insolence or vulgarity, and that he never introduces into Parliamentary discussions the manners, the arguments, or the personalities, of the tap-room. But when we turn to his present influence upon political action, and contemplate the means by which it is acquired or extended, we wonder at the extent to which he illustrates, in his own public career, the gloomy predictions of the demoralization that accompanies the progress of democratic influences, and are astonished at the spectacle of one of the most gifted men of the age, with unabated strength and unappeasable ambition, but with declining intellect and deteriorated character, spending the closing years of his life in sowing tares among the wheat of a young and inexperienced democracy.

The future of the national character depends upon the preservation of clear distinctness between right and wrong, the maintenance of the broad difference between truth and falsehood, and the assertion of the plain Commandments, 'Thou shalt' and 'Thou shalt not.' Such distinctions, differences, and obligations are, or ought to be, too sacred and too explicit to be juggled away by feats of verbal sleight-of-hand, by intellectual legerdemain, or by dexterous manipulations of subtle discriminations. But in his public utterances Mr. Gladstone has become incapable of delivering a sentence without inserting in it two meanings, the one obvious, the other concealed—the one designed for present effect, the other for future explanation. The sophistry and casuistry, which the most prominent public
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man of the day habitually employs in dealing with subjects in which manly straightforwardness is of paramount importance, debase the national conscience in regard to moral obligations, deaden its sense of the imperative duty of obeying the law, obscure its perceptions of the essential differences between truth and falsehood. It is not Mr. Gladstone's opinions, but his manner of enforcing them, that reveals the width of the gulf which separates him from the nobler traditions of his brilliant past. It may be that in the forum of the conscience he must be acquitted of the worst blame, because constitutional infirmities permit him to be sincere in the evasion of moral or legal principles. But, judged by the ordinary standard of humanity, the mode in which he presses his opinions upon the public is utterly disingenuous, and, at a crisis like the present, utterly unworthy of a patriotic statesman. To take the Home Rule cry as an illustration. It is not merely that he is verbose, rhetorical, and self-contradictory in his defence of a policy which he now never dares to define. It is not only that he adopts and recedes from his positions with ill-considered haste and reckless inconsistency. But his speech and conduct are characterized by concealment and ambiguity. He appeals to no principle; he asks the confidence of the country, and gives none in return. In order to persuade the electors to grant him a fresh lease of power, he offers them the bribe of tickets in a gigantic lottery, in which each man is promised a prize. It is his duty to present to the constituencies a clear, intelligible issue. Instead of aiming at clearness, he is deliberately obscure. It is his duty to the nation, and should be his study, to bring the country face to face with the real and essential question. Instead of offering a definite issue, he employs every artifice to concentrate attention upon immaterial points, appeals to the sentiments and not to the reason of his audience, and exhausts the resources of his oratorical genius in diverting the gaze of the electorate to adventitious circumstances which are only remotely connected with the subject of debate. It is his duty, and should be his care, to avoid all excess and exaggeration of statement, that at so momentous a crisis the people may have before them the full material on which to form an impartial opinion. Instead of doing so, he propagates what Mr. Bright has bluntly termed 'extravagant falsehoods.' When he asserts that Ireland is being reduced to the condition of Poland, or compares Mr. Balfour's administration to the government of Naples in 1850, or states that religious intolerance is unknown in Ireland, or attributes the London Strikes to the coercive policy towards the Irish people, he surpasses the indulgence which

which we concede to the most robust imagination. If by his casuistry he undermines the moral character of the nation, by his oratorical subterfuges and exaggerated statements he destroys the educational value of Parliamentary institutions, and panders to the inherent vices of inexperienced masses, which he might do more than any man living, to correct.

Nothing, says Mr. Gladstone now, is easier than to discriminate between Irish and Imperial affairs. Yet, three years ago, he maintained that it passed the wit of man to draw the distinction. Now he affirms that in the direction of national affairs the representatives of each nationality have the right to settle for themselves the way in which their aspirations are to be realized. Three years ago he implored the electors to give him such a majority as would enable him to resist the dictation of any one section of the United Kingdom. In his Home Rule Bill he proposed to treat Ireland on the principle of internal independence and external subjection. Now he has accepted the very different principle that Ireland is to have a separate Parliament, and to change the relation from dependency to federation. Yet in all these changes he has given no explanation of his motives, and has never defined the creeds of the new religions to which he has been successively converted. Such a definition or explanation most men would consider necessary. Mr. Gladstone does not give them because, as one of the most illustrious of his former colleagues said of him, he is constitutionally incapable of understanding what is meant by political principles. This is the true account of his many inconsistencies. Throughout his long public career he has never knowingly remained with a party which was going to be beaten. Loyal to his 'policy of the jumping cat,' he has always quitted the losing for the winning side, and accomplished the movement in time to profit by the victory. Knowing that solid arguments are less cogent than votes, his only difficulty has been to determine the direction of the stream: that settled, and he has always followed its course. To find the majority is his only consistent principle; and if the majority will not come to him, he will go to the majority. The divine right of the greatest number of votes is his rule of conduct as well as his theory of government. He is ready to go with the multitude in whatever they desire, rather than act with a minority on a deliberate opinion of right and wrong. At their bidding he does not refuse to assail any institution, and is even prepared to suspend his moral standing orders of thinking three times, if that process should cause him to lag behind. And one secret of his influence is this ostentatious deference to the masses. He appeals to a sentiment which
they

they share with individual despots. It is not the honest instrument or the skilful minister who wins their affection; but they squander their favours on the man who presents himself in the guise of the devoted servant inspired by spontaneous affection. And this is the attitude of Mr. Gladstone. At a time when the inculcation and maintenance of principles are of infinite value to the Democracy, he recognizes the truth, and reduces it to practice, that men are more potent than measures, and persons than principles. Masses grasp principles slowly and with difficulty; but they readily drift into irrational hero-worship, and the qualities that determine their choice are not those which are most beneficial to the State. Does Mr. Gladstone set before the country the ideal of foresight, calmness, caution, moderation, and unswerving rectitude of purpose? or of haste, excitement, rashness, fanaticism, and inconsistency? Does he, in other words, set the example of the statesman, or of the 'old Parliamentary hand' and brilliant partisan leader? He plays on all the dangerous features of democratic idolatry. He knows that the hearts of the masses are more easily reached than their heads, and he appeals to their passions or their sensibilities by cries and catchwords, rarely, if ever, to their reasons by principles or policies. He knows that no flattery is too gross for a crowd, because collective modesty is an unknown virtue, and because no individual appropriates to himself more of the commendation than he believes to be his due. He knows that it is useless to select for praise virtues by which they set no great store, and that, as courtiers praise cowards for their courage, so the most insidious flattery imputes virtues which the mob does not possess. He does not appeal to the practical shrewdness of the masses, their mental honesty, their instinctive sense of right and wrong, their patriotism, or their national pride; but he addresses himself to the quickness of their perception, the infallibility of their judgment, their powers to discriminate subtle distinctions between moral and legal obligations. He carries the arts of notoriety to the utmost perfection. His astounding physical energy and exuberant mental versatility are pressed into the service of self-advertisement. On public platforms, in railways, in church, in the magazines, or upon post-cards, he is always before the eyes of the world. It is as impossible for us to imagine that Mr. Gladstone would so perpetually rehearse his various attitudes if a crowd did not stare, as it was for Mrs. Poyser to suppose that a dog would stand on its hind-legs if no one was looking. He makes himself all things to all men, that he may by all means attract some towards Home Rule and his restoration to power. We are not so blinded by prejudice, or

so wanting in respect for greatness, as to compare Mr. Gladstone to General Boulanger; but there are similarities in their positions which are significant of democratic tendencies. Both are masters of the arts of self-advertisement; both are fighting for political existence; both appeal to the superior potency of persons over principles. 'Revision' is to General Boulanger what 'Home Rule' is to Mr. Gladstone. Both are possessed of a cry; but neither is able to give a definition of the policy which the cry designates. To accept 'Home Rule' is like pinning political faith to 'Revision.' In both cases unanimity resides only in the phrase; in both cases the term is a dexterous shift to conceal irreconcilable differences of opinion; and the success of either, as prominent French and English statesmen have averred, would mean a civil war.

Together with the political opinions of Mr. Parnell, Mr. Gladstone has adopted his conception of political leadership. Like the Irish leader, he lets loose his followers upon the Government, without attempting to control, or, at all events, without controlling, their disorderly tactics. Occasionally he may find it politic to disavow their conduct; but even then his rebukes are carefully balanced, and wanting in warmth. Without his traditions or sense of responsibility, his so-called followers not only imitate, but exceed the example of their nominal leader. In every department of national life the policy is pursued of national disunion by reliance upon racial prejudices, class jealousies, sectional interests, sectarian bitterness, and local cries. An Irish creed, a Scotch creed, a Welsh creed are promulgated, and each receives the support of the adherents of the others without reference to harmony or discord of principles. The only bond by which the Opposition is associated is the desire to defeat the Ministry. The central Government is attacked from every side, and with every sort of weapon, by a body which obeys no discipline and marches under no standard. Her Majesty's Opposition has become a meaningless phrase. At present votes are its need; its policy is an affair of to-morrow. Without definite programme or established platform, each individual in the crowd scatters ambiguous promises, designed to lure Liberal Unionists back to the fold, and to leave Mr. Gladstone unshackled. Discipline and even morality are thrown to the winds. Any recruit—we have Mr. Gladstone's authority for the statement—is welcomed to the standard without reference to the fact that he is a would-be fool or a would-be robber, if only he is a Home Ruler. The traditions of Liberalism have disappeared. Time was, when the subordinate members of the party regarded themselves as private, who obey the orders
of

of a commander. Time was, when it was considered immoral to invent measures which might only advance the interests of party. Time was, when it was deemed derogatory to the dignity of Parliamentary debates to introduce within the walls of the House the vulgarities, the coarse personalities, the flashy arguments of the hustings or the tap-room. Time was, when resistance to measures which admittedly tended to the removal of social discontent would have been condemned as factious. Time was, when it would have been thought shameful to hail with derisive cheers the announcement of the victory at Toski, where British subjects perilled their lives in the service of the Crown. Time was, when it was deemed unpatriotic to provoke a foreign Government to feel affronted, in order to impair the external position of the country upon its weakest side, to lower the prestige of the Government abroad and render the conduct of negotiations difficult, if not impossible. Time was, when the ranks of the party would have been closed to faddists, or fanatics, and when the champions of what their leader himself denounces as folly or rapine, would have required some other credential for admission than the utterance of an inarticulate cry. Time was, when the opponents of Parliamentary privilege would have denounced the proposition that it is a sacrilege to inflict penalties upon the sacred persons of the elected representatives of the electors within the bounds of their constituencies. Time was, when it was held to be unmanly to whine hysterically over the infliction of the known penalties of a law that had been deliberately outraged, and criminal to suggest resistance to the law of the land by the sophism, that law-makers are more to blame for crime than law-breakers. But these times are passed. The traditions of Liberalism have been discarded by politicians who invite the people to reconsider everything, from the Monarchy downwards, by the light of abstract speculation and political antinomianism.

In pressing their views upon the inexperienced electorate, Mr. Gladstone's methods are imitated and exaggerated by the motley crew who conjure with his name while they repudiate his authority. Like him they treat the newly enfranchised masses as the sovereign people, dissociate them from the rest of the nation as the advance-guard of society, and upon this false and unnatural distinction endeavour to build the spurious type of Revolutionary Democracy. Like him they invite the untried masses to break with progressive history, and, with buoyant optimism, retrograde towards the Heptarchy or the hypothetical State of Nature. The innate defects in the character of democracies are developed, not corrected. Their passions and
their

their emotions are addressed, not their reason or their intellects. Principles are evaded or ignored. Their sense of moral and legal obligations is impaired; their difficulties in forming sound political judgments are multiplied by inflammatory harangues, exaggerated statements, and misrepresentations of facts. Of all the problems which present themselves to politicians, the one which requires the most dispassionate and careful treatment is the relation of capital to labour, and the kindred topics of the war of wages, the destitution in the East End of London, and the social condition of the working classes in our great centres of labour and of trade. Here, if anywhere, co-operation is required of all classes concerned; here, if anywhere, the peaceful solution of the problem depends upon the subordination of sectional interests to the national need; here, if anywhere, the self-styled apostles of humanity would display their reverence for their human audience. Yet even here we find the Separatists are faithful to their fatal policy of dividing that they may rule.

The problem is one, as we have said, which demands co-operation, cool and patient reasoning, and painstaking calculations based upon accurate figures. No increase in the wealth of any class can be really permanent unless all classes gain together. The interests of all are one. Brute force on either side is useless. We may drill our soldiers, double our police, regulate strikes by legislation. But after all we can no more repress extravagant claims than we can keep back the water of the ocean with a mop, unless we have the loyalty and contentment of the nation to fall back upon. The terms of the partnership between capital and labour are only peacefully adjusted and equitably regulated, when masters and workmen recognize, that they are one in interests, that brains cannot dispense with hands, that the moral and physical welfare of our fellow-creatures is as much the concern of one class as of another. On the one side capitalists must remember that labour and labourers are not mere commodities to be bought and sold according to a rise or a fall in the market. Such a theory may be a truth of political economy; but it is a falsehood in national life, a lie in the domain of religion. On the other side, labourers must not be deceived by the teaching that capitalists are necessarily men of assured means or unlimited resources. In the present struggle for existence, the risk and loss are fully as great among the officers as among the rank and file. Nor can any permanent improvement be effected among the working classes without an improvement in their own characters, an increase in their self-respect, self-control, probity, and

and sobriety. The State is not omnipotent. There are immutable laws of cause and effect which the sovereignty of the people cannot alter, and the man who disobeys them must bear their penalties with fortitude; but the interference of the Legislature must be based on careful examination of facts and patient calculation of the cost, and it must be controlled and regulated by equitable principles of justice to all concerned, which cannot be infringed without destroying the bases of civil society.

Such in general outline is the attitude which the Unionist party takes towards social questions. Here, as in all the spheres of national life, union, co-operation, and respect for principles are their watchwords. But the policy of the Separatists is based upon division, disunion, antagonism, and the unlimited omnipotence of the State. They throw co-operation to the winds. They do not look for improvement to a closer union between the classes interested, a broader sympathy, or a general increase in the national wealth. But they preach that wealth is a fixed quantity, and that the masses cannot improve their position without a juster distribution of its proportions; in other words, by an appropriation of the property of the classes. They teach that the happiness of the employed can only be secured by the ruin of the employer, or of the tenant by the confiscation of the estates of the landlord. They complain that, as Mr. Cunningham Graham said, the British workman is oppressed by 'the Bible, long hours, drink, and respect for the upper classes.' And in order to disseminate the fantastic creed of Continental Socialism, they endeavour to destroy religious feeling, produce material discontent, and breed that class-jealousy which is only a natural growth in countries where privileges and castes abound. 'Human laws,' it used to be said, 'can do little or nothing to mitigate human misery.' The statement is exaggerated; but it is neither so excessive nor so mischievous as the opposite extreme, which insists that the State can do everything; that it can secure short hours, high wages, good lodgings, and make the entire population sober, chaste, virtuous, and prosperous. Such a theory of State omnipotence ignores the laws of cause and effect, lays the axe to the root of self-help, and, coupled with the theory of the divine right of majorities, destroys the bases of order, property, and law. Hitherto this country has boasted itself to be a nation of men who can stand upon their own feet, not of men who make their way by their neighbour's sacrifices. It is a hazardous experiment to convert Great Britain into a huge pauper establishment which provides board and lodging free for a vast and discontented proletariat. No
legislative

We have chosen this illustration of the general attitude of the Separatists towards the political action of our time, because it proves that, even in dealing with social problems, the same lever of Disunion is unsparingly employed. The Separatists do not, in this instance, endeavour to dismember the Empire by aggravating the antagonisms of race; but they aspire to disintegrate society by teaching that misery and want are the fault of the classes, that the House of Commons is omnipotent to ameliorate the conditions of the labouring poor, and that, to enter the Earthly Paradise, the masses have only to overpower the dragons of wealth and education that guard its entrance. Wherever we look, we see the same fatal desire to aggravate jealousies, and to obliterate the sense of the community of interests which consolidates nations. It is the appeal to this same antagonism which gave their force to the subversive ideas of Rousseau. It is the same antagonism that lays the foundation for that spurious type of Revolutionary Democracy, which has reduced France to a chaos of hostile individuals, which has been the curse of Spain and Italy, which has not only brought the Latin races to the brink of

dissolution, but has poisoned America with the specious simplicity of its sophisms. On the one side stand the advocates of this foreign form of democratic progress, which has for its object and practical result the government by everybody except the aristocracy of education, independence, wealth, and leisure; on the other muster the champions of the native type of evolutionary Democracy which is based, not on division and exclusion, but on union and comprehension. At present the conflict is little more than an affair of outposts. But the positions taken by the opposing forces indicate with sufficient clearness the ground on which the final struggle will take place. The choice already lies between the creeds of those who desire to unite, and those who seek to separate, the interests of the nation; the cleavage is already distinctly marked; every day deepens and widens the chasm, as the progress of a policy of division and disunion is marked by the dissolution of the cement of national life in one department after another. If there is truth in proverbs, Mr. Gladstone paid the value of his followers a doubtful compliment, when he made them the first victims of his disintegrating experiment. But out of great evil has arisen great good. Mr. Gladstone's action shattered the old organizations, on which party government depended, beyond the possibility of reconstruction. But at the same time he created the Unionist Alliance. Party lines are now so completely defaced that, sooner or later, they must be traced anew. In the maintenance of the Unionist alliance at the present time is bound up the integrity of the Empire; in it also will be found, as we are disposed to hope, the peaceful solution of many problems, and notably of the opposing claims of denominationalism and undenominationalism. In the extension and consolidation of that alliance, and its fusion into a homogeneous whole, lies the germ of the National party, which will take for its standard the unity of national interests throughout every sphere of social or political life, and which will attract to its ranks, not only Conservatives and Liberals, but every democrat of native origin who can discriminate the artificial creation of false philosophical theories from the true type of historic democracy; which is a natural growth from centuries of sound political progress.

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END OF THE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-NINTH VOLUME.

